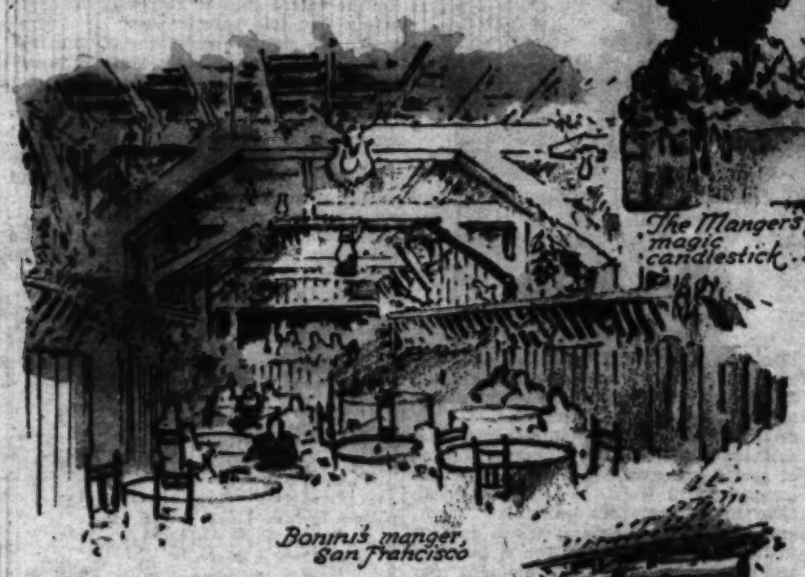
Los Angeles Times
SUNDAY MAGAZINE

Many Little, Unpretentious Eating Places in California Have Built Up a Charming Atmosphere, Because of the Famous Folk Who Have Frequented Them.

Coffee-House Camaraderie

By Lannie Haynes Martin



The Mangers' magic candlestick...

Bonnin's manger, San Francisco

Exterior view of Brittany Kitchen Long Beach Wayside Colony...

RESTAURANTS, like universities, grow more famous from the familiar faces of celebrities which frequent them; from the fellowship which they engender, than from the food which they dispense or the knowledge they disseminate.

Oxford and Cambridge do not boast of trust funds or endowments, nor do the London and Paris coffee shops tell us what they served a hundred or so years ago, but they all are equally proud of the names of poets, novelists, artists and musicians which cluster 'round them.

Some of the most fascinating tales in literature have their setting in Bohemian cafes. Some of the most noted of the literati seemed to gain their inspiration from frequenting coffee houses, and certainly many little, unpretentious eating places have been immortalized by the presence of men like Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Montaigne and Voltaire.

California is fortunate in having a few places which, during the course of years, have built up atmosphere; places which have traditions because of the genuine and gentle folk who have gathered around the board and talked about their hopes and ambitions, their successes and failures. One of these is the old Manger in San Francisco, originally called Bonini's Barn. And barn it is, with hayricks, hen nests, fodder and feed stalls; strings of red pepper and garlic hanging from the rafters, side by side, with old-fashioned coal oil lanterns.

Oil cloth on the tables and sawdust on the floor, candle light and the echo of a thousand nights of gay life and laughter in the stalactite wax which has dripped from the flaming candles in nights gone by make it a place of many memories. And the candle, like some magic monument, stands there yet to mark the presence of those who have watched it burn.

"A thousand nights the crimson candle burned;
A thousand perfumed nights, and from its breast
Ran blood red drops which wrote in hieroglyph
The hopes that longing eyes to eyes confessed.

And when a thousand nights and one were come
We two beneath the candle's magic spell
Saw Life and Love and Passion pass and smile
With rosy greetings and a dim farewell.

Ah! When for me Life's candle shall wax old,
And joy's mad flame no more shall burn for me
Then on my soul let tracery be found
Of that one perfect night I spent with thee.

* * *

To you who sit beside this lava flow
Of melting wax and drink tonight Life's wine,
I send a spirit hand-clasp 'cross the board
And wish you here the joy that once was mine!"

In the light of that historic candle used to sit George Sterling, reading a first draft of one of his own poems. There Herman Whittaker related witty anecdotes of Mexico and Canada, and George Douglass in his fascinating English drawl would relate a still more fascinating story, while Maynard Dixon or Xavier Martinez drew pictures in the faded spots of the red oil tablecloths, and Frank Carrol Giffen, or Eugene Von Vorst Kuester burst into song to give applause.

Sometimes Edwin Markham came, and even his serious manner was dissipated by the geniality of the place, and he would unbend under the bantering of Madge Morris Wagner or the sprightly jests of George Wharton James or the scintillating wit of Gertrude Boyle Kanno, who was modeling him in her Montgomery-street studio, just around the corner.

Sterling, the magnificent poet, Whittaker the brilliant, analytical novelist, James, the kindly biographer and historian and that lovely spirit, Madge Morris Wagner, have all passed over to the other side now. But their names are immortal in California and the memories associated with them still cling to the chairs where they once sat in this historic old cafe.

Gertrude Kanno migrated to Greenwich Village, Eugene Kuester went to Canada but George Douglass and Frank Carrol Giffen are residents now of Los Angeles.

A little later to these same oil-cloth covered tables came Willard Huntington Wright, long before either he or the world had ever heard of "S. S. Van Dine," and Raine Bennett, writing sonnets on the backs of envelopes, years before he had written an opera or published a book; and Cruse Carriel with a budding newspaper career which he did not dream, but others predicted, would blossom into the fiction writing which it has. As they ate their tagliarini, zucchini, and zabalone they talked of their dreams of fame and fortune, some of which have now come true.

THAT famous old cafe has its counterpart in Southern California, where the learned, the lovely and the literati now may be found. It has been left to that quiet, conventional city of Long Beach to give us the unusual little inn. Once known as Yesterday's Room, but now as the Brittany Kitchen, it is a place of real, Old World atmosphere, blended with early-American simplicity,

(Continued on Page Five)

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1 tablespoon minced parsley
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Problems in Behaviorism

By Alma Whitaker

LIFE is beset by so many momentous questions. For instance, just take the soup. They put such jolly things in soup, cutey vegetable cubes, fancy dice, bits of luscious meat, and what not . . . yet it is an arch crime against good manners to put one's soup spoon in one's mouth . . . and how on earth does one slither portions of solid matter into one's mouth without it?

The best authorities insist that all such solid matter be left in the soup bowl. It's a dastardly shame. I never find it so easy to forgive a crude guest as when the darling scoops up my etceteras in the soup and shamefully shovels 'em into his mouth. Bless him, he was willing to defy all the laws of etiquette because he liked them!

One feels perchance, there could be some refined method by which one could capture the soup etceteras and still not actually put one's spoon right in one's mouth. I've been trying to acquire it for years, with disastrous results.

The subject of whether or no Queen Victoria picked her chicken bones nigh rocked the empire a few years ago. The alibi had been used by all and sundry through a couple of generations, when a worthy duchess of the royal household up and stated it was a dastardly canard invented by greedy pigs to cover their own crudity. Whereupon Britain divided into the prochicken picks and the antichicken picks and argument waxed fast and furious even into the terrace teas at the House of Commons. The subject was far too delicate to be ever discussed even on the terrace of the House of Lords. My personal faith on

the subject has ever wavered . . . according to the quality of the chicken in immediate offering and my appetite thereto.

One observes with interest that it is rapidly becoming comme il faut to cut one's heart of a lettuce with a knife in California. It has always been completely de rigueur in British and France, those dears having independent gastronomic ideas. But up till a mere couple of years ago, local etiquette frowned upon any such endeavor as utterly outre. I disgraced myself utterly . . . even, I mean, to the point where a club vice-president whispered kindly that if I would watch her I could learn how to do it with a fork. Then that blessed Lord Thompson, Britain's aviation minister, came to town and at a British function, he duly cut his lettuce with a knife. Next day I implored the club of my kindly vice-president to invite him to a luncheon and provide heart of lettuce salad. They did . . . and I trembled for my honor. If that man had used the fork, I should have been forever undone. But no, he used his knife . . . since when a knife goes in the best families hereabouts, even if the family itself stands firm upon the fork tradition. Still, there's the awful thought that Britain's odious influence may be gaining ground . . .

Which brings us to the question as to whether it is good form to eat the trimmings, so very decorative, adorning one's vianda. I have a dark suspicion that it is hopelessly outre, so that I am often reduced to watchful concern, snatching a moment when no eyes are upon me, to pop some trimmings in my mouth. I was covered in shame only last week, when a quick hostess spotted me in the very act . . . it was a bit of saucy parsley . . . and parsley can have such a fatal lure. Just as watercress, served with a crisp chop, can be. Perchance parsley and watercress have now barred me from many distinguished tables.

Celery, served en branch, has its embarrassments. Always, it is my fate to have a piece of celery which adamantly refuses to be bitten clear through in one bite, so that I tug dog-like with the stringy bit, lacking all grace. One should, I feel sure, concede victory to the celery at the first hint of resistance . . . anything else means social debacle. Just as those giant olives can undo a lifetime of social endeavor . . . it must be one mouthful . . . two bites to an olive are sternly inadmissible . . . and the dinner partner you are anxious to impress always asks you a question and gazes right at you, the moment your lips clamp on a giant olive. No tucking this chap in one's cheek and camouflaging. Table etiquette should surely be revised . . . the time has come, I insist, for the regularizing of two bites.

There are, of course, the people who just dote on dipping their toast, their doughnut or their sponge cake in their coffee. The custom is perfectly comme il faut in Germany . . . but marks one for a rank outsider in the United States of America. Even England frowns upon the dipper. Canada and Australia lean against him. Life is marred for fond dippers. They will even argue as to whether toast, doughnuts or sponge cake absorb the most coffee. I understand sponge cake wins. But they are up against the necessity of choosing between dipping and social standing. It seems one may not dip and remain socially acceptable. It has been estimated that 40 per cent of the summer travelers to Germany go for the express purpose of letting themselves go in dipping.

Another British custom that insinuates itself into United States etiquette is eating the egg from the shell. Time was when you couldn't buy an egg cup in all Los Angeles . . . it had to be served broken, in a glass. Then Japan, insidious ally of Britain, makes fancy egg cups and puts them on the market in our fair town. English ex-patriots bought 'em . . . American guests at their houses fell for the dubious custom and now Mayor Thompson of Chicago may moan that nefarious British influence has won another victory. Think of it, even United States china manufacturers make egg cups now and decent American citizens galore can be seen most any morning, whisking off the top of a soft-boiled egg and oozing triumph at the British accomplishment.

It is very comforting to know that even the cream of us can sometimes suffer confusion at the plethora of table implements provided at the grander functions. For instance, I attended a university banquet recently and sat between the president and a nice rich regent. The president used his spoon for the fruit cocktail, although a baby fork was plainly provided. When I chided him (one does so love to be able to chide a college president,) he licked his spoon, wiped it on his napkin, and proceeded to use the fork. The regent felt superior, having used the fork . . . but three courses later he was minus a fork for his pie . . . nothing but a coffee spoon left. Not even a fork to lick and wipe . . . So you see it can happen to the best of us. I can see where all table silver should be properly engraved in the factory with the title of the use to which it is to be put. Nothing, I maintain, could obviate more grief at dinner parties. As it is, pretty well the only people who really know with confident certainty, are the waiters . . . and they do it all back in the help's dining hall.

The matter as to whether it is right to fold the napkin after dining out, causes much tribulation. Etiquette authorities tell us to leave them unfolded. On the other hand, there is a tradition to the effect that if you wish to come again, you fold your napkin. It is supposed to signify approving friendship. But . . . well, can't you see possible complications there? You never can tell about a host's emotions on the subject. The mere sight of you folding your napkin may throw a host into a panic . . . from either of two angles. He might not know about the tradition and think you an impossible boor . . . especially if you had also been a propicker during the chicken course. If he knew about the tradition, he might be equally anxious. One has to be so psychic in certain social customs.

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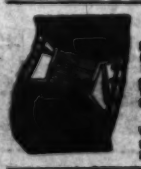

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

CARE OF THE BODY

were applied for two hours over the abdomen, followed by gentle, abdominal massage until the gas began to go both ways and relief was accomplished.

How much more effective are such methods than a shot of morphine—the customary procedure when pain so distresses the body!

Next we have the case of a policeman walking his beat all day long. His feet are tired and aching. After a fifteen-minute immersion in a pail of warm water, a thirty-second immersion in cold water and a friction rub with a heavy, coarse, Turkish towel, he can go to sleep peacefully and prepare for the next day's grind.

Next is a clerk stooping over his figures all day long, straining his eyes as he writes and reads. At night his eyes are tired, with a dull, heavy sensation in back of them. With three or four immersions in cold water or the use of an eyecup with plain, ordinary cold water and perhaps ten or fifteen minutes of cold packs, the eyes are refreshed and he is again ready to start work.

These are but a few simple illustrations of the magic use of this wonderful solvent of nature.

Instead of rushing to the drug store and buying some mystic concoction, how much more effective is the universal health agent—water!

* * *

Creaking and Squeaking Joints

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Dr. Lovell:

I have been away from Los Angeles and I do miss your articles so much.

I am writing to learn, if possible, what can cause the squeaking in my knee caps. I notice it principally when walking up the stairs. It can be heard quite plainly.

There is no pain or swelling in my knees but I have noticed a slight swelling in the middle knuckles of my hand lately.

I have been watching my diet and am drinking a great deal of water.

My skn feels unusually dry, including my hands.

I have been taking a tablespoonful of olive oil a day. I thought that might help but the dryness of my skin and the squeak in my knee caps persist.

Thank you for a reply.

A READER.

A simple understanding of the anatomy and physiology of the joints would go a long way toward explaining the problem presented in the above communication.

The muscles are attached to the bones of the body. As we move the bones in all directions, a lubricant softens the ends, relieves the friction and makes the motion free, painless and noiseless.

When, through the process of disease, especially through the development of arthritis, the lubricating secretion becomes replaced or destroyed, trouble is ahead.

In some cases the lubricant or synovial fluid, as it is termed in the physiology text-books, is gradually lost from the joints and nothing takes its place. Then we have a creaking in the knees, a snapping of the knuckles and a noise as we move our elbows. The lubrication has dried but nothing has taken its place.

It is not serious. It is merely bothersome. It is not painful. However, it may be a forerunner of more serious trouble. It usually indicates that the toxic poisons of the body are being absorbed. It also, in a measure, means that there is not sufficient oil or fats being ingested. Again, it may mean that there is insufficient circulation—a general sluggishness or stasis which, of course, is remedied by sports and exercse.

The best and most effective measures may be very tersely summarized.

The patient should at once correct his diet. He should remove all agents which have been productive of toxemia.

Constipation must give way to three natural, unaided bowel movements per day.

Liberal quantities of water should be taken.

The fat and oily foods should be used as well, principally olive oil, various salad oils, avocados, nuts and a few of the dairy products.

If the knees are affected, massage with hot olive oil or hot grease will help materially.

The statement of the writer, "My skin feels unusually dry, including my hands," is an indication that the oils and fats are needed. One tablespoonful of olive oil a day is certainly not sufficient fats or oils for a full-grown adult.

The most important rule for all those suffering from the early stages of this trouble is that the joints must never be permitted to "freeze." By this I mean that they should be kept in constant motion. If it is in the early stages of arthritis, there should be passive exercise and massage. If it is merely a dryness or creaking of the joints, there must be considerab'e exercise, principally in the form of sports or systematic calisthenic setting-up work.

These rules, faithfully applied, would be productive of very fine results. They must be persisted in, however, for a long period of time.

Full Course Laid Out

Old Farmer Gooberpea was trying to impress his son that chopping wood was as good exercise as playing golf.

"Oh, no, father," insisted Bozo, who wanted to play golf, "it is the walking between strokes that makes golf such valuable exercise that gives the legs a chance as well as the arms."

"So that's it, is it?" exclaimed the old man. And then he went into the field and placed pieces of wood at intervals all around it. Back at the house again he handed Bozo the ax and, patting him affectionately on the back, said:

"Now, son, go and play the full course."—[Exchange.

145,000 Volts Over Line

Current was recently sent over the first section of the government's $25,000,000 electricity project in Central Scotland from Bonnybridge to Glasgow. The line carried 145,000 volts as a test, the previous highest in Britain being at Newcastle, Eng., where 66,000 volts were carried.

Mistakes!

I've made mistakes—just the same as you;
The same mistakes that all mortals do;
Just little mistakes, and big mistakes—
Bringing us little and big heartaches;
Bringing us sorrow and sighs and tears;
Some of them shadowing all our years;
Turning life's song to a sad refrain—
Let's try to forget them, and start again!

Let's turn our thoughts to the future, friend,
And let the past, with its sorrows, end;
Let's turn our eyes to a brighter day,
And let the bitterness fade away;
I've made mistakes—just the same as you,
And millions of souls have made them, too;
We've made mistakes, like all mortal men—
Let's try to forget them, and smile again!

Let's turn away from the yesteryears,
And cease our sighing, and dry our tears;
"What's done is done," and we can't turn back—
Let's bravely start down the future's track,
And sternly strive to efface, erase
Mistakes we've made, and with smiling face
Do what we can to help other men
Who've made mistakes, to take heart again!

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Problems in Behaviorism

By Alma Whitaker

LIFE is beset by so many momentous questions. For instance, just take the soup. They put such jolly things in soup, cutsy vegetable cubes, fancy dice, bits of luscious meat, and what not. . . . Yet it is an arch crime against good manners to put one's soup spoon in one's mouth . . . and how on earth does one either gesticulate of smile

bolted 482 and oozing triumph at the British accomplishment.

It is very comforting to know that even the cream of us can sometimes suffer confusion at the plethora of table implements provided at the grander functions. For instance, I attended a university banquet recently and sat be-

SEEN FROM the Green Verdugo HILLS

There awhile back we wondered on this poor blundering page how it was that the Joshua trees got the name they have.

Well, sir, you would be surprised to know how many letters we have received with theories and guesses in them. The Synagogue can always be depended on to help us out when we are in swithers about anything. We just don't know what we would do when, every so often, we are in swithers if we didn't have the Synagogue to fall back on.

It Was the Mormons Who Named Them

So now, sorting all the letters over and weighing everything in the balance, as the saying is, we incline to the theory that it was the Mormon pioneers who gave the Joshua trees the name they have. In their great trek to the Promised Land the Mormons came at last to the desert and beheld for the first time in their lives these quaint, solemn tree denizens of the silences and the sun. The wanderers of Zion were filled with the spirit and imagery of the Bible and, somehow or other, the strange silent trees of the desert put them in mind of Joshua, Captain of the hosts of Israel. Joshua, son of Nur.

It seems that quite all the students of matters of this nature are agreed that the distinction of naming the Joshuas belongs to the Mormon pioneers. Wherefore, we may as well accept their verdict in the Synagogue and let it go at that.

Which reminds us that the trek of the Mormons out of the East to the tawny desert wastes of the West is one of the great stories in the annals of human history.

From under a rafter that stretches over Tunis in North Africa, we are rejoiced to again have word of the beloved Wanderer of the Synagogue.

We have had many inquiries for a long time past as to what had become of him. Folks in the Synagogue had begun to fear that he had met with some mishap. But, happily this is not the case. He is alive and well and in his usual whimsical mood of mixed fault-finding and happiness.

We Hear Again From Our Beloved Wanderer

"All winter," he says, "I have been traipsing up and down the dusty old cities of Morocco, Algeria and Tunis and as far west as Casa Blanca. Now I have been looking over ancient Carthage, and will go back to Spain in a few days."

In his further report to the Synagogue the Wanderer states that he found Carthage more interesting than ever since some recent excavations have been made. "The ancient Roman relics furnish a great mental debauch," he says.

Carthage and the Phoenicians! The old trails of our far-back ancestors. Yes, sir, Dr. Daniel McGraw, we stick to it. And if we, ourself, had been there with the Wanderer, we would have called upon the ghost of Hannibal to bear us out.

And what do you suppose was the wonderfully kind thing the Wanderer did, while in Carthage, for the Conductor of the Synagogue? Well, when you are in our little high house in the hills we will show you. We will show you three Phoenician coins that the Wanderer dug up from a field in Carthage and sent them to us.

Three little coins that no human hands have touched in twenty-seven centuries save the hands of the Wanderer and our own.

It were difficult to express the surging emotions that swept us when we touched our fingers to those ancient coins. Who was it from whose tunic they were lost and buried in the dust to await the step of the Wanderer who was not to come until two thousand and seven hundred years had passed their shadows on the dial of Time? In what barter were they last used? Did they buy food and drink and a shelter for some other Wanderer—for, perhaps, a Phoenician sailor home from adventure in the narrow seas? Have they known the touch of a lover's hands? Were they ever thrown in a beggar's lap to propitiate the unfriendly gods?

These and many another wild emotion swept us as the coins lay in our hands. And, with them still in our hands, we stood under the stars where they may wander now whose feet once trod the Carthaginian roads, the first of the world's men to go down to the sea in ships.

There is much else in the report of the Wanderer to the Synagogue that we will keep for another blessed Sabbath morning. And we shall wish we can be able to show him in the picture as he stood beneath an arch of the Alhambra over which is carved the sardonic Arabic inscription: "He that would deceive a liar shall tell him the truth. He that will punish a woman shall deny her naught."

God be with you, loved Wanderer. Vaya con Dios as you journey in Spain. And do not forget that there is a glass of goat's milk, a cookie, a bed and the shelter of a roof to welcome you always in the green Verdugo Hills.

The way it was, we were talking with one of the few living men who took part in the great gold rush to California in the years following the discovery of the first nuggets by James Wilson Marshall at Coloma in 1849.

Days of Old the Days of Gold

The Old Timer had many a tale to tell, as any man would who took part in that unparalleled adventure. Tales of men poor at morning and rich at night. The Argonauts and the dreamers of the Covered Wagons who met sudden and unheard of fortune in the golden streams of California.

Among the tales the Old Timer told us was the incident of the forty thousand dollar nugget that two miners found near Kelcy.

It was really a boulder, but a boulder composed almost wholly of gold. They loaded it on a cart and started out with it to exchange it in at a Wells-Fargo bank.

Night overtook them at Placerville, which was then known as "Hangtown" and was the richest of all the camps. The owners of the great nugget put up at the tavern overnight, had drinks a-plenty, and left the great golden boulder outside on the cart entirely unguarded.

In the morning they found their treasure exactly where they had left it.

Times have changed since then. Anybody leaving $40,000 outside a tavern for the night these days would be regarded as having gone crazy with the heat.

When he used to come to see us in our little high house in the hills, he always greeted us with upraised hands, which is the peace sign of the Algonquins.

A Turkey Call and a Tobacco Box

And one time when he came he brought us a curiously wrought bone, hollow, by means of which a peculiar whistling sound can be made. It was used by wild turkey hunters and goes by the name of a "turkey call." And, another time, he brought us a beautifully made tobacco box wrought by the cunning of his own hands.

We have both these gifts laid reverently now away for remembrance. For remembrance now, because the loving hands that wrought the gifts are folded and stilled until the last Great Day, waiting for Gabriel's trumpet to rouse the immemorial dead to the Resurrection.

His name was Nelson Burch. And God never made a gentler heart than his. No man was ever more beloved. None ever kept deep in a human heart a greater love for his fellowmen.

All this, and more, we were thinking of under the quiet stars in our little high house in the hills when we knew that one star had dipped low to beckon Nelson Burch to fare upon that long, mysterious journey from which no traveler returns. And it was a lonesome thought to know that he would not again stand in our doorway with uplifted hands hailing us with the peace sign of the Algonquins.

And so, after the long and lonely silence, we looked up to the stars, wishing him good luck on his journey. And we said adios, old friend, may God be with you. Perhaps we shall meet again, we said, in the fields of asphodel beside the still waters.

By now he has passed through the portals of the Jasper Gates, his gentle smile disarming Peter's stern inquisition. A little fellow with turkey calls and tobacco boxes in his hands as gifts for old friends who had gone before him into Paradise.

In the big mail sack that we drag up through the trails of the chaparral to our little high house in the hills, there came, just lately, a letter that was as bitter as gall.

We Wonder What Hit This Sad Woman

It was a letter that left us as limp as a rag when we had read it. Not because the woman who write it, and who bravely signed her name, took a stinging rap at us, but because she was, herself, is in such an unhappy mood. This is what the letter said:

"For a man who writes the sort of sickly stuff you do about this rotten climate and land of liars it certainly sounded funny to hear you denounce the man from Chicago as a braggart. Some sinners evidently dare to stone."

Now, we wonder what ill fortune it was that befell this woman of Samaria sojourning in Canaan? Something surely must have gone wrong with her. Maybe some conscienceless juggler cheated her of her money. Maybe she has been disappointed by someone she loved. Or it may be that she has been unfairly dealt with by doctors and hospitals.

And, if any of these unfortunate circumstances, or anything else unfortunate, has gripped her, she has our most profound sympathy. We freely forgive her—not that she asks it—for lashing us, ourself, with the whip of her scorn. No doubt we deserve it. But, we are sorry that she is so apparently unhappy.

For, to be unhappy is the blackest curse that could possibly be wreaked on the human heart. It is a tragedy to part friends with happiness and it is a thing that no one should do, no matter what the temptation.

The letter was written from the crazy clamor and turmoil of the roaring town. And we have been thinking that if our sister of Samaria would only escape from that and seek the peace and healing of the hills, she would find help. If she would come where quiet keeps its serene dwelling place and she could drink into her perturbed soul the glory of the dawn and the serene beauty of the stars, she would be friend of happiness again.

Fortune is a fickle jade. It is armed with slings and arrows. Folks who have known the luxuries of life have come to the almshouse doors. Riches has wings. Also the moths and rust attack it. There is only one thing the world cannot take from us, if we so will, and that is happiness.

We should like well to sometime meet this sister of Samaria that we might swap old griefs together, and then awake to greet a rosy morning with a smile.

Sleep All Night Like a Child

Nervousness, sleeplessness, is usually due to a run-down, weakened physical condition. You can at once stop sunday if you take Pro-Vita, the new and truly wonderful essences of foods. Pro-Vita immediately corrects digestive troubles and positively eliminates gas pains. It does not constipate but corrects constipation and results in a fine treatment in cases of stomach ulcers.

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Next we have the case of a policeman walking his beat all day long. His food must be perfected in, however, for a long time before it can be digested. Then it must be assimilated by the blood stream and carried to all parts of the body. Pro-Vita does this.

Pro-Vita is guaranteed to do all this or your money back. Pro-Vita is sold by all druggists.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

CARE OF THE BODY

were applied for two hours over the abdomen, followed by gentle, abdominal massage until the gas began to go both ways and relief was accomplished.

How much more effective are such methods than a shot of morphine—the customary procedure when pain so distresses the body!

The next important rule for all those suffering from the early stages of this trouble is that the joints must never be permitted to "freeze." By this I mean that they should be kept in constant motion. If it is in the early stages of arthritis, there should be passive exercise and massage. If it is merely a dryness or creaking of the joints, there must be considerable exercise, principally in the form of sports or systematic calisthenic setting-up work.

These rules, faithfully applied, would be productive of very fine results. They must be perfected in, however, for a long time before it can be said that the victim is safe.

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Dear Dr. Lovell:

I have been a reader of your "Care of the Body" department for some time and have received a great deal of good from your articles.

My mother, who is 72 years of age and who has been suffering from high blood pressure for a long time, has been bothered lately with an acute inflammation of the eyes. Nothing seems to help her and at times things look very cloudy though usually her eyesight is good and she does not have to wear glasses except for reading or writing.

Do you think this condition of her eyes is caused by her high blood pressure? If so, do you believe it means something dangerous about her sight or her health?

My mother is a very active woman, although she looks feeble and very thin. Some doctors told her three years ago that she was liable to have a stroke if she did not keep a very strict diet, which she has been observing. Do you thing this is so, being that she is so thin?

Thank you. A READER.

The most important part of the above communication deals with the question of high blood pressure and weight.

Does this mean that the stout patient will more likely have a stroke than one of normal or underweight?

I do not believe that accurate statistics have ever been gathered on the subject. I further do not believe that weight has very much to do with it. The condition of the heart, the resistance of the arteries, the condition of the tissues, the kind of blood stream, the mental state, the emotional extremes, and so on—these are much more important.

Weight, per se, has, in my opinion, very little to do with the possibility of a stroke.

Given the causative factors, a stroke is a simple matter of mechanics and chemistry.

Whether high blood pressure is causing the inflammation of the eyes, I don't know.

One thing is certain, however. That is, the reduction in blood pressure is bound to do her good from every standpoint.

What I have said before concerning high blood pressure applies in this case as well.

The person suffering from high blood pressure should, under no circumstances, overeat. His meals should be frugal and abstemious irrespective of what diet he follows.

The emotional life should be calm, quiet and free of extremes. The pursuits and pleasures should be of the same tone and order.

Autointoxication must be completely relieved by artificial means, if necessary, but it must be relieved!

Under such conditions high blood pressure will be reduced slowly and steadily.

These are the main points on the subject.

• • •

Water Treatment

There are at least a thousand uses of water in the treatment of disease and in the maintenance of good health.

Internally, it is of greater necessity than food. Any tissue of the body would die in five minutes if one-half the water were removed from it.

Chemical analysis shows that we are made up principally of water. Approximately 85 to 87 per cent of all foods are equally proportioned with water as their main constituent.

Water, from the standpoint of external cleanliness, we understand, but water, in the treatment of disease, we little understand.

The other day a baby was under my care who had not urinated for sixteen hours. She was entirely too small to apply a catheter effectively—at least, it would be dangerous.

With a fifteen-minute, continuous-flowing, warm sitz bath, the bladder was relaxed, the tension to the opening released and urination free.

It was a simple enough procedure.

Another child had a fever of four degrees above normal. The body was burning up. It was necessary to get the fever down. The simplest and most effective measure was water—nothing but cold water compresses—a towel dipped in cold water to which a chunk or two of ice was added. These compresses were applied over the abdomen with a piece of oiled silk on top of them and a short piece of blanket on top of that.

In three hours' time the temperature was one degree above normal—a perfectly safe and reasonably secure temperature.

A young woman of twenty-four was suffering from what seemed to be wry neck. She had pain in the glands and a sore throat. After twenty-four hours of cold water compresses applied in a similar fashion around the neck, for fifteen minutes every hour, the pain was gone, the muscles relaxed and most of the sore throat disappeared—this, of course, in conjunction with a fruit juice diet, enemas and other methods of electrical treatment.

A man, age forty-five, doing heavy, manual labor, suffered from backache. The tongue was coated, the teeth were unclean, the breath was bad. Water was applied in the form of five or six high enemas—two quarts at a time. Huge quantities of refuse were discharged. With a twelve-hour water fast the backache was gone and has not reappeared in more than four weeks.

It was a simple enough remedy and not expensive.

A young man complained of a pain in his ear. A syringeful of tepid water was applied, to which was added a teaspoonful of gylcerine to dissolve the ear wax. After a thorough syringing of the ear the pain disappeared.

A nervous mother suffered from headache, principally due to worry over a domestic situation and some minor ailments.

Cold compresses applied to the head were soothing and pain-allaying. They reduced the headache far more effectively than any aspirin tablet or bromides could do—and in less time at that!

A woman suffered from chronic indigestion. The abdomen was bloated and filled with gas. There were cramps and pain.

Instead of a hypodermic, a series of enemas were given. Hot applications

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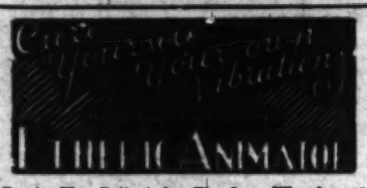

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WHAT'S NEW IN SCIENCE

Conducted by Ransome Sutton

Los Angeles Man Invents Device for Turning Fish From Irrigation Ditches Unharmed —Argentine Ants More Persistent Than Wise in Working Habits—Sugar-Coating the Pill of Education —How to Avoid Goiter by Dieting.

A PERPLEXING problem, which H. T. Burkey undertook to solve, was how to oblige schools of fishes to respect man-made law without injuring them. The law says fishes must not be found in power flumes, or irrigation waterways, because they always come to grief, pollute the streams and clutter the wheels of hydraulic plants. It is a much more serious problem than it sounds. When Herbert Hoover was Secretary of Commerce, he warned the country that about 90 per cent of the salmon, participating in the mad migrations to and from their spawning places, lose their lives in artificial waterways. All the rivers of California are being diverted from their courses and the fishes do not know which way to turn.

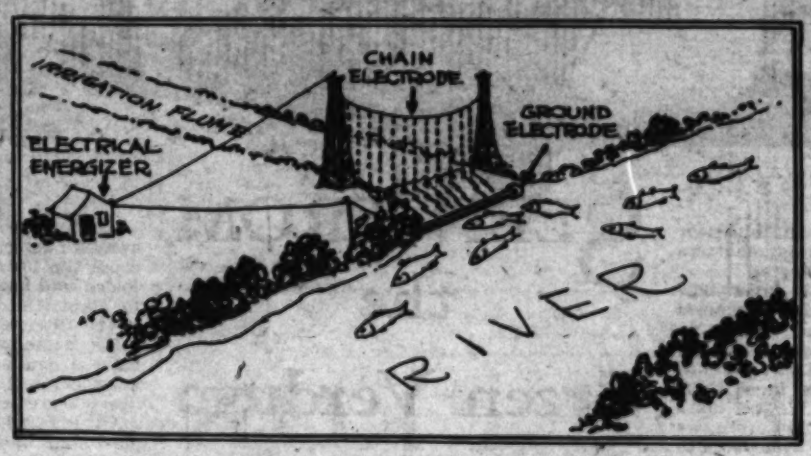
Burkey's "fish diverter" is an electric signal which informs fishes where not to go. Years ago, while spraying goldfish with electricity from a little dry battery, the idea popped into his head. As if terribly shocked, the goldfish flicked their tails and tried to escape from the container. Since a tiny discharge frightened the goldfish away from one end of the tub, would not a heavier discharge across the mouth of a waterway keep fishes from entering it? In response to this question, he devised an installation, obtained contracts to keep fish out of certain irrigation streams in Yakima county, Washington, and the scheme worked—not so well. It turned fish aside, but gave them too violent a jolt—even turned some over on their backs, and that did not please the various fishery commissions.

Another trouble was the kind of current. Burkey used direct current, but in most places only alternating current could be obtained economically; so he was obliged either to redesign his apparatus for alternating current, or stand the expense of generating direct current especially for each installation.

With seven contracts on his hands and the possibilities of his electric diverter looming larger all the time, Burkey finally took his troubles to the R. C. Burt Laboratories. This organization has designed, built and successfully tested a marvelous alternating-current diverter.

It consists of a series of chains suspended from a cable across the mouth of an intake, or stream of any kind. Extending several feet below the surface of the water, the chains look like the curtains of ropes hung across railroads to warn brakemen on freight trains of a tunnel ahead. These chains are connected with a source of alternating-current supply, the "ground" for the return of the current being a pipe laid across the bottom of the stream. By means of a synchronous commutator, the current is turned on automatically at the zero point of the wave and turned off at the zero point of the succeeding wave, thus avoiding sparks, the time it is on being just one-hundredth of a second.

During this brief moment, the water between the chains and pipe is charged with electricity—as if an electric curtain had been lowered across the mouth of the stream—and a fish nosing near that curtain gets a shock. It is a very slight shock, for the total flow between the chains and pipe averages only about twelve amperes, but a fish feels it and is greatly surprised. Unless it turns tail promptly, it receives a second shock, and at regular intervals of every fifteen one-hundredths of a second thereafter it receives additional shocks. Between the light shocks fish have fifteen one-hundredths of a second to "make up their minds" which way to turn, and it seldom takes more than two or three shocks to stampede a whole school out of water which pulsates with discomfort.



The drawing shows the new device for keeping fish out of irrigation flumes by creating an electrical field in the water across the mouth of the intake ditch.

"In the presence of electricity," says Dr. D. H. Loughridge, of the Burt Laboratories, "fishes seek safety by trial and error in different directions and, if there is any way out, they quickly find it. When a fish comes in the electrified field it instinctively turns at right angles to the flow of the current so the electricity passes crosswise rather than lengthwise through its body and it survives long enough to escape."

"I am right now figuring with some Texas people," the inventor stated, "to keep sharks out of certain inlets along the Gulf of Mexico. The sharks eat geese. And up at Lake George they want me to keep snakes, especially water moccasins, out of the bathing places. Since the moccasins appeared, the beaches up there have been largely abandoned."

Several years ago a school of man-eating sharks terrorized some Atlantic bathing beaches, rendering them very unpopular and therefore unprofitable throughout the season. Now Dr. Loughridge agrees with inventor Burkey that a thin screen of electricity, flung around bathing places, would divert marine creatures of all kinds. Moreover, although they have not yet given the matter a practical test, they think the same method could be used for electrocuting ascidians and barnacles which incrust the bottoms of boats, and likewise for killing the worms which bore holes in piers and destroy wooden dock foundations. It kills the barnacles and worms; that they know, but they have not yet taken time to learn, when the barnacles are killed, whether the shells stay stuck, or gradually drop off of the boat.

It appears to be a very serviceable and spectacular adaptation of electricity.

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A Living Fossil

ZARO AGHA, a Kurd from Turkey, claiming to be 156 years old, has landed in New York and wishes to be seen by scientists. He claims to have outlived eleven wives, fathered thirty-six children and defied time by growing a third set of teeth after passing his 105th year.

Vocal Newspapers?

SOUND news, a by-product of the talkies, is only three years old, yet newsreels have already learned to talk. And some people think newspapers will finally break silence and scream their headlines at us.

Broadcasting Education

"REPRESENTATIVES of the broadcasting industry," says the director of the University of California Extension Division, "have given assurance that broadcasting facilities will be made available as soon as educators devise proper programs."

Lecture courses have failed. "The listening public," the director states, "is not interested in courses; it wants entertainment, and educational subjects must be entertainingly presented or listeners will turn to another station."

The only way to get over an educational discourse is to call it something else, then to sugar-coat it with human interest and deliver it in small doses—a pill at a time.

To Prevent Goiter

"EAT on the average every day eight ounces of potatoes, four ounces of green vegetables and four ounces of root vegetables, or their equivalents, and you will not be troubled with goiter," says Dr. R. E. Remington, who has found that such a daily diet contains .021 milligrams of iodine, this being slightly more than most people need. Lettuce, spinach, cabbage, carrots, beet tops, turnip tops, kale and broccoli are included among the best iodine-yielding vegetables.

Use Bugs and Save Spraying

STANLEY E. FLANDERS, of the University Experiment Station at Riverside has found that a parasite, the Trichogramma, is deadly to codling moths, corn worms and corn borers, peach moths, cabbage butterflies and many other pests, for it lays its eggs in their eggs or larvae. What's more important, it can be produced, Mr. Flanders finds, at a cost of less than $10 a million.

The Baby Mix-Up

THERE has been quite an ado about the Watkins and Bamberger babies, which may or may not have been wrongly tagged in a Chicago hospital. A German chemist, Prof. Wilhelm Zangemeister, says: "Specific colloidal particles in the blood serum of children and their parents definitely prove or disprove the parentage of any child concerning whom there happens to be doubt."

America's Only Planetarium

ON a man-made island in Lake Michigan, just offshore from Chicago, a million-dollar planetarium has been opened. Against a vast dome, representing the sky, a gigantic projection machine rotates and revolves circles of light, which mimic the movements of the sun, planets, moons and more than five thousand stars. So far as appearances go, it reproduces the universe in miniature.

Strange Ways of Argentine Ants

FIVE private runways, belonging to five separate colonies of ants, come together at the foot of my large plum tree, then a single boulevard, used in common by all the colonies, runs up the trunk. Where the trunk splits into limbs, the common highway branches into roadways which split into byways with trails leading out on the twigs to which pecked plums hang. Scouting ants keep watch in the tree and as soon as a bird breaks the skin of a plum, the scouts carry the news not to ants already in the tree but to headquarters in its own colony—located some thirty feet from the foot of the tree. About fifteen minutes later, a special delegation finds its way through this bemazing network of highways and byways and goes to work on that particular plum.

Wonder work, we say. But, if the ants were as wise as Solomon supposed, they could save themselves a lot of leg-labor and also save their lives by waiting for the plums to drop. Ripe plums fall at a touch, especially if the skin has been punctured, and the ants on such plums crash with them. Out of every crash, however, a few ants crawl, and one would think that these survivors, with all their wisdom, would warn the colony that tree-work is perilous. Other creatures warn one another out of dangerous situations, but an ant that has survived a ride on a falling plum will wriggle from the wreck and start right up the tree again. Moreover, since the ground is littered with plums just as good as those dangling dangerously on the twigs, why should wise ants not help themselves to fallen plums, without the risk and toil it takes to operate in the tree? An efficiency expert would say they waste a lot of lives and labor foolishly. Yet with all their foolishness ants are multiplying faster and perhaps succeeding better than human beings—at least according to the ideals of their immutable organization.

Mussel Poisoning

EVERY summer picnickers on the beaches bake mussels and clams, but it is dangerous to eat them before the first of September, according to Walter M. Dickie, Director of Public Health. Last summer fifty-five persons were poisoned by mussels and five by clams, and two summers ago 102 persons were similarly poisoned. The poison in these shellfish, says the director, may be produced by a metabolism disease during the spawning season, or possibly by summer foods, and we are warned that cooking does not destroy the poison.

Fowl Bronchitis

DURING dog days, if roosters fail to crow or gobblers to gobble, the reason is likely to be—bronchitis. This parasitic infection afflicts chickens, turkeys, pigeons and ducks, as well as quail, sparrows, blackbirds and human beings. Because of the seriousness of the malady to poultry growers, the University of California college of agriculture has issued a bulletin, No. 494, embodying the latest information on the subject, which can be obtained free from the college at Davis, or from any farm adviser.

Questions

1. What is a mongrel?
2. What is a hybrid?
3. What does pediatrics mean?
4. Why should milk be kept cool?
5. Are sponges animals or vegetables?
6. What are barometers used for?
7. From what are most of our most beautiful dyes obtained?
8. From what is linen manufactured?
9. How cold is absolute zero?
10. Why can nothing be colder than absolute zero?

Answers on Page Fifteen.

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CARE OF THE BODY

oat bread so popular in Japanese and Chinese circles is excellent.

Corn bread, if it were free of baking soda and baking powder, could very nicely take the place of our whole wheat breads.

But such is the great force of habit that once we have accustomed ourselves to a food, it is difficult, indeed, to break away from it!

* * *

Cataract in the Aged

With the retrogression of age, the tissues undergo changes of a profound nature. Where, in infancy and in early youth, the soft tissues were decidedly flexible and elastic, in age they become stiff and hard.

This applies to many organs of the body, the muscles and the blood vessels.

One of the greatest changes occurs in the eye, especially in that portion known as the crystalline lens.

It is this structure which accommodates the seeing apparatus to the object visualized. That is, the crystalline lens is in a state of constant flexion and extension, adjusting itself to the various objects seen.

When this flexibility is lost, vision is seriously impaired.

A defect of this kind is very nicely remedied with the aid of glasses. We must look at this aspect from a sane viewpoint. Thus, I recommend glasses for the aged when the diagnosis is of this variety.

There is another development which comes with age, however, which is far more serious in consequence—yet, often an inevitable by-product of our distorted method of living. This is cataract, commonly understood to be a film formed over the eye but in reality, the development of an opacity in the crystalline lens.

In simpler words, instead of the crystalline lens' being crystal-clear, as the name implies, it gradually becomes infiltrated with foreign materials, becoming less and less transparent to the rays of light. It is then called cataract.

Often we do not notice its development. It is insidious, slow.

We accept decreased vision as a matter of course—a part of the very necessary product of growing old. It is not until we undergo an intricate examination that we discover the real defect. Then, some of us rush to "do something," while others, calmer and more meditative, follow saner methods.

It must be born in mind that a cataract is years and years in the forming. As such, there is no necessity for its hysterical treatment. The patient who, upon learning he has a cataract, rushes to the surgeon and has the crystalline lens removed is certainly not using his best judgment.

I have never yet seen a case of cataract where an "S.O.S." had to be sounded. Usually, by the time we are aware of it, it has developed for many years and probably would go on for many years longer if it were permitted to grow.

I am firmly convinced that cataract is an effect of our haphazard, happy go-lucky method of living, particularly in the field of diet.

The opacity of the crystalline lens is usually associated with the absorption of toxic poisons from the alimentary canal. They go hand in hand and, like most other diseases, toxemia is responsible for it.

We ought to do far more in prevention than in the attempt to cure.

However, those reading this article who have cataract should gain something from it, in addition to those who do not have it as yet and to whom prevention is worth more than a cure.

Live correctly and you will not get cataract. That is, keep the sewage system of the body functioning at par. That is the simplest rule.

When you have it, don't rush to the surgeon. Wait a little while and think it over.

Take into consideration, particularly, what I have said concerning its arrest. In the entire field of medicine and surgery there is no cure for cataract. The surgeon offers whatever hope there is—that is, the excision of the crystalline lens, the wearing of glasses and adaptation of the eye without the crystalline lens for sight.

The chances for permanent and immediate blindness are very great. The

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

CARE OF THE BODY

their comparative impotence, of their inability to perform a function which they thought was inherent and instinctive with them.

There is more knowledge needed on the subject of how to keep

for there are many, many books published on the subject.

Let us shy away from the old veils of ignorance which bedeviled our intelligence, whose external label was innocence but whose real, intrinsic substance was ignorance!

* * *

Internal Lubrication

Have you ever had your mouth feel dry? The morning after the night be-

dominal muscles as well as the chest muscles should be used.

The easiest illustration for you is to observe the muscles in action while you are panting from a severe exertion. The chances are that you will then breathe correctly.

Breathing should be deeper, more rhythmical and should use a greater proportion of the chest cavity than is common at present. There should be no restricting garments such as corsets

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WHAT'S NEW IN SCIENCE

Conducted by Ransome Sutton

Los Angeles Man Invents Device for Turning Fish From Irrigation Ditches Unharmed —Argentine Ants More Persistent Than Wise in Working Habits—Sugar-Coating the Pill of Education —How to Avoid Goiter by Dieting.

OFF THE FRONT PAGE

By Bruce Barton

I WAS talking recently with Ted Clark, who was Secretary to Mr. Coolidge at the White House. He told me about one of the famous Gridiron dinners, at which a character was made up to represent the "Front Page." The poor fellow was emaciated and despondent; he complained that Coolidge had ruined him by making so little news.

Ted said: "I think that one of the best and truest tributes that could be paid to Coolidge would be to say: 'He took the government of the United States off the front page.'"

He went on to tell half a dozen dramatic incidents which might easily have become national issues if Coolidge had been minded to make a fuss about them. But he handled them so quietly that the public knew nothing about them.

The newspapers are the greatest single educational influence in our lives. By throwing the fierce glare of their searchlight in all directions they have been a powerful aid in abolishing secret diplomacy. They have encouraged big business to come out into the open, and they are a constant and tremendous deterrent to crime.

But under our system of government they put an unwilling premium upon the performance of the self-advertiser and the demagogue.

Our Senators are no longer chosen, as they used to be, by responsible party organizations in the State Legislature. They are nominated in popular primaries.

The easy way for a Senator to keep his voters from forgetting his name is to make them think he is important in Washington. And the easy way to achieve this seeming importance is to attack something, or investigate something, or become otherwise noisy and conspicuous.

But be not discouraged.

I have stood in the laboratory where Edison worked so many years to give the world electric light. I have seen the old shed where Kettering began the experiments which culminated in the self-starter for automobiles. I have visited the tiny village where, in a modest house, Charles Darwin wrote the book that changed the trend of scientific thought. On the gate-post is a tablet with this inscription:

"Here Darwin lived and thought for forty years, and here on April 19, 1882, he died."

We can put up patiently with quite a lot of Senators, so long as we know that, back in ten thousand quiet homes and shops and offices, there are Edisons and Ketterings and Darwins.

[Copyright McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

COFFEE - HOUSE CAMARADERIE

(Continued from Cover Page)

with its black antique wood tables, its cedar churns, copper kettles and brick oven, and could easily be taken for a place a thousand years old. Dull pewter pots, shining brass bowls, little brown jugs which have outlived their usefulness, quaint old cruets and casters, willow ware platters and carved wooden trays make a frieze of bygone days all around the room which might serve as a setting for Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Sitting up in the crude old, rawhide-covered chairs, whose coverings are laced on by leather thongs, one day may be seen a group of merry children, perhaps the precocious twin daughters of James Savery, giving a party and entertaining their young guests by improvising fairy stories about the cunningly carved figures and houses in the hand-carved insets in walls and doors. And next day an assemblage of old-timers will be seen entertaining at luncheon for Mme. Schumann-Heink, Julia Bracken Wendt, or some other artist who loves the beauty of simplicity.

And the next night you may hear Lanier Bartlett, Harry Carr or George Douglass telling the legends of the wagon wheels set into the straw-thatched ceiling, historic wheels which have come over the plains carrying pioneer settlers; or you may catch a witty anecdote told by Count de Zaruba, as they eat their steaks and drink their coffee from mugs which look like steins. All the while tall red candles throw soft light over old-fashioned nosegays stuck in squat earthen jars, and glint on rows of jams and jellies set in the window, like grandmother's preserves put in the sun to jell.

And just as frequently you will hear a director from Hollywood exclaim "What a set this would have made for that picture of mine!"—"I didn't know there was a place like it in the United States!"

IN LOS ANGELES, one of the most picturesque places was old Campi's on North Spring street, now no more. There Charles F. Lummis, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Harry Andrews, Charley Owen, Harry Bowling, Henry Christeen Warnack, William Wendt, Greenbaum, Carl Oscar Borg and many social celebrities, used to flock.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was once entertained there, with all of Los Angeles and Pasadena thronging to meet him. Everyone was paying for his own 75-cent, pre-Volstead dinner except a small group of guests. It being a very large gathering the apprehensive head waiter was afraid some one would get away without paying and when he decided to collect he began with Sir Herbert and Mme. Ellen Beach Yaw, the principal honor guests! They, being English, thought it a very funny joke, but the hostess, being myself, was far from amused, at the time!

The only place in Los Angeles now approaching this old cafe in atmosphere is the Fior d'Italia, an old wooden building with a doorway so narrow you will walk right past it without even seeing it. The building is over fifty years old and has been occupied intermittently by a restaurant of some kind during that time. The interior, with its bacchanalian grapes and dancing, serpented corybantes, is now the gathering place for sculptors, artists, actors and writers. One night you will see a prominent actor and a group of friends, and, most any night Pedretti, Mousky, or Jimmie Redmond and writers of all sorts from cub reporters to famous novelists. But it is the old grape arbor in the rear of the cafe which attests to its actual antiquity and gives it real Italian atmosphere.

QUITE different in atmosphere, but equally as interesting and picturesque in effect is the historic old barn which has been transformed into the Chateau Cafe. This colorful and unique spot suggests European sidewalk cafes, Vienna coffee houses, Paris studios and all the elusive illusion which goes with an imagined Bohemia. Flame-colored gladioli, tangerine marigolds against glistening black oil cloth, Chinese lanterns and hangings, the carriage-house fireplace and ruby-dripping candles all intrigue the fancy.

THE very newest cafe, in the very oldest brick building in Los Angeles, a semi-Rathskeller effect with steps leading down below the sidewalk, is La Golondrina, where Spanish and Mexican concoctions tempt the gourmand and epicure. By far the most foreign-looking interior of any cafe in Los Angeles, it is thronged with tourists, sightseers and the old Spanish element, and is filled with "gracios" garlic and guitar-playing minstrels. Whitewashed brick walls, rafters blackened with age, a time-worn tile floor and candles which flicker in the wind all bring back the early days of old Los Angeles.

But those who seek for glittering silver and crystal candelabra, for jazz, for unending radio entertainment, for dancing and all the distractions of modernity will find none of them in these unpretentious places. Only those who love quiet and simplicity, who value simple friendships and unostentatious people will ever be happy there.

A Worth-While Winner!

He packed his load
Along life's road,
And often helped another
Too weak to stand,
And gave a hand
To some less-fortuned brother!

He faced each trial
With cheerful smile,
And never feared to venture,
And with a laugh
Stood hardship's "gaff,"
And called his trials "adventure!"

Sometimes he'd fall,
But ne'er would quail—
No fortune fling could "floor him;"
He'd ne'er retreat
Before defeat,
And faced what lay before him!

Though fortune frowned,
He ne'er was "downed"—
He'd start a fresh beginner;
He "played the game,"
And won! His name?
Oh, any worth-while winner!

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JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD

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Colds That Hang On

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10
CARE OF THE BODY
CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

their comparative impotence, of their inability to perform a function which they thought was inherent and instinctive with them.

There is more knowledge needed on the subject—a knowledge of how to keep the marriage relationship contented and peaceful—a knowledge of physiological function—an understanding of the human body.

There is no other species of life which will permit of the excesses engaged in by us humans. Every animal regulates its sex life according to its physiological needs. We are the only ones guided mainly by our emotions and by our selfish desires.

The sex life of marriage can be the most harmonizing, placid influence in the relationships of men and women. Yet, too often it is just the reverse.

There is much more technical, intimate knowledge which the married man and married woman should get if they want to keep the love with which they started sacred and burning brightly throughout the years. Most of this information is available to adult readers, for there are many, many books published on the subject.

Let us shy away from the old veils of ignorance which beclouded our intelligence, whose external label was innocence but whose real, intrinsic substance was ignorance!

• • •

Internal Lubrication

Have you ever had your mouth feel dry? "The morning after the night before" is a special occasion when this occurs. The snorer and mouth-breather—the patient afflicted with enlarged adenoids—is especially liable to it. It is a disagreeable feeling.

We try to remedy it by moistening the lips or by the ingestion of water.

Many habitually suffer from the same symptoms, some varying to an extent where the dryness occurs in other parts of the body.

A goodly number who have chronic constipation suffer from a parallel ailment of the bowel. The fecal substance emerges dry and hard. Evacuation is painful. Again the trouble is insufficient internal lubrication.

Many cases of chronic indigestion are due to an insufficiency of secretion. As a result, food does not digest. It ferments, causes gas and creates great strain—a characteristic chain of symptoms.

All of the cavities of the body are lined with mucous or serous membrane. Both membranes are in a state of perpetual secretion. Under ordinary conditions of good health they secrete exactly the right quantity and quality of fluid. Under conditions of pathology their secretion becomes abnormal in kind—excessive or diminished in quantity.

When we have an oversecretion, we are said to have catarrh. When there is an undersecretion we suffer from the dryness which I have just mentioned.

The undersecretion interests us most in this article, for it is more easily restored to function than the hypersecretions of catarrh.

Where the symptoms are chronic dryness of any portion ofthe digestive system—from the mouth to the rectum—the usual cause may be found in chronic constipation and in autointoxication.

The remedy of this trouble will usually overcome the difficulty. The technique for doing this I have incorporated in my free leaflet which is available to any Times reader for a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a loose, two-cent stamp.

In a lesser proportion of cases, the trouble lies intrinsically in the diet. There are insufficient lubricating substances, fats and oils.

More and more our nation is becoming a consumer of refined starches. Oil and fat foods are as necessary as proteins or carbohydrates. Yet their consumption is constantly being diminished.

Of course, I recommend the vegetable and fruit oils as being superior to any other type.

Where there is a chronic dryness of the mucous membrane of the intestines, especially of the mouth, olive oil, peanut oil or any of the customary salad oils are of inestimable value. However, nuts and avocados will furnish satisfactory lubricants in a very fine fashion.

Next, of course, we have the chronic dryness due to catarrhal types of breathing.

Nothing but a rigid, disciplinary course of training along the lines of corrective posture, exercise and breathing will overcome this deficiency.

If you want to understand correct breathing, bear in mind that the abdominal muscles are used on the chest muscles should be used.

The easiest illustration for you is to observe the muscles in action while you are panting from a severe exertion. The chances are that you will then breathe correctly.

Breathing should be deeper, more rhythmical and should use a greater proportion of the chest cavity than is common at present. There should be no restricting garments such as corsets, tight belts or supporters of any kind around the abdomen or chest where corrective breathing is desired.

All of the above measures are essential if one wants to keep the internal secretions of the body functioning at par.

• • •

Sinusitis and Proteins

Dear Dr. Lovell:

In a previous article I noticed you said sinusitis could be cured within six months by a vegetable and fruit diet. Does this mean absolutely no protein, no butter, nuts, milk, eggs and so forth? Could I eat bran flakes with raw sugar?

Could you name a substitute for bread that I might make or buy?

Thank you for a reply.

A READER.

It is impossible to be dogmatic, especially in the field of diet. To make the assertion that such and such diet constitutes a specific cure for such and such a disease is an arbitrary statement of the first order.

In the article I have written on the subject of sinusitis I recommend a fruit and vegetable diet as a method of treatment, inclusive of others.

The fruit and vegetable diet is merely a phase of the entire general therapy. The breathing must be normalized, the passages must be clean, elimination must be augmented through the skin and intestines, and so on.

These are just as important as a fruit and vegetable diet.

Apropos her question whether a fruit and vegetable diet means a nonprotein diet—this is ridiculous on the face of it. There are scores of vegetables which contain liberal quantities of protein, while a large number of fruits also contain a sufficient amount.

We are accustomed to think in terms of almost pure protein or pure starch. There is no such thing. Every bean, pea and lentil contains protein in very liberal quantities. The various starches such as potatoes, sweet potatoes, Hubbard squash, and so forth, contain protein as well as starch.

As a rule, I usually permit patients on such a diet to consume nuts although I generally put milk and eggs on the prohibition list.

The greatest crime most of the catarrhal sufferers commit against their bodies is the excessive consumption of cereals and their products.

Bran flakes, of course, is a cereal.

Breadstuffs, cakes, pies and other bakery products are consumed in far too liberal quantities.

Why have a substitute for bread? Potatoes are more than a substitute. The same is true of many of the other starchy vegetables. Bananas may be used in place of bread.

There are other types of bread which should be consumed more frequently than the ordinary commercial, so-called whole wheat bread.

It is unfortunate that most of the whole wheat breads are not whole wheat. The wheat which is included is, true enough, whole wheat but the entire bread is not made of wheat.

On the other hand, there is gradually being put on the market very excellent carob breads, lima bean loafs, spinach breads and vegetized wheat breads. It is time that these be served in lieu of the customary wheat and white breads.

Even in the cereal groups other nations have forged far ahead of us. The rye of Russia is, to my mind, as good, if not better, than our wheat. The whole

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certain admissions which are almost incredible. Ernest is detaining him until you come."

Mr. Reeder stepped into the car and in a few minutes they were flying through Long Island. Lane House, an old-fashioned Georgian residence, lay at the end of a countried road which was, he found, a cul de sac. Mr. Bracher alighted and opened the door, and Reed-

The INVESTORS

[That Quaint Fellow, Detective Reeder, has a Narrow Escape . . .]

By EDGAR WALLACE

THERE are several million people in New York and each one of those millions is in theory and practice equal under the law and commonly precious to the community. So that, if one is willfully wronged, another must be punished; and if one dies of premeditated violence, his slayer must hang by the neck until he be dead.

Sometimes uneasy inquiries come through to headquarters. Mainly they are most timid and deferential. Mr. X. has not seen his neighbor, Mr. Y., for a week. No, he doesn't know Mr. Y. Nobody does. A little old man who had no friends and spent his fine days pottering in a garden overlooked by his more gregarious neighbor. And now Mr. Y. potters no more. His milk has not been taken in; his blinds are drawn. Comes a sergeant of police who breaks a window and climbs through, and Mr. Y. is dead somewhere—dead of starvation or a fit or suicide. Should this be the case, all is plain sailing. But suppose the house empty and Mr. Y. disappeared. Here the situation becomes difficult and delicate.

Miss Elver went away to Switzerland. She was a middle-aged spinster who had the appearance of being comfortably circumstanced. She went away, locked up her house, and never came back.

And then Mr. Charles Boyson Middlekirk, an eccentric and overpowering old man who quarreled with his neighbors about their noisy children, he too went away. He told nobody where he was going. He lived alone with his three cats and was not on speaking terms with anybody else. He did not return to his grimy house.

"Queer sort of thing," said the District Attorney, who had before him the memoranda of four people (three women and a man) who had so vanished in three months.

He frowned, pressed a bell, and Mr. Reeder came in.

"What do you make of these disappearances?" asked his chief.

"You cannot make any positive of a negative," said Mr. Reeder carefully.

"Have you seen these particulars?"

Mr. Reeder nodded.

"I have copies of them," he said. "Mr. Salter very kindly—"

The District Attorney rubbed his head in perplexity.

"I see nothing in these cases—nothing in common, I mean. Four is a fairly low average for a big city—"

"Twenty-seven in twelve months," interrupted his detective apologetically.

"Twenty-seven—are you sure?" The great official was astounded.

Mr. Reeder nodded again.

"They were all people with a little money; all were drawing a fairly large income, which was paid to them in bills on the first of every month and they were all most reticent as to where their revenues came from. None of them had any personal friends or relatives who were on terms of friendship, except Mrs. Marting.

"There is another point which I omitted to mention," he went on. "After their disappearance no further money came for them. It came for Mrs. Marting when she was away on her jaunts, but it ceased when she went away on her final journey."

"What do you think has happened to them?"

Mr. Reeder considered for a moment, staring glumly at the carpet.

"I should imagine that they were murdered," he said, almost cheerfully, and the District Attorney half rose from his chair.

"You are in your gayest mood this morning, Mr. Reeder," he said sardonically. "Why on earth should they be murdered?"

Mr. Reeder did not explain. The interview took place in the late afternoon, and he was anxious to be gone, for he had a tacit appointment to meet a young lady of exceeding charm who at five minutes after five would be waiting at the corner for him.

He so rarely discussed his own business or introduced the subject that was exercising his mind that it was remarkable he should make even an oblique reference to his work. Possibly he would not have done so if Miss Margaret Belman had not introduced (unwillingly) a leader of conversation which traced indirectly to the disappearances.

They had been talking of holidays: Margaret was going to the shore for a fortnight.

"I shall leave on the second. My monthly dividends (doesn't that sound grand?) are due on the first—"

"Dividends, Miss Margaret?"

She flushed a little at his surprise and then laughed.

"You didn't realise that I was a woman of property?" she bantered him. "I receive $50 a month—my father left me a little house property when he died. I sold the cottages two years ago for $5000 and found a wonderful investment."

Mr. Reeder made a rapid calculation.

"You are drawing something like 12½ per cent," he said. "That is indeed a wonderful investment. What is the name of the company?"

She hesitated.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that. You see—well, it's rather secret. It is to do with a South American syndicate that supplies arms to—what do you call them—insurgents!

"We are pledged—the shareholders, I mean—not to divulge our connection with the company," she said. "That is one of the agreements I had to sign. And the money comes regularly. I have had nearly fifteen hundred of my five thousand back in dividends already."

"Humph," said Mr. Reeder, wise enough not to press his question. There was another day tomorrow.

But the opportunity to which he looked forward on the following morning was denied to him. Somebody played a grim "joke" on him—the kind of joke to which he was accustomed, for there were men who had good reason to hate him, and never a year passed but one or the other sought to repay him for his unkindly attentions.

"Your name is Reeder, ain't it?"

Mr. Reeder, tightly grasping his umbrella with both hands, looked over his spectacles at the shabby man who stood at the bottom of the steps. He was on the point of leaving his house for his office.

"You're the fellow who got Ike Walker, ain't you?"

Mr. Reeder knew Ike Walker very well indeed. He was a clever, a too clever, forger of bills of exchange, and was at that precise moment almost permanently employed as an orderly at Sing Sing.

"Yes, I was instrumental in arresting Ike Walker," said Mr. Reeder, almost gently.

The man put his hand in his pocket and brought out a crumpled packet inclosed in green oiled silk. Mr. Reeder unfolded the covering and found a soiled and crumpled envelope.

"That's from Ike," said the man. "He sent it out of stir by a gent who was discharged yesterday."

Mr. Reeder opened the envelope, keeping his eyes on the man's face, took out the crumpled sheet and read the five or six lines of writing.

Dear Reeder:

Here is a bit of a riddle for you. What other people have got, you can have. I haven't got it, but it is coming to you. It's redhot when you get it, but you're cold when it goes away. Your loving friend,

IKE WALKER.

(doing a twelve stretch because you went on the witness stand and told a lot of lies.)

Mr. Reeder looked up and their eyes met.

"Your friend is a little mad, one thinks?" he asked politely.

"He ain't a friend of mine. A gent asked me to bring it," said the messenger.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Reeder pleasantly, "he gave it to you in Sing Sing yesterday. Your name is Mills; you have eight convictions for burglary, and will have your ninth before the year is out. You were released two days ago."

The man was for the moment alarmed and in two minds to bolt. Mr. Reeder glanced along the street, saw a slim figure, that was standing at the corner, cross to a waiting street car, and, seeing his opportunity vanish, readjusted his time table.

"Come inside, Mr. Mills."

The messenger followed meekly, wiped his boots with great vigor on the mat and tiptoed up the carpeted stairs to the big study where Mr. Reeder did most of his thinking.

"Sit down, Mills."

With his own hands Mr. Reeder placed a chair for his uncomfortable visitor, and then, pulling another up to his big writing table, he spread the letter before him, adjusted his glasses, read, his lips moving, and then leaned back in his chair.

"I give it up," he said. "Read me this riddle."

As he handed the letter across the table, the man betrayed himself, for he rose and pushed back his chair with a startled, horrified expression that told Mr. Reeder quite a lot. He laid the letter down on his desk, took a large tumbler from the sideboard, inverted it and covered the scrawled paper. Then:

"Wait," he said, "and don't move till I come back."

Reeder passed out of the room to the bathroom, pulled up his sleeves with a quick jerk of his arm and, turning the faucet, let hot water run over his hands before he reached for a small bottle on a shelf, poured a liberal portion into the water and let his hands soak. This done, three minutes he scrubbed his fingers with a nail brush, dried them, and, removing his coat and waistcoat carefully hung them over the edge of the bath. He went back to his uncomfortable guest in his shirt sleeves.

"Our friend Walker is employed in the hospital," he stated rather than asked. "What have you had there—scarlet fever or something worse?"

He glanced down at the letter under the glass.

"Scarlet fever, of course," he said, "and the letter has been systematically infected. Walker is almost clever."

The wood of a fire was laid in the grate. He carried the letter and the blotting-paper to the hearth, lit the kindling and thrust paper and letter into the flames.

He thrust his hands in his pockets and looked down benevolently at the wretched emissary of the vengeful Walker.

"You may go now, Mills," he said gently. "I rather think that you are infected. That ridiculous piece of oiled silk is quite inadequate—which means 'quite useless'—as a protection against wandering germs."

He opened the door, pointed to the stairway and the man slunk out.

That day news of another disappearance had come through from police headquarters, and Mr. Reeder was waiting at ten minutes before five at the rendezvous for the girl who, he instinctively knew, could give him a thread of the clue. He was determined that this time his inquiries should bear fruit; but it was not until th y were walking slowly up toward the girl's boarding-house, that she gave him a hint.

"Why are you so persistent, Mr. Reeder?" she asked, a little impatiently. "Do you wish to invest money? Because, if you do, I'm sorry I can't help you. That is another agreement we made, that we would not introduce new shareholders."

"I am going to tell you something, Miss Belman, and I hope—er—that I shall not alarm you."

And very briefly he told the story of the disappearances and the queer coincidence which marked every case—the receipt of a dividend on the first of every month. As he proceeded, the color left the girl's face.

"You are serious, of course?" she said, serious enough herself. "You wouldn't tell me that unless— The company is the Mexico City Investment Syndicate. They have offices in Pine street."

"How did you come to hear of them?" asked Mr. Reeder.

"I had a letter from their manager, Mr. De Silvo. He told me that a friend had mentioned my name, and gave full particulars of the investment."

"Have you that letter?"

She shook her head.

"No; I was particularly asked to bring it with me when I went to see them. Although, in point of fact, I never did see them," smiled the girl, "I wrote to their lawyers—will you wait? I have their letter."

Mr. Reeder waited at the steps while the girl went into the house and returned presently with a small portfolio, from which she took a quarto sheet. It was headed with the name of a legal firm, Bracher & Bracher, and was the usual formal type of letter one expects from a lawyer.

Dear Madam:

Re Mexico City Investment Syndicate: We act as lawyers to this syndicate, and so far as we know it is a reputable concern. We feel that it is only due to us that we should say that we do not advise investments in any concern which offers such large profits, for usually there is a corresponding risk. We know, however, that this syndicate has paid 12½ per cent and sometimes as much as 20 per cent, and we have had no complaints about them. We cannot, of course, as lawyers, guarantee the financial soundness of any of our clients, and can only repeat that, in as far as we have been able to ascertain, the syndicate conducts a genuine business and enjoys a very sound financial backing.

Yours faithfully,

BRACHER & BRACHER.

"You say you never saw De Silvo?"

She shook her head.

"No; I saw Mr. Bracher, but when I went to the office of the syndicate, which is in the same building, I found only a clerk in attendance. Mr. De Silvo had been called out of town."

Mr. Reeder did not reply. That afternoon he made it his business to call at the office in Pine street. It was a two-story building of an old-fashioned type. A wide flagged hall led into the building; a set of old-fashioned stairs ran up to the "top floor," which was occupied by a China merchant; and from the hall led three doors. That on the left bore the legend, "Bracher & Bracher, Solicitors," and immediately facing was the office of the Mexican syndicate. At the far end of the passage was a door which exhibit-

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Care of the Body

By **Philip M. Lovell, *N. D.***

Mental Aspects of Marriage

Let us be honest with ourselves. We like to "kid" ourselves into various beliefs.

Why are we nervous?

We are nervous because our foods do not digest properly! We are nervous because of our financial condition. We are nervous because we have been sick before, and so on.

Surely enough, these things are true. Yet they do not constitute the most important group of causes for nervousness.

Of course, it is impossible to put one's finger on any one specific cause and say that here we have the panacea for all cases of nervousness.

Many text-books dealing with a cross-section of nervous diseases will disillusion you at once.

When I speak of nervousness, I mean from the simple irritability or sleeplessness through the entire range to the manias and insanities.

All that we can do in an article of this kind is to discuss one limited aspect.

In the correspondence I get—and there are thousands of letters continuously pouring in—the sex phase of life, inside of marriage as well as outside, occupies a dominant position in the problems presented.

For prudish reasons, many health writers are averse to a frank presentation of this subject for fear of perhaps offending a few prurient readers. Nevertheless, it constitutes one of the most vital phases of one's entire life.

The situation must be openly and honestly faced.

We have twenty-five million marriageable men and women, physiologically mature and capable of all the functions of maternity and paternity as wife and husband—yet who are denied these functions.

It manifests itself in various outlets—prostitution, venereal disease, sexual perversions and masturbation.

So long as we have a condition of society existing where men and women when they mature cannot fulfill their normal niche in the family unit, this problem will be with us constantly.

We may patch here and there. We may have the youth of the nation indulge in strenuous athletics. We may instill in them the vigor and straight mindedness of our morality. We may even put great fears upon them—fears which may keep them continent for years at a time.

I know in my own early youth, such tremendous fear was highly effective. At the early age of 14 I saw one of the "horror museums" in which wax figures depicted, in the most terrible forms, venereal diseases that were repulsive, ugly and bestial.

We may apply strait-jackets of this type but the fact still remains that the leakages from this tremendous moral pressure constitute a large percentage of our criminal and prostitute class.

It won't work with some. With many it will. The only solution to this phase is, of course, earlier marriage, the encouragement of marriage even though circumstances be against it and the installation into the education of our young men and women a knowledge of birth control so that the families are limited to their economic means.

Time and again boys and girls could have been saved from the abnormalities, perversions and distortions of their sex life if they could have married and fulfilled the normal sex function of life and at the same time kept free from the obligations of marriage until they were economically fit to raise a family.

Our problem does not stop here.

True enough—75 to 80 per cent of our men and women do get married—some earlier, some later.

To say that the sex problems cease as soon as the minister has pronounced them man and wife is a fallacy of the first order. That is the time, with millions, when the real problems start. They show themselves in varied manners.

It is a crime against our intelligence and civilization—against what we call our modern culture—to send our boys and girls into the marriage institution knowing nothing of birth control, sex hygiene or rules of ordinary sex conduct.

The bars are let down and inside the field of marriage we find every conceivable physiological crime. The hunger that preceded marriage gives way to the feast of indulgence, of satiety, of excesses. With it come surfeiture and the destruction of everything that is fine and noble in the love relationship.

Then comes the train of sequences—the unwanted pregnancies, the lack of preparation for motherhood, the abortions and miscarriages, the vicious and unintelligent methods of birth control, the application of douches, instruments, devices, and so forth—all under the plea of family limitation.

Next come leucorrhea, inflammations, uterine prolapses, and so on, which affect such a large proportion of our womanhood.

Nervously, the men and women who marry should find an outlet for their vital energies. Instead, it becomes a source of more friction, more entanglements.

Few men, indeed, understand the needs of the female body. They are willing to satisfy their own desires and let it go at that. The development of self-control is little understood. Nature is permitted to run blind, rampant, free, with the indulgence of one's desires.

Thousands of women look upon the marriage relationship as the greatest bane and curse of their lives instead of the climax of the mating love. It is not due to the viciousness of man as much as to his ignorance.

Most men are astonished when they are informed of their incompetence, of

ARCHES RESTORED BUNIONS REDUCED,

By new method which adjusts misplaced bones, overcomes pains in the feet, legs and back; removes corns and callouses, reduces puffed ankles. Stops runover heels. No special shoes necessary.
An X-Ray Fluroscopic Observation disclosing every bone in your own feet will be made, upon request. Then you may determine for yourself the exact condition of your feet.

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For Sale at Owl and other Drug Stores.
KUTNOW'S OINTMENT

Amazing New Facts About the Misunderstood Subject of Rejuvenation

FREE To Men Past 40

A WELL-KNOWN scientist's new book about old age reveals facts, which, to many men, will be amazing. Did you know that two-thirds of all men past middle age are said to have a certain seldom-mentioned disorder? Do you know the frequent cause of this decline in health?

Common Old-Age Symptoms

Medical men know this condition as hypertrophy of the prostate gland. Science now reveals that this swollen gland—painless in itself—not only often cheats men of health, but also bears on the bladder and is often directly responsible for sciatica, backache, pains in the legs and feet, frequent nightly risings, and dizziness denoting high blood pressure. When allowed to run on it is frequently the cause of the dreaded disease cystitis, a very severe bladder inflammation.

65% Have This Gland Disorder

Prostate trouble is now reached immediately by a new kind of home treatment—a new, safe hygiene that goes directly to the gland itself, without drugs, medicine, massage, lessons, diet or the application of electricity. It is absolutely safe. More than 50,000 men have used it to restore the prostate gland to normal functioning. The principle involved in this treatment is recommended by practically all the physicians in America. Amazing recoveries are often made in seven days. Another grateful effect is usually the immediate disappearance of chronic constipation. Usually the entire body is toned up. These results are guaranteed. Either you feel ten years younger in seven days or the treatment costs nothing.

Send for FREE Book

If you have this gland trouble or if you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should not lose a day in writing for the scientist's free Book, "Why Men Are Old at 40." It will enable you to ask yourself cerain frank questions that reveal your true condition. Every man past 40 should make this test, as insidious prostate disorder often leads to surgery. This book is absolutely free.

Call in person, if possible, otherwise mail coupon

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Please send me, free and without obligation, a copy of your booklet, "Why Many Men Are Old At Forty." Mail in plain wrapper.

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City ..... State.....

Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine

August 24, 1930.]

The INVESTORS

That Quaint Fellow, Detective Reeder, has a Narrow Escape . . .

By EDGAR WALLACE

THERE are several million people in New York and each one of those millions is in theory and practice equal under the law and commonly precious to the community. So that, if one is wilfully wronged, another must be punished; and if one dies of premeditated violence, his slayer must hang by the

He felt himself falling through the cavity which the carpet hid, caught for a moment the edge of the trap, but as the man raised his foot to stamp the clutching fingers, Reeder released his hold and dropped.

wretched emissary of the vengeful Walker.

"You may go now, Allie," he said gently. "I rather think that you are infected. That ridiculous piece of oiled silk is quite inadequate—which means quite useless—as a protection against warbearing germs."

He opened the door, retired to the threshold, and closed it behind him.

"Come inside, my Allie."

The messenger followed meekly, wiped his opportunity vanish, readjusted his little table.

Then he crept to a waiting street car, and, seeing leader of conversation which traced indirectly to the disappearance.

They had been talking of holidays: Margaret was going to the shore for a fortnight.

ed the name "John Baston," but as to Mr. Baston's business there was no indication.

Mr. Reeder knocked gently at the door of the syndicate and a voice bade him come in. A young man, wearing glasses, was sitting at a typewriting table, a pair of dictaphone receivers in his ears, and he was typing rapidly.

"No, sir, Mr. De Silvo is not in. He only comes in about twice a week," said the clerk. "Will you give me your name?"

"It is not important," said Reeder gently, and went out, closing the door behind him.

He was more fortunate in his call upon Bracher & Bracher, for Mr. Joseph Bracher was in his office: a tall, florid gentleman who wore a large rose in his buttonhole.

"Sit down, Mr. Reeder," said the lawyer, glancing at the card.

In a few words Mr. Reeder stated his business, and Mr. Bracher smiled.

"It is fortunate you came today," he said. "If it were tomorrow we should not be able to give you any information. The truth is, we have had to ask Mr. De Silvo to find other lawyers. No, no, there is nothing wrong, except that they constantly refer their clients to us, and we feel that we are becoming in the nature of sponsors for their clients, and that, of course, is very undesirable."

Mr. Reeder sought inspiration in the ceiling.

"Who is John Baston?" he asked, and the lawyer laughed.

"There again I am ignorant. I believe he is a very wealthy financier, but, so far as I know, he only comes to his office for three months in the year, and I have never seen him."

That night Reeder waited for the girl, but she did not appear, and although he remained at the rendezvous until half-past five he did not see her. This was not very unusual, for sometimes she had to work late, and he went home without any feeling of apprehension. He finished his own frugal dinner and then walked across to the boarding-house. Miss Belman had not arrived, the landlady told him, and he returned to his study and telephoned first to the office where she was employed and then to the private address of her employer.

"She left at half-past four," was the surprising news. "Somebody telephoned to her and she asked me if she might go early."

"Oh!" said Mr. Reeder blankly.

He did not go to bed that night, but sat up in a small room at headquarters, reading the brief reports which came in from the various divisions. And with the morning came the sickening realization that Margaret Belman's name must be added to those who had disappeared in such extraordinary circumstances.

He dozed in the big Windsor chair. At eight o'clock he returned to his own house and shaved and bathed, and when the District Attorney arrived at his office he found Mr. Reeder waiting for him in the corridor.

In a few words he told of Margaret Belman's disappearance.

"Do you connect De Silvo with this?" asked his chief.

"Yes, I think I do," said the other quietly, and then: "There is only one hope, and it is a very slender one—a very slender one indeed!"

He did not tell the District Attorney in what that hope consisted, but walked down to the offices of the Mexico City Investment Syndicate.

Mr. De Silvo was not in, Reeder would have been very much surprised if he had been. He crossed the hallway to see the lawyer, and this time found Mr. Ernest Bracher present with his brother.

"I am leaving a police officer in Pine street to arrest De Silvo the moment he puts in an appearance. I feel that you, as his lawyers, should know this," said Reeder.

"But why on earth—?" began Mr. Joseph Bracher.

"I am quite in the dark," said the lawyer, mystified. "What has he been doing? Is his syndicate a fraud?"

"I know nothing more fraudulent," said the other shortly. "Tomorrow I intend to obtain the necessary authority to search his papers and to search the room and papers of Mr. John Baston."

It was eight o'clock that night before Reeder left headquarters, and he was turning toward the familiar corner, when he say a car coming toward him. Somebody leaned out of the window and signaled him, and the car turned. It was a two-seater coupe and the driver was Mr. Joseph Bracher.

"We've found De Silvo," he said breathlessly as he brought the car to a standstill at the curb and jumped out.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Reeder.

"He came just before dinner to our house on Long Island. My brother and I are bachelors and we live there alone now, and he has been to dinner before. My brother questioned him and he made certain admissions which are hardly credible. Ernest is detaining him until you come."

Mr. Reeder stepped into the car and in a few minutes they were flying through Long Island. Lane House, an old-fashioned Georgian residence, lay at the end of a countrified road which was, he found, a cul de sac. Mr. Bracher alighted and opened the door, and Reeder passed into a cosily furnished hall. One door was ajar.

"Is that Mr. Reeder?" He recognised the voice of Ernest Bracher, and walked into the room.

The younger Mr. Bracher was standing with his back to the empty fireplace; there was nobody else in the room.

He held out his hand and Reeder crossed the room to take it. As he put his foot on the square Persian rug before the fireplace, he realized his danger and tried to spring back, but his balance was lost. He felt himself falling through the cavity which the carpet hid.

In another second the trap was closed and Reeder was alone in a small brick-lined cellar.

From his hip pocket he took a flat electric hand lamp, switched on the current and surveyed his prison. The walls and floor were damp; that was the first thing he noticed. In one corner was a small flight of brick steps leading to a locked steel door, and then:

"Mr. Reeder."

He spun round and turned his lamp upon the speaker. It was Margaret Belman.

"How long have you been here?"

"Since last night," she answered. "Mr. Bracher telephoned me to see him and he picked me up in his car. They kept me in the other room until tonight, but an hour ago they brought me here."

"Which is the other room?"

She pointed to the steel door. She offered no further details of her capture, and it was not a moment to discuss their misfortune. Reeder went up the steps and tried the door; it was fastened from the other side, and opened inward, he discovered. There was no sign of a keyhole. He asked her where the door led and she told him it was to an underground kitchen and coal cellar. She had hoped to escape, because only a barred window stood between her and freedom in the "little room" where she was kept.

"Now what on earth is he going to do?" he asked thoughtfully, and as though his enemies had heard the question and were determined to leave him in no doubt as to their plans, there came the sound of gurgling water, and in a second he was ankle-deep.

He put the light on to the place whence the water was coming. There were three circular holes in the wall, from each of which was gushing a solid stream.

"What is it?" she asked in a terrified whisper.

"Get on to the steps and stay there," he ordered peremptorily.

The water came up with incredible rapidity, first to his knees, then to his thighs, and he joined her on the steps.

He slipped off his coat and vest and unbuttoned his collar.

"You had better take off your shirt," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Can you swim?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Are you very much afraid?" he asked, and took her hand in his.

"No, I don't think I am," she said. "It is wonderful having you with me—why are they doing this?"

He said nothing, but carried the soft hand to his lips and kissed it.

The water was now reaching the top step. Reeder stood with his back to the iron door, waiting. And then he felt something touch the door from the other side. There was a faint click, as though a bolt had been slipped back. He put her gently aside and held his palms to the door. There was no doubt now; somebody was fumbling on the other side. He went down a step and presently he felt the door yield and come toward him, and there was a momentary gleam of light. In another second he had wrenched the door open and sprung through.

"Hands up!"

Whoever it was had dropped his lamp, and now Mr. Reeder focussed the light of his own torch and nearly dropped.

For the man in the passage was Mills, the ex-convict who had brought the tainted letter from Sing Sing.

"All right, guv-nor," growled the man. And then the whole explanation

(Continued on Page Eleven)

DEAF!
You can hear the slightest whisper with
THE AUDIPHONE
A development of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Inc., the research laboratories of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and the Western Electric Co.
DEMONSTRATION
Conveniences to Meet Every Hearing Affliction
without obligation

Care of the Body
By Philip M. Lovell, M. D.
Mental Aspects of Marriage
Let us be honest with ourselves. We like to "kid" ourselves into various beliefs.
Why are we nervous?
We are nervous because our foods do not digest properly. We are nervous be-
hygiene or rules of ordinary sex conduct.
The bars are let down and inside the field of marriage we find every conceivable physiological crime. The hunger that preceded marriage gives way to the feast of indulgence, of satiety, of excess. With it come surfeiture and the

ARCHES RESTORED
BUNIONS REDUCED,
RUPTURE

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Compiled for The Times Sunday Magazine

Historic

James Morgan, the writer, was taking a California girl for a tour of Old Boston. He tells the story:

"As we passed from the Common to the Old Granary Burying Ground, from King's Chapel to the Old South and from the Old State House to Faneuil Hall, her Oh's and Ah's were hushed in a deepening awe.

" 'And this,' I told her as we passed at the foot of the brick tower where the lanterns were hung for Paul Revere, 'and this is Christ's Church.'

" 'Why, He wasn't here too, was He?'

"Too late to catch herself she clapped her hand over her pretty mouth. 'I don't care!' she exclaimed, 'it's all so unreal, I could almost believe even that!' "

Sportsman

"Time was called on a round. Roosevelt dropped his guard and Hanks landed a heavy blow on his nose, which spurted blood. Loud hoots and hisses from the gallery were set up, whereat Roosevelt's arm was instantly flung out to command silence, while his alert and slender figure stood quiet.

" 'It's all right,' he assured us eagerly, his arm still in the air to hold the silence; then, pointing to the time-keeper, 'he didn't hear him,' he explained, in the same conversational but arresting tone. With bleeding nose he walked up to Hanks and shook hands with him."

That is how Owen Wister, in his "Roosevelt, the Story of a Friendship," describes the final bout of the spring meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association in 1879 when Theodore Roosevelt, '80, was matched with C. S. Hanks, '79.

Silent

Bitter critics of each other after death, it has been discovered that Foch and Clemenceau had at least one thing in common; they both refused to have their voices recorded for posterity.

"When my work is finished, my tongue is finished," Gen. Foch declared and "Tiger" Clemenceau voiced his refusal by declaring:

"My tongue has made me enough enemies during my lifetime; perhaps when it is silent, it will make me friends."

Ideal

Between games of the Sunday doubleheader, some of the Hollywood boys were reading The Times and showed Manager Oscar Vitt an item which stated that a woman in Russia had been pronounced dead on five different occasions during the past few years.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Oscar with sparkling eyes, "what an ideal grandmother for some boy to have during the baseball season!"

Identified

That King George isn't overproud of some of his predecessors, was evinced not very long ago when the subject of some new British coins was brought up. One day a sculptor came to the King with some designs, but His Majesty did not like them.

"I want a big V behind my name," he explained. "I should hate to be mistaken for any of the other Georges."

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Perplexed

Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, after campaigning for her husband, said at a little dinner:

"Before another primary campaign, I hope instructions to candidates' wives will be glazed and framed or distributed like Baedekers. The advice is very personal and contradictory. One says 'talk all you want to but don't have your picture taken'; another says 'keep quiet and be photographed'; another suggests baking a pie or a cake.

"I think the soundest advice came from an old friend who said: 'Don't break rule number six,' and when I asked him what rule number six was, he replied:

" 'Don't take yourself too seriously.'

"After that had sunk in I asked him what were the five rules that preceded it.

" 'There aren't any others,' he replied."

Doubtful

Robbie was attending summer school in Santa Monica and was dwaddling along in that direction one morning when a friend of his mother came along.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Is it school today or fishing?"

"I'm not just sure," hesitated Robbie. "I'm just fighting with my conscience."

Personal

"I wouldn't cry that way if I were you," said a sympathetic lady to little Betty.

With curiosity in her eyes little Betty looked up through her tears and asked:

"If you were me, how would you cry? I only know this one way."

Baffled

Wallace Irwin entered a bookstore and not seeing his latest novel in evidence, asker for it.

"Have you," he inquired, 'The Story of Her Life?' "

"Whose life?" asked the clerk.

"Just 'The Story of Her Life,' patiently replied Irwin.

"You'll have to find out whose life you want," insisted the clerk, "and then ask for it in the biography department."

Scotch

Sometimes, when he is on a fishing trip on his Virginia estate, President Hoover tells of amusing experiences he had while traveling about the world as a mining engineer.

"Once, while I was in Australia," he said, "I went to a dinner and gave a millionaire a half-dollar tip, thinking he was the butler. Later, we had a great laugh over the incident."

"It must have been very funny," remarked Postmaster-General Brown.

"Funniest part was that he never returned the half-dollar," grinned the President as he snagged another trout.

Rewarded

Much criticism seems to be going the rounds because so many women, more or less socially prominent, have taken unto themselves so many of the small political jobs which in other days have been a boon to many a needy man. One of these needy ones ventured to protest to the really wealthy woman who had annexed a six-dollar job that for years had been his.

"I don't like to complain," he ventured, "but I'd like to ask why you grabbed my job. I know five dollars don't mean a thing to you."

"Of course it doesn't," she snapped, "but I've had my picture in the paper three times in two months."

Unthinkable

The brewing of trouble in the Garment Workers Union led Walter Swenson to remark:

"Maybe there is something to be said on both sides. My big kick against the unions is not their principles or aims, but the lack of interest in the work performed that it seems to engender. My foreman, noticing a man sitting aloof from the others and apparently fussing with one of his feet, approached him and asked:

" 'What's the matter—hurt yourself?'

" 'Yes,' replied the man, 'I've got a nail in my shoe.'

" 'Well, why don't you take it out?'

" 'What? On my lunch hour?' asked the man in genuine surprise."

Prudent

Sherman J. McQueen of Monrovia is asking for information. He wants to know the name of the Scotchman who was swept overboard in the Black Sea and insisted on filling his fountain pen before being rescued.

Partners

"There are more ways than one of being partners," remarked Charles Dana Gibson. "The idea that so many wives have, that they must butt in on their husband's jobs to be helpful, is all wrong. There are exceptions, but usually it is disastrous. I prefer the other kind.

"I went to look at some work of a young artist friend of mine. It was surprisingly good and seemed very individual. This surprised me on account of some things I had heard, so I remarked:

" 'They tell me your wife collaborates in your work, but I fail to see any indication of it in these drawings.'

" 'You bet she collaborates!' exclaimed the young fellow with a grin. 'She doesn't do a bit of drawing, but she cooks me darned good meals.' "

Deceit

In a sermon on deceit, Dr. Brougher, now preaching in Boston, but formerly of Los Angeles, asked why we could not always put our best foot forward. "When we are not at our best we are really being deceitful. This is especially true of those who are so nice when others are about, but become entirely different people when the family is at home alone.

"A pretty girl at the shore said to her mother, 'Jack says I'm the nicest girl he ever met; shall I ask him to call?'

" 'No,' replied the mother, 'why not let the poor boy keep on thinking so?' "

Mystery

"Women get away with murder," remarked Jack Doyle, fight promoter, "because it is generally understood that they don't mean what they say. This always gives them a loophole when things go wrong.

"Funny part of it is that the women themselves do not seem to think their remarks should be taken literally. Like Gwenny.

" 'What's the trouble between you and Freddie?' a friend asked her.

" 'I'm sure I don't know,' said Gwenny. 'He hasn't been to see me for a week, just because I told him I never wanted to see him again.' "

News

Arthur L. Marks of San Bernardino is proudly displaying a letter from his six-year-old daughter Evelyn who is summering at Newport Beach. Here it is:

"Dear Daddy—how are you Mother pulled out My tooth, and it hurt but it feels better now. I turned a sumer sault in the (she drew a picture of the surf.) Mother laughed at me. Is it hot or cold down there. love to my dog, and cat. love to My daddy love to my Buddy. love to the cow. love to the birds love Evelyn."

In showing the letter, Mr. Marks explains that the cat and dog belong to Evelyn so in distributing her love, they came first, but she forgot the goldfish.

Mistaken

Dr. Shailer Matthews was deploring the church attendance and the "lukewarm attitude of most people toward religion." Finally he said:

"It's a common notion that God is emeritus, like an elderly professor. Folks admit He used to do great things but they seem to think He has retired."

Eggs

"Here is an egg story that just cracked this morning," writes Frances Kadow of Hollywood. It seems that little Bebe's mother was cutting her a new dress but could not agree with Bebe about the bodice. The little girl finally became thoroughly exasperated and stamping her tiny foot declared:

"I want a yoke on that dress! YOLK yoke," she spelled furiously.

Far From the Beaten Baths

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

nounced. "You just go down the seventh corridor on the left, up a flight, across a rotunda, and down a flight. And what a bathroom! There's a tub nine feet long and four feet deep, with a little step ladder for embarking and disembarking, and bath towels as big as our parlor rug at home. Both faucets are marked 'cold' and the lock on the door doesn't work—but it's a bathroom. There's no doubt about that."

"Lead me to it!" cried Mrs. Otway.

"I'm too tired to make the trip again tonight," said her husband, taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, "but I'll draw a map, showing you just how to get there."

"Righto!" said Mrs. Otway, who was already beginning to feel dreadfully English. "Don't wait up for me, old dear."

Mr. Otway was awakened shortly after midnight by the return of his wife. "Guess who I met!" she cried, breathlessly. "Mrs. Chudwell, from East Teabone!"

'My goodness!" said Mr. Otway, sleepily. "Where'd you meet her?"

"In the tub!"

Next day, when Mr. Otway bundled up and set out for his morning bath, he hadn't gone a quarter of a mile before he met old Pete Ashton, who had been his roommate at the Elks' convention in Los Angeles. Pete was on his way to the bathroom, too, and they had a pleasant hour together, shivering and talking over old times.

On the return trip he encountered Judge Grigsby, one of East Teabone's leading citizens. The judge was attired in Mrs. Grigsby's flowered dressing-gown, but Mr. Otway recognised him at once; the gloomy corridors of the Marquis of Palsy resounded with backslapping and shouts of greeting.

"You've—er—found it, I suppose?" inquired the judge anxiously.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Otway assured him. "Just down one flight and across the rotunda. But watch out for that rubber bath mat, judge. It's a bit slippery."

Later in the morning, when Mrs. Otway was crawling around on the bathroom floor looking for the cap of her toothpaste tube, she met a Mrs. Dunwoodie, from West Virginia. Mrs. Dunwoodie lent her some hard-water soap, which she recommended highly, and the two of them soon became fast friends.

Before the day was over the Otways had discovered several other Americans who had got off the beaten track and were prowling about the Marquis of Palsy in search of a bathroom. That evening they organised two tables of bridge in the spacious lounge of the hotel. They began to appreciate the quaint charm of Little Ditherton-in-the-Dumps. Mrs. Otway trumped her husband's ace and Judge Grigsby undertook to show Mrs. Grigsby that she knew nothing about the principles of bidding. Old arguments were resumed; old grievances were aired for the first time on foreign soil. It was just like home in East Teabone.

"This seems too good to be true!" exclaimed Mr. Otway complacently, as he surveyed the noisy, quarreling groups of Americans about the bridge tables. "Think of finding all these people in a little out-of-the-way spot like Ditherton! It just goes to show that a bathtub is a pretty small place, after all."

the Desert Came Back

August 24, 1930.]

Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine

ARIZONA---Before

WHEN Columbus was dreaming of his voyage of exploration to the Indies the land since reclaimed by the desert and again reclaimed by a new white civilization—the land now known as Arizona—was alike the garden spot and the treasure chamber of the Southwest.

In the then fertile and well-watered canyons of Arizona lived a people of a culture and an industry higher than that of any other people who populated the territory now known as the United States.

This people passed before the white men came, leaving no living descendant behind. They wrote no books, and the only chronological records are the rings in the trunks of the trees they used in their building operations.

They were the canyon dwellers, the mesa dwellers, the cliff dwellers. They lived in villages and were, presumably by preference, apartment-house dwellers. They builded fortified castles and cities of refuge. They irrigated their lands by impounding flood waters and were great growers and weavers of cotton.

There are even indications that Arizona's production of cotton more than 1000 years ago was not far short of the production at the present time.

Only a few weeks ago I visited the sites of two of their fortified cities; and I found the ruins of Montezuma Castle on Beaver Creek in Northern Arizona as interesting as any of the ruined, or partially restored castles in Eastern Europe, China and Japan.

Archeologists, anthropologists, philologists, sociologists, criminologists and several specimens of the common or garden variety of educated morons are scattered all over the southwestern desert, trying to solve the mystery of the vanished races. But all that has been definitely ascertained to date is that here they lived, fought, labored, suffered and died.

In this their history does not differ much from that of the vanished civilizations of Asia and Northern Africa.

I saw in the museum at Montezuma Castle specimens of woven and decorated cotton cloth in which were wrapped their dead. The texture and the weaving are mute evidences of a high culture.

The mystery and the legend of the cliff dwellings have finally been solved. The different scientific expeditions, after quarreling for a quarter of a century, have finally agreed upon the legend: they were builded as places of refuge to which the pueblo dwellers fled for safety and mutual protection when their communities were invaded by marauding nomad tribes.

Remains of an Indian cliff house in Tonto National Park which encompasses Roosevelt Dam.

There are mute evidences of wars of defense that were waged, perhaps for centuries.

Among this vanished people were skilled architects and master artisans. Just over the Arizona border in Northern New Mexico, in Chaco Canyon, on the banks of the Chaco River, are the ruins of Pueblo Bonito—the City Beautiful—once famed throughout the whole Southwest. Legends of its magnificence compare to those of the former magnificence of Babylon.

Ruins of a single structure have been discovered by explorers of the National Geographic Society that was four stories in height, covered ten times more ground than the White House in Washington, contained more than 800 rooms and was capable of housing 1200 people.

One finds traces of these pueblo dwellers and cliff dwellers in Colorado, New Mexico and Utah, as well as in Arizona. In the valley of the Salt River, water was flowing only a few years ago through repaired irrigation ditches of their construction.

In the beginning they were basket makers. As generations passed they became pottery makers, and were gifted ceramic artists.

As jewelers they were unexcelled in the Southwest. Turquoise was to them what pearls were to the Indies and diamonds, later, to western peoples.

Fabulous were their turquoise mines, and fabulous were the necklaces they carved from this precious mineral. In the ruins of Pueblo Bonito—the City Beautiful—Neil M. Judd, head of the Pueblo Bonito expedition of the National Geographic Society, found some marvelous bracelets of turquoise. The National Geographic expedition of 1924 recovered a turquoise necklace composed of 2500 beads.

The dwellers of Chaco Canyon had at one time hundreds of acres under cultivation. Their chief crops seem to have been maize beans and gourd pumpkins.

But the early cultivators have passed, and the canyon has been reclaimed by the desert. Judd relates that it was necessary to carry water twenty miles, and all provisions from Gallup, more than one hundred miles away.

There is now no wood in the canyon. In summer it is one of the dryest and most forlorn spots of the arid deserts of the Southwest.

Why Pueblo Bonito was abandoned is still a subject of conjecture. Traces have been found which indicate that it passed through numerous sieges. The big dwelling house became one of the many forts in time of invasion. There was a single low-walled entrance, and windows that once existed in the lower stories had been walled in.

According to one theory, the canyon was abandoned because the land had been worn out by centuries of irrigation, and would no longer yield a harvest. No traces of irrigation canals have been found in Chaco Canyon; but there are traces of dams of earth by which flood waters were impounded and used to irrigate near-lying lands.

After three seasons of research at Pueblo Bonito, Judd wrote

"The water supply may have dwindled; there may have been successive years of drought, during which new crops were not matured; or, what is equally plausible, long continued irrigation may have produced sterility in their cultivated fields. This latter, indeed, appears to have been a very important contributory factor.

"Recent experiments in semidesert areas of the Southwest show that irrigation water of a certain type tends to eliminate or wash out helpful chemicals from the soil, leaving behind too high a percentage of sodium bicarbonate. The latter has a hardening effect on the soil and makes it impermeable to water.

"During the course of the society's explorations at Chaco Canyon we have noticed repeatedly that shallow puddles of rain water sometimes stand for days without wetting the earth so much as an inch below the surface. By analysis of the soil in such places, it has been determined that black alkali is present to such an extent as to render agriculture practically impossible.

"Since these salts are found to a depth of ten feet, it is highly probable that farming eventually became as hopeless in ancient times as it would be today."

While it is possible that the agricultural lands in Chaco Canyon were exhausted by irrigation; it is equally possible that the dwellers were plundered and exterminated by the vandals, the nomads, that ranged these deserts 1000 years ago, and who destroyed Pueblo Bonito as completely as Carthage was destroyed by the Romans 1000 years before.

The dwellers of Pueblo Bonito made many discoveries, but they never discovered the secret of smelting the ore of their mountains and converting it into metal. Their implements of industry and of war were fashioned from stone and from petrified wood.

In the Salt River Valley are ruins of an irrigation system as old as cultivation in Chaco Canyon. When the Mormons came into the valley of the Salt River sixty years ago, they made use of this abadoned irrigatiop system when they began their encroachments on the desert, which here, too, had come back. Since the construction of the Roosevelt dam, the whole of this valley, under intensive irrigation, is yielding abundant crops.

When I rode through this valley from the Roosevelt dam to Phoenix, a month ago, there were no indications of an exhausted soil. Evidence of bountiful crops was everywhere, evidence of a prosperity that other communities may well envy.

It is possible that the farmers of the present generation in the Salt River Valley have learned how to nurture the fertility of the soil, that they know how to restore what irrigation water takes away. But these irrigated lands were abandoned, too, before the white men came. In the fight to extermination between the pueblo dwellers and the nomad tribes, the nomads won. That, to me, accounts for the vanished races and the return of the desert in the once populous land, now known as Arizona.

I spent some time making my own investigations at Montezuma Castle on Beaver Creek, and in Walnut Canyon on the outskirts of Flagstaff; and I formed my own conclusions about the cliff dwellers, their manner of life and the cause of their disappearance.

Before making my investigations, however, I had equipped myself by reading of the discoveries made by the expedition of the National Geographical Society in Canyon del Muerto—the Canyon of Death—in Northern Arizona, about 100 miles west of the site of Pueblo Bonito.

Here the pueblo dwellers builded their castles of refuge in the rock walls of a gigantic cavern, now known as Mummy Cave. They were midway in the cliffs, and could only be approached by a sue-

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"TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING"

By Clifford McBride

August 24, 1930.

Far From the Beaten Baths

By Weare Holbrook

THE ambition of the average American tourist in England is to keep out of the beaten track as much as possible. There is a theory that the best way to get acquainted with England is to settle down in some remote village and become a part of the community for a week or two. One cannot imagine a visiting Englishman in America voluntarily immuring himself for a fortnight in a small town in Iowa or Nebraska—but rural England is full of Americans who have forsaken the bright lights of Piccadilly and the towers of Canterbury in an effort to study the everyday life of the English people.

A popular method of planning an itinerary is to open a Baedeker at random, close the eyes, stab the page with a pin and say, "we'll go there." That was how the Otways happened to discover Little Ditherton-in-the-Dumps, Upper Muffetshire, Snoots, Hants. Before they left home they decided to make their trip abroad "different." No one in East Teabone had ever been in Little Ditherton; apparently no one had ever heard of it. Therefore, it seemed a logical objective; it was virgin territory, and when they came back they could talk about it without being interrupted by sophisticates who knew more about it than they did. Merely thinking of it made them feel like pioneers.

"I wonder if we ought to write for reservations before we go over," said Mr. Otway, consulting his guide book. "There's only one hotel—"

"Inn," Mrs. Otway corrected.

"The book calls it a hotel. The 'Marquis of Palsy.'"

"I'm sure it's an inn," Mrs. Otway insisted.

"Well, maybe we'd better let them know we're coming," said her husband. "I'll cable—"

"No, no," she protested. "Who but ourselves would think of going to a little place like Ditherton? There's sure to be plenty of room. We'll just go ahead and take pot luck, like a pair of raggle-taggle gypsies. It will be ever so much more fun."

So the Otways arrived at the Marquis of Palsy Hotel two weeks later—just a pair of raggle-taggle gypsies with two large steamer trunks, three hat boxes and a reservation for a double room with bath (which Mr. Otway had arranged for without his wife's knowledge.)

The hotel was a four-story building with numerous bay windows and a decorative cornice which gave it the appearance of having been done up in curl papers for the night—but Mrs. Otway maintained that it was a genuine old English inn. Even her ride in the lift did not shake her belief, although it shook her quite thoroughly otherwise. The mere fact that it was a lift and not an elevator gave it an air of medieval charm; it was about the size of the broom closet back home, and its capacity was limited to two persons including the operator.

Mr. Otway, with Old World courtesy, allowed his wife to go up first. "Good-by, my dear," he said. "If we don't hear from you within thirty minutes, I'll start up on foot with a searching party."

As the lift started up, Mrs. Otway smiled bravely and tried to wave farewell to her husband, but there wasn't room for her to raise her arm. At the second floor the car stopped abruptly and teetered up and down in the shaft for several minutes, like a bird cage suspended on a spring. Then it started up again, but not far. Mi way between the second and third floors there was another halt; the car heaved and panted like a spent race horse, while its occupants clung to their environment as best they could.

When the lift finally delivered Mrs. Otway at the third floor her husband was awaiting her anxiously; he had walked up, in company with an elderly porter who carried the trunks on his back. "You're fifteen minutes overdue, my dear," he said. "How was that elevator I saw you in last night?"

"That was no elevator," gasped Mrs. Otway. "That was a churn."

"Did you notice that the operator said, 'Thank you, madam,' when you got out?"

"He should have," said Mrs. Otway bitterly. "I was doing him a big favor by riding in a thing like that. If they want to test it, why don't they send it up with a bag of sand? I feel like cracked ice in a cocktail shaker."

"You've—er—found it, I suppose?" inquired the Judge

"There's a little ladder for embarking and disembarking"

"Ice!" Mr. Otway sighed. "That reminds me—I haven't heard the tinkle of ice in a glass since I hit England. As soon as we get to our room, let's have some ice water sent up."

They followed the porter through the long dark corridors that had a soapy smell, up short flights of heavily carpeted stairs, down again, and around corners. "This is better than a fraternity initiation," Mr. Otway whispered. "I'll bet we wind up right where we started."

At length the porter jangled his keys, opened a double door, and flicked on the light. The Otways beheld a huge, high-ceilinged room that looked like Carnegie Hall, except that there weren't so many chairs. A large crystal chandelier glittered overhead; true, it had only one dim bulb in it, but it glittered nevertheless. The walls were lined with tall mirrors and red plush hangings; yellowish-white lace curtains covered two eight-foot windows.

"But, look here," said Mr. Otway to the porter. "We don't want to give a party. We just want to sleep."

"This is the sitting-room, sir," the porter explained. "I'll show you the bedroom."

After a long walk, they passed under a beaded portiere and found themselves in a second room as large as the first, but less ornate. It contained a double bed, two single beds, a battery of wardrobes and chiffoniers, two dummy fireplaces and a bay window overlooking the village of Little Ditherton.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" the porter inquired.

"I—I can't think of anything else," said Mr. Otway, looking about him dazedly, "unless maybe it's a grand piano."

"There's a piano in the lounge, sir. It 'asn't been played since a year ago last Whitsuntide, but I fancy you can use it, sir. I'll ask the manageress."

"Thank you," said Mr. Otway gratefully, "and—oh, yes—do you have any ice water?"

"Ice water, sir?" The porter shook his head. "This is a very temperate climate, sir. Sometimes in the winter there's a bit of ice on the water, but not at this time of the year—"

"No, no. We want ice water—in a glass." Mr. Otway made drinking motions. 'Understand?"

The porter nodded brightly. "I see, sir. It's rather late-ish, but I'll endeavor to get some for you."

He disappeared, and returned a few minutes later with two large cut glass dishes and two soup spoons. In the middle of each dish was a dab of pale lemon sherbet. "The ice, sir," he announced proudly, setting the tray on a marble-topped table in the center of the room. "Will there be anything else, sir?"

"Not if I can help it," muttered Mr. Otway, handing him a florin. When the porter had glided away the Otways began exploring the outer reaches of their bedroom. Mrs. Otway went due west across the Axminster steppes, and her husband took a northeasterly course in the direction of the beaded portiere. Aften an exhaustive survey of the suite they met under the crystal chandelier and compared notes. The consensus of opinion was that there was no bathroom. Mr. Otway had found a little round tin tub and something that looked like a garden sprinkler without a nozzle—but nothing more.

"What do they think we are—a couple of geraniums?" he demanded.

"I suppose we could stand up in the tub and pour water over ourselves," said Mrs. Otway, shivering, "but I'd hate to do it in this draughty room."

"You wanted a room with a southern exposure," remarked her husband grimly. "Well, this is it. It also has northern, eastern and western exposures."

"Call the porter again," she suggested, "and ask him about baths."

"Nothing, doing. He'd probably bring us a couple of buns. I'm going out in the hall and scout around for a bathroom. There must be one somewhere."

Forty-five minutes later he returned, footsore and weary. "I found it!" he an-

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

Tired, Aching, Sorry FEET!

Do your feet feel like they're made of lead?—Do they burn and chafe—swell and swelter? Are you cursed with "sorry feet"? . . . Then here's the answer:

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Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine

ARIZONA—Before the Desert Came Back

WHEN Columbus was dreaming of his voyage of exploration to the Indies the land since reclaimed by the desert and again reclaimed by a new white civilization—the land now known as Arizona—was alike the fairest spot and the treasure chamber of the

By FRED HOGUE

cession of ladders. When attacked the defenders could retire to this cave, with a narrow entrance that hundreds could defend against thousands.

Driven from the entrance, they could take refuge in their cliff dwellings, where, the ladders once removed, they could defend themselves against a multitude of assailants. Such a fortress could only be forced to capitulate through starvation, through a prolonged siege, particularly distasteful to hordes of nomads who came like a whirlwind and, like a whirwind, passed.

Montezuma Castle is builded under the shelter of a great overhanging cliff, about 150 feet above the bottom lands on the banks of Beaver Creek.

The main castle was three stories in height. It was protected by an outer wall that ran the length of the cliff. From the present ruins, I estimated that it contained about eighty chambers. The cliff dwellers were first-class masons and plasterers. Considering that they possessed no iron implements to burrow into the sandstone rock, their adroitness at construction is remarkable.

There are low doorways in the walls by which all the chambers are connected; and there are holes in the floors of the second and third stories through which they could be entered by means of ladders from below. The ceilings are all beamed with white sycamore, and the floors are about two feet in thickness, made by successive layers of small branches, rushes and mortar.

In the outer wall are protruding logs of cedar, which offers a more stable resistance to the elements than sycamore. There is an outer gallery where the defenders might assemble to ward off an attack from below. In this wall are numerous apertures, less than one foot square, builded in the masonry, and at such an angle that one looking through them has a clear view of the foot of the cliff and the bank of the stream.

There was but one entrance, protected by adjoining walls, so builded as to be easily defended from within. On the ground floor were dark chambers where provisions were stored. The second and third floors were used for human habitation. There is one large chamber which may have been used for an assembly hall, where the defenders could congregate. The other rooms are smaller, resembling the accommodations in modern apartment-houses.

From below this fortress-castle was unapproachable; but I noted indications that its weakness came from above. The top of the overhanging cliff is flat; and there was always danger that the enemy would drop down from this point of vantage.

Montezuma Castle has been dedicated by the Federal government as a national monument. It is under government supervision, and no vandalism is permitted. I found C. E. Kinney, a government agent, in charge. I also found at the foot of the cliff a museum where are preserved relics that have been found by exploration and excavation in Montezuma Castle, and in another cliff fortress only a few hundred yards away.

Kinney acted as my guide as I climbed the three tiers of ladders that lead upward to the castle. He explained to me the repairs that had been made in the crumbling walls under the shadow of the cliff; and gave me a brief sketch of the life of the early occupant, as he has deciphered it from the records that remain.

He showed me where the frontal wall had been builded in two different epochs; and called my attention to a point in the overhanging cliff from which it had once been assailed.

The original gallery wall was not more than three feet high; but three feet had been added later, and in a superior style of masonry. In the lower wall he called my attention to a loophole that slanted upward. When I looked through it I found the point of vision centered on the lowest part of the overhanging cliff, not more than 100 feet away.

According to his version, this loophole served not only as an observation point, but as a point from which the defenders could discharge their arrows to defend the abutting cliff. He pointed out that the attackers could have showered their arrows from the ledge into the gallery of the defenders when the wall was but three feet high. But, when three additional feet of wall were added, the defenders were secure.

It was apparent to me, however, that the advantage was all with the attacking force. They could camp on the top of the ledge, could secure water from Beaver Creek at a safe distance from the castle, could kill enough wild game to sustain them during the siege; and, if they cared to bide their time, the castle was bound to fall from thirst and starvation.

Mr. Kinney told me that evidences remain to show that the valley of Beaver Creek and adjacent streams was once under cultivation. In the museum he showed me some ears of corn, a handful of beans and fragments of gourds as specimens of what had once been the food of the cliff dwellers.

Even more interesting were specimens of pottery and of fine textile weaving that had been found in the abandoned chambers. By the rings in the trunks of trees used in the ceilings of the different chambers, he placed the last occupancy about 800 years ago. This record of tree rings is the latest thing in archaeology. It tells not only the age of the trunk when cut, but the century and the decade in which the growth began.

Time, and space, will not permit me to go into details; but scientists have now accepted the record as indisputable. It has advanced the occupancy of the cliff dwellers three or four thousand years. According to the record of the rings, the epoch of the cliff dwellers does not date back beyond 2000 years. But there is no record to attest that they did not occupy the canyons and the mesas centuries before they were driven to take refuge in the rocks.

Curiously enough, the cliff dwellers used spaces under the floors of this and other castles in which to entomb their dead. In the museum I saw the mumified bodies of two children, discovered only a few weeks before I arrived. They were buried side by side, swathed in an artistically woven cotton fabric. The extremely dry atmosphere had mummified the bodies, as though they had been embalmed.

Skeletons found in the various chambers attest that the cliff dwellers were of the race known as flatheads. But the explanation of the curiously shaped skulls is to be found in the boards on which the children were strapped in babyhood, to be slung on the backs of their mothers. This caused a flattening of the back of the head—hence the epithet "flathead."

The cliff dwellings in Walnut Canyon, near Flagstaff, are similar in structure, but not so extensive. On the cliffs above Walnut Canyon have been found the lookout posts of the ancient defenders. There are evidences also that, in Walnut Canyon, a rock spring furnished an inner water supply.

But the adobes of the cliff dwellers are now empty. Their once fertile fields are only wastes of sand. The desert bided its time; and the desert came back.

The Casa Blanca (white house) cliff dwelling in the Canyon de Chelly, Ariz.

Unlike the Indians of Mexico, there is no evidence that the cliff dwellers set any store by yellow metal. They neither mined for it, nor did they collect the yellow nuggets that might be found in the sands of the desert streams. Their beads and trinkets were of turquoise, which is still valued by the native Indians of the Southwest above any other precious stone.

They were skilled in the use of the bow; but none of the arrows found in the abandoned chambers are tipped with flint. Clubs and stone axes were their most formidable weapons. But they were attacked by tribes using arrows with points of flint. This is attested by flint heads found in some of the mummified bodies at Pueblo Bonito.

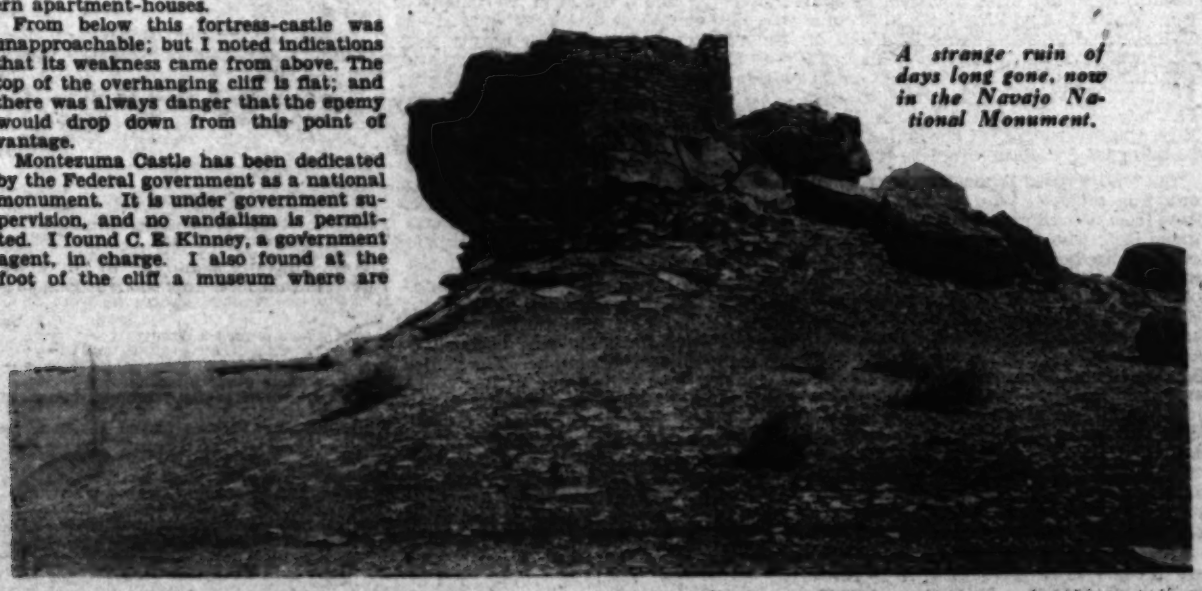
As I left Montezuma Castle and proceeded southward to the Roosevelt and Coolidge dams, I looked away to the purple and blue desert mountains on all the horizons about me and reflected on the adage that the desert aways comes back.

And the desert possesses formidable weapons of its own, and secrets that no scientist has yet penetrated.

Passing below that great dam, I looked forth on broad acres of cultivated fields, where a new civilization is building irrigation canals on the ruins of the old.

In the mists rising in the crimson and blue twilight, and in the colorful clouds above, spectral forms seemed to be swaying in the twilight breeze. As I slept on the shores of Canyon Lake they came and beckoned to me in my dreams. Perhaps the spirits of the former irrigationists still hover about the fields they once cultivated. If they could speak, what tales they could unfold!

I have followed across the sands of Arizona, after 20,000,000 years, the tracks of the dinosaur; but who, after another 20,000,000 years, shall follow mine?



A strange ruin of days long gone, now in the Navajo National Monument.

Charging It Up

An Aberdeen merchant called his son into his office the other day and unbosomed himself as follows:

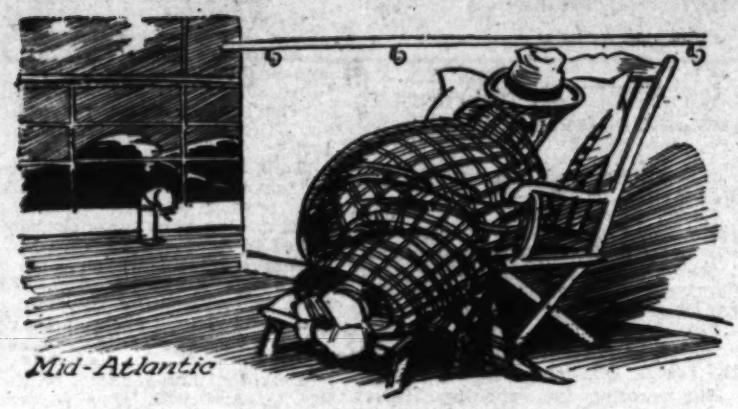
"I haven't been feeling quite so well for a few days past, Weelum, and so I have just made my will, leaving everything to you."

"Oh, father," said the son, "I don't like to discuss these affairs with you at all. I hope you live for many years yet, I'm sure."

"So do I, Weelum; so do I, but I just called to tell you that the lawyer's fee for making out the will is 30 shillings, an' this sum will be kept off your next week's pay."

"TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING"

By Clifford McBride



Mid-Atlantic

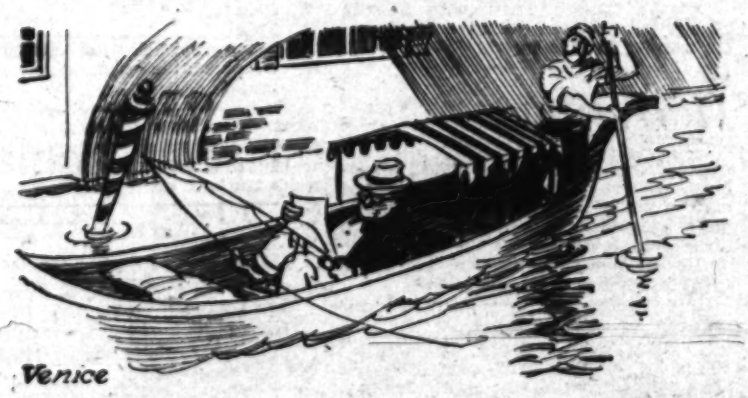
Seeing London

Paris

Nice

Switzerland

Across the Alps by plane.



Venice

Passing Gibralter.

Home

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AND NOW a traveled authority!

Far From the Beaten Baths

By

THE ambition of the average American can tourist in England is to keep

SOMEONE LOVES IT!

—The G. W. Wattles Gardens

One Must Live in Youth to Store Up Against the Bankruptcy of Old Age

"This was the peak of life," thought Helen at eighteen with the ecstasy of betrothal kisses still singing against her lips.

Said to Lydia Roy

By Fannie Hurst

THE sun lay blanching the hills to the splendor of perfect spring and as far as the eye could reach, from the little swelling of the land where Helen stood, slanting orchards, with young trees eager to bear, reached to the horizon. Presently, very presently, they would burst into incredible blossom and a world crammed already to its perfection with beauties of one sort or another, would accomplish the impossible, and become more beautiful.

At least, that was the way Helen, eighteen, and with the love of a youth in her heart, felt as she viewed it from the rear of her father's fruit farm, that was known as Farnham's.

With that kind of youth in her heart, and added to it love, and a one-hour-old betrothal, it was natural that to Helen, at eighteen, the quieter, more adult world which contained her father, Adam Farnham, and her mother, Cora, should seem, by comparison, lusterless.

You wondered, when you were eighteen and so in love with life that the ground under your feet seemed to quiver, when it was only you yourself quivering from love of it, just what there was left for forty and forty-five; Cora and Adam.

It mattered only to have been kissed, as she, Helen, had just been kissed by the youth named Blair Beck, who had just ridden over in his brand new Ford from his father's farm, not twenty miles distant, with a ring in his pocket which now sparkled on her left hand. They were to be married and live in a white house with green shutters on the Beck Farm the promised gift of the senior Beck to his son, and the blessings of all four parents had descended on the youngsters as the apple blossoms would presently descend and whiten the scene for miles around.

The only deterrent, it seemed to Helen, was to have reached the peak of life so soon. From now on, what could there be but anticlimax to the ecstasy of this; the ecstasy of the betrothal kisses that still lay singing against her lips; the strange sweet tingling of the flesh; the dream of tomorrow that could not be quick enough in coming.

"You are young and too eager for life, my Lamb," her mother told her, trying to calm her excitements. "Let everything come in its turn. There are compensations for every age."

How old the mother of Helen seemed to her when she said this, seated beside her lamp in her perpetually gray gown, with her gray hair drawn in low portieres over her ears, and her hands so tranquil at their tasks of mending or sewing frocks. How sapless. What was there left for Cora? Father, of course, but they had had everything together. Adam was as relaxed now as Cora was, and there were deep braces ground in perpendicular lines on the sides of his mouth, and they seldom kissed, he and Cora, and it was nothing for him to come in dog tired of an evening, kick out of his boots and just lounge with his head sometimes on Cora's lap, if she sat at the head of the sofa. And little to say. Scarcely ever any of the tender, lovely things to say, except if Cora happened to be ailing, and then he could be tender.

But who wanted tenderness only when one was ailing? Who wanted tenderness from a tired gray man in his stockinged feet; who, in turn, and the private question to herself shocked Helen, who wanted to bestow tenderness upon a pale old lady with hair of a gray pallor? Helen did, of course. Helen wanted to bestow tenderness upon both Cora and Adam, because of the passionate love she felt for them. The love of daughter for parents. But that was different. The question still remained high in her heart. How dared one face the down side of life, after the ecstasy of a present like hers? Cora and Adam must have had that youth, too, and now look. Oh, one must live, one must live in youth—to store up against the bankruptcy of age!

They were married, Helen and Blair, when the ground was white with the apple blossoms, and the day they returned from a four months' honeymoon the last slap of green and white paint was on the cottage on the Beck place and four aged, tired, amiable and retrospective parents were there to wish them endless blessings.

There were blessings. Health, children and a farm that widened and prospered. Blair succeeded well and the children of Helen were the fine, ripe children of health, and the sorrows that came were the inevitable ones of passing life and death.

With the years, the four parents sickened and died; there were frightening illnesses among the children, drought came and pestilence among the cattle, but in the main, the good overbalanced the ill. Drought passed, pestilence lifted, the children throve and the beauty that was Helen's ripened, bore its fruit, and oh, so gently declined.

The same with Blair. His heftiest years reached their peak, his broad shoulders carried their heaviest burdens, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, the years marched down. So imperceptibly that Helen, who had not felt her body wither, awoke one day to the shock of a realization that was almost more than she could bear.

Lydia, her lovely child, her little child, her little girl, only yesterday with plaits down her back, was betrothed. There was nothing one could say, because it was right that she should be. The youth was a fine upstanding one of her position and kind. They were cleanly, rightly, in love. They were of age. Helen and Blair, gazing with amazement upon this phenomenon which had befallen them, were the older generation, looking down the years at the love of their young ones. A rather quiet Helen, with gray in her hair and eyes that smiled more often than her lips; a quiet, undemonstrative Blair who came and went without much ado, and upon whom the years had climbed, whitening his hair and bending his back a little.

Remote, a little gray, a little lusterless, they seemed to Lydia and the boy, Roy, who came asking blessing. So old, so finished, as it were, so dear, too, but pale silhouettes against the pale, unexciting, uninteresting background of age. Across this chasm, the youth of Lydia and Roy looked at Helen and Blair and back across this chasm Blair and Helen found themselves looking at their daughter.

"Blair, were we at their age ever as callow, as adorably foolish and outside the meaning of life as Lydia and Roy seem? How can two such shallow little pans contain happiness? How can they know the rich, sweet things of life that we know? How long they must wait, dear! In a way it seems sad to be so young . . ."

Across the chasm, Helen and Roy, staring at age, held one another tightly by the hands.

"How terrible it must be to be old," said Lydia to Roy, and Roy to Lydia.

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"Peaceful"

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest
It moved so sweetly toward the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course, through banks of green
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such, your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat:
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, Where All is Peace.

P. P. ESTARILLO.

Helen's Detective Indiscretion

An Episode in the Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Creator of the "Helen and Warren" Characters

"GREAT guns, almost nine!" Warren rolled out of bed. "Can't loaf like this."

"We got in so late," Helen opening the curtains to the morning sun. "I thought you ought to sleep."

"Have to meet Ranschburg at 10:30. And change some money first. You'll want a wad of kronen, eh?"

Kronen! Trying to realise they were again in Vienna. In a few hours, exploring her favorite shops on the Graben and Karntnerstrasse.

"Vienna!" rapturously. "Dear, I could just purr!"

"Huh, no purrin from me," he yawned, reaching for his robe. "Feel rocky."

"You'll be all right after breakfast. Just think—Vienna coffee!"

Unpacking while he shaved. Too late last night—arrived after eleven.

A whole week here this year! Time for leisurely explorations. The glamorous charm of everything Viennese.

How she loved this great stately room! The Old Bristol once a palace—still a regal dignity.

Now at a long velvet-draped window. Looking down on the famous Ring.

A tree-shaded vista. The gay awnings of terrace cafes. And beyond, the majestic Opera, its equestrian statues glinting in the sun.

"Did you bring in my shoes?" an impatient shout.

"Right away, dear," darting across.

Peering down the hall as she reached out for their polished oxfords. So late this morning—no shoes before the other doors.

"Best water on the continent," draining a glass, Warren emerged from the bathroom. "One place you needn't cough up for bottled water."

"Oh, Vienna's wonderful for so many things!" glowingly. "Gloves—the best in the world. I must get you some of those antelope ones at Zacharia's. And a few—"

"Golly, my feet must be swollen!" a stamping struggle. "Got a shoe horn?"

"Why, you never need one," taking the silver wedge from her fitted case.

"Wow, hurts like fury! Can't stand that," tugging off the offending oxford. "See here, are these my shoes?"

"They must be, dear. Maybe you had the tongue in." Then a glance at the chalked number on the soles. "103—our room."

"Well, not my shoes!" explosively. "Didn't mine have rubber heels?"

"Oh, of course! And look—Paris!" examining the gilt label. "Homard Freres, Rue St. Honore! And your left toe was scuffed—on that train step—"

"Punch that bell for Boots," rubbing his cramped foot. "Tell him to locate my shoes—and make it snappy!"

"He won't speak English. I'll call the waiter," pressing the "Kellner" bell.

A prompt knock. The floor waiter with a smiling "Guten Morgen."

"Here, these are the wrong shoes!" gruffed Warren. "Get hold of Boots and tell him to rush mine along."

"I am sorry, sir. All the shoes are taken in, and no one has complained. Yours are tan, sir?"

"Yes, just like these, but bigger. And a New York label. Now tell him to hustle. Only pair I got!"

"I speak to him right away, sir," a bowing retreat.

"Perhaps we'd better have breakfast sent up," turning from the pier-glass.

"No we don't!" irritably contrary. "Feel like going down. What's that? Well, I don't give a darn how they look."

The red morocco slippers blatantly conspicuous under gray trousers.

Yet Helen not daring to protest. Nervous anticipation of an accusing outburst—her fault he had only one pair!

But they took up so much room. Traveling light on the Continent. His dress shoes in the trunk with their evening clothes—sent on to London.

Starting down the circuitous hall. A many-leveled maze to the New Bristol. The passage through an intervening building.

The restaurants in the new hotel: More modern, but less old-world atmosphere.

Past the bridge, into the exhibition gallery. Here glass-cased displays from the best Vienna shops. A distinctive showing of Austrian arts and industries. Fitted bags. Needlework—exquisite petit-point. Jewelry, porcelain—

"No dawdling!" Warren steered her by the Wiener Werkstatte tooled leather. "Got all day to shop around. Out for some grub now!"

Through the double glass doors. The familiar flower-gay breakfast room.

But a new ultra-dignified headwaiter. Not their stout, friendly Karl!

Warren indicating their favorable window table—festively sunny.

After nine—only a few scattered breakfasters. Half a dozen men. Two dapper Japanese. A couple of elderly bejeweled Englishwomen.

Eagerly Helen scanned the male feet under the next table. Tan shoes, but pointed toes. And just beyond, buttoned cloth tops.

Back of Warren, an elderly man alone. Sleekly groomed, with a graying Vandyke and fringe of hair. Twisting his waxed mustache.

Yes, tan oxfords! Rubber heels? Trying to see.

"Get that aroma!" beamed Warren, as the waiter brought their coffee. "After the chicory they hand you everywhere else—"

"And hot whipped cream!" Helen filling his cup. "You only get that here."

"These dough-slingers know their stuff, too," breaking a flaky crescent. "Better stoke up, Kitten. You'll be trampin' around plenty."

"Dear, we've never seen the tomb of Napoleon's son. In the crypt under the Kapuziner Church—with all the Hapsburgs—"

"Now you can go tomb-trotting on your own. No sarcophagi for me!"

Always he shied from sight-seeing. Useless trying to persuade him.

Again concentrating on their neighbor's feet. Shifted now. Rubber heels!

An elated detective thrill. If only she could see that left toe—

Yes, scuffed! Warren's shoes!

Glancing up—catching the man's riveted gaze. Smiling at her—insinuatingly! Surely he couldn't think—

But that complacent smirk unmistakable!

Dropping her eyes. A scorching flush. To imagine she'd be interested in him!

Trying not to look again. But a fluttery verifying glance.

Still staring—that ogling smile! Misinterpreting her flush—

"Here, take a twisted one," Warren shoved over the basket of rolls. "Eh, what's the matter? Red as a stoplight!"

"Dear, that man!" her voice lowered. "Your shoes—Oh, don't look now! Rubber heels—and that scuff—"

"Which man?"

"Sh-sh, don't turn! Back of you—with the beard. Oh, don't, don't!"

But ignoring her warning, Warren glowered around.

"By George, do look like 'em!" an under-the-table scrutiny. "But how you going to prove it? Make him pull 'em off?"

"Not so loud, dear, he may understand! Can't you explain to the headwaiter?"

"That stiff-necked Johnnie? Guess I'll have to. Darn awkward—"

The Oberkellner hurrying up at Warren's signal.

"I'm in 103. Boots slipped me the wrong shoes—two sizes small—"

"I am sorry, sir. But the valet will see to that."

"Now hold on! Just spotted mine on that bird with the whiskers. Ask him if he's sure he's got the right shoes."

"But I—that I cannot do, sir!"

"Why not?" bristling. "Your mistake—hotel's, anyway. Know who he is?"

"I have not before seen him, sir. A Frenchman."

"That so? And those shoes had a Paris label! That clinches it. Tell him he's got on a pair of New Yorkers. Hustle—he's getting up."

With a reluctant shrug, approaching the next table.

His apologetic mumble provoked an excited explosion. Rapid, unintelligible French.

Helen shrinking from the Frenchman's indignant glare. Her interest explained—deflated vanity aggravating his resentment.

A voluble, choleric exit, followed by the still-apologetic Ober.

"Punk guess that time," grunted Warren. "But he needn't have hit the ceiling. Bum sport!"

"Because—dear, he—" crimsoning. "He thought I was looking at him!"

"What's that?" Then, with a grin, "Conceited old fop! What a let-down! No wonder he was sore."

"But I still think they're your shoes! That scuff on the left toe—"

"Huh, I've no monopoly on scuffs. Have to square this Johnnie now for putting him in dutch," his hand in his pocket. "Jove, forgot—no kronen yet."

"The gentleman has his own shoes, sir!" the headwaiter's reproachful return.

"Well, somebody's got mine! And I've an appointment at 10:30. Can't keep it in bedroom slippers."

His turning-away shrug eloquent. Resigned to American lunacy.

"Now careful how you lamp everybody's dogs," growled Warren. "All your fault, anyway—cutting me down to one pair. And you lug along half a dozen!"

At last the denunciations she had been dreading—

"Dear, that's all you need on the Continent. And with your suppers and overshoes—they take up so much room!"

"What if they do?" belligerently. "Leave out some of your own junk! Hereafter I don't travel anywhere with only one pair of shoes. Get that?"

Helen sipping her neglected coffee in abashed silence. The unwelcome conviction that he was right. Yet he could buy shoes anywhere—and she couldn't.

"Hello, what's all the rumpus?"

A conference at the glass door. The headwaiter and a black-aproned "Boots."

"How about it?" demanded Warren, on their way out. "Any news of my shoes?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" "M. Dupont has found the New York label! He sends his apologies. His room is 163—a mistake in the number."

"Huh, that peppery old boy! Got all steamed up for nothing."

"I knew they were yours!" glowed Helen.

"Yep, pretty close sleuthin', Kitten—spottin' that scratch!" as they started back through the gallery. "So that bald-headed sheik thought you'd fallen for him, eh? All puffed up over registerin' a smash hit—and you only checkin' up on his brogues!"

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(The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Answers to Questions on Science Page

1. A mixed descendant of two or more varieties of the same species.
2. A cross between two different species.
3. The medical or hygienic treatment of children.
4. To retard the growth of bacteria.
5. Colonies of animal organisms.
6. To measure the pressure of the atmosphere.
7. Coal tar.
8. Flax.
9. 273 degrees below zero Centigrade.
10. Because at absolute zero molecular motion ceases.

Irish Free State booksellers have been warned against circulating a book on health, this being the first prohibition under the new censorship law.

Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

morrow mawnin' you is gwine tell her right straight out that you has got to have mo' free time an' that there is a poker party at Lawyer Chew's house which you is goin' to."

Mr. Skidd's eyes were shining. "Durned if you ain't right Opus. An' with Garnish bein' all filled up with gratitude to me, she is boun' to do like I requesses."

Fulsomely he expressed his gratitude to Mr. Randall and somewhat uncertainly he commenced staggering through the woods toward the spot where Garnish Skidd was successfully suffering.

Johnny played his role magnificently, and the gratitude of Mrs. Skidd was almost pathetic. Even though her own nerves had been rudely shocked, her solicitude for the battered Johnny who truly royal. She took him to their hotel room, loved his bumps and bruises and let him clearly understand that his heroism had inaugurated a new era of domestic felicity in the Skidd household.

Johnny slumbered peacefully that night. When he awoke the sun was streaming in the window. He was alone—but only for a moment. Then the door opened and Garnish entered.

She was bearing a tray which had been obtained from a restaurant downstairs. She smiled affectionately at her now idolized husband and placed a succulent repast before him; four poached eggs, a pot of steaming coffee, hot biscuits, a lamb chop and a cigar with a large gold band.

"Heroes never oughtn't to git up fo breakfas', honey," she announced.

He was amazed. "You mean just this mawnin' or ev'y mawnin'?"

'I mean ev'y mawnin', Sugarfoots" Her voice trembled with contrition. "I ain't never treated you right, Johnny. But fum now on I'se gwine be diff'ent."

His heart sang. He struck straight from the shoulder.

"Garnish," he announced, "us finished that pitcher last night. But tonight I crave to go to Lawyer Chew's house where the boys is havin' a swell poker party."

He eagerly awaited her answer, knowing that this was the ultimate test inasmuch as she always had opposed his card playing desires.

"Honey-boy," she said soothingly—"there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fo' you—'cept one thing."

"Yeh? What's that one thing, Garnish?"

Mrs. Skidd smiled affectionately.

"I ain't never gwine let you leave me at night again, Johnny. I need you to protect me from bandits."

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SOMEONE LOVES IT!

—*The G. W. Wattles Gardens*

By Dr. J. A. Downs

Vista leading from pool to house, with house showing dimly in the distance, and rows of sentinel Spanish evergreens along each side.

Japanese pagoda, "clinging precariously to the mountainside"

"SOMEONE loves this garden and has lent it to you. Please respect this kindness and leave it as beautiful as you find it."

Inscribed on a tablet at the public entrance to the Wattles Gardens, the above appeal grips the heartstrings of every real nature lover who enters its welcome portals. An added joy for the visitor to these magic gardens is the opportunity to meet his gray-haired benefactor and visit with him, as he strolls about at almost exactly eight o'clock any morning.

The Wattles home is located in the western edge of Hollywood, fronting on Hollywood Boulevard, and comprises fifty-two acres of land, about thirty of which is mountainous and unimproved. The gardens, proper, contain about twenty acres, sloping gently down from the mountains north of them to Hollywood Boulevard, and are set apart from their neighbors by streets on each of the other sides. Several acres fronting on Hollywood Boulevard are set to citrus and other fruit trees. A high woven-wire fence, covered with climbing roses that seem to be always in bloom, incloses this orchard.

A magnificent stucco house of Mediterranean architecture occupies the place of honor just back of the orchard. This part of the estate is protected from too inquisitive feet by a fence of cut stone, over which clamber more roses, to add their fragrance to that of the orange blossoms. A small portion of the flower garden adjacent to the house is reserved for the family, and their intimate friends, but all the rest of this marvelous estate may be enjoyed to the utmost by thousands of people who are financially unable to provide such beauty for themselves and their children.

One enters the Wattles Gardens through a gate on the west, and follows a winding path through a jungle of pines, no effort having been made to tame this jungle, but rather to leave it as nature made it. Some one espies a life-sized statue of the goddess Diana, standing in the shrubbery on a small hill. A few rods farther on one comes out into a cleared space of two or three acres with a large lily pool in its center. A semicircular stone wall flanks this pool and inside it are massive stone seats in which the Wattles family and their friends may sit and enjoy the beauty on every hand and the enchanting vista of house and orchard that lies unrolled before them. Surrounding this pool is a lawn that extends like a mammoth green velvet carpet down to the back door of the house; a carpet that is fitted around plots of bright-colored flowers, a sunken rose-garden and walks shut in by pergolas and trellises covered with roses and creeping vines. Along each side of this carpet Spanish evergreens stand sentinel in single file and seem to say, "Keep out. This small bit is private and must not be defiled by strange feet."

North from this lily pool the explorer wends his way along walks that curve around under pergolas hundreds of feet long, with seats begging him to sit down and rest and reflect and peer out between the stucco posts at formal plots of brightly colored flowers on one side and rugged mountain slopes on the other. These pergolas, too, are covered with climbing roses and ivy and other clambering things, and from them one at last emerges through bamboo gates into a delightfully rugged and intriguing bit of scenery.

This is in the very bottom of a deep canyon, having almost vertical walls and is a succession of rapids and clear pools, in whose green depths lurk multitudes of goldfish. All is still save the wind whispering in the treetops, the chirp of birds and the tinkle of falling water. That damp, earthy smell is everywhere. The sparkling stream tumbles down from pool to pool among the boulders, and all except the paths is covered with creeping plants of the evergreen family. There are small stony islands dotting the pools, with rustic bridges, and stepping-stones crossing back and forth from side to side of the stream. Scattered about in the weird light of this wild canyon are bird houses and lamp posts and seats overhung with thatched roofs, all of Japanese design and all lighted with electric lamps. And towering far above, clinging precariously to the mountainside, are two Japanese pagodas, with winding paths dug in the stony soil by which they may be reached.

If the more intrepid visitor chooses to explore still further, he may follow other narrow paths that wind back and forth and go on up the low mountain to its summit, with always trees and ferns and cacti and a jungle of other growing things on every hand and that woodsy smell filling his dilated nostrils.

But if one do not care to go to the summit, he follows the winding path on the opposite side of the canyon and emerges at the gate through which he entered these elysian fields, winding all the way underneath a canopy of palm fronds so closely interwoven that they never admit the rays of the glorious California sunshine. Or, he may follow still another path; a narrow, flower-bordered path that winds along the mountainside above the palms and emerge at the same place as before.

And everywhere are flowers of many varieties and colors, and the aroma of damp woodland and roses and orange blossoms, and the cool spray from many whirring nozzles, and chirping birds hopping about on the grass. And over all rests an unbroken quiet and peace; a quiet and peace that rests both soul and body; a quiet and peace that are the gift of a generous family who provide this haven of rest for any wayfarer who may choose to lay down his cares and burdens and for a time accept its blessed hospitality.

Statue of Diana, to which one comes near the public entrance to these gardens.

THE INVESTORS

(Continued from Page Six)

flashed upon the detective. In an instant he had gripped the girl by the hand and dragged her through the narrow passage, into which the water was now steadily overrunning.

"Which way did you get in, Mills?" he demanded authoritatively.

The convict led the way to what was evidently the window through which the girl had looked with such longing. The bars had been removed; the window sash itself lifted from its rusty hinges; and in another second the three were standing on the grass, with the stars twinkling above them.

"Mills," said Mr. Reeder, and his voice shook, "you came here to 'bust' this house."

"That's right," growled Mills.

"Skip!" hissed Mr. Reeder. "And skip quick! Now, young lady, we'll go for a little walk."

A few seconds later a patrolling policeman was smitten dumb by the apparition of a middle-aged man in shirt and trousers, and a lady who was inadequately attired in a silk petticoat.

"The Mexican company was Bracher & Bracher," explained Reeder to his chief. "There was no John Baston. His room was a passageway by which the Brachers could get from one room to the other. The clerk in the Mexican syndicate's office was, of course, blind; I spotted that the moment I saw him. There are any number of blind typists employed in New York. A blind clerk was necessary if the identity of De Silvo with the Brachers was to be kept a secret.

"Bracher & Bracher had been going badly for years. It will probably be found that they have made away with clients' money; and they hit upon this scheme of inducing foolish investors to put money into their syndicate on the promise of large dividends. Their victims were well chosen; and Joseph—who was the brains of the organization—conducted the most rigorous investigation to make sure that these unfortunate people had no intimate friends.

"After they had paid one or two years' dividends the wretched investor was lured to the house in Long Island and there scientifically killed."

"Why did they delay their execution of Miss Belman?"

Mr. Reeder coughed.

"They wanted to make a clean sweep, but did not wish to kill her until they had me in their hands. I rather suspect"—he coughed again—"that they thought I had an especial interest in the young lady."

"And have you?" asked the District Attorney.

Mr. Reeder did not reply.

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LOS ANGELES

Pasadena San Diego Long Beach

Helen's Detective Indiscretion

An Episode in the Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

tained a supply of his favorite cigarettes. Strolling happily across the lot, he had discerned a female figure which he recognized instantly as belonging to his wife.

Then, under his astonished eyes, something ghastly had happened. A masked man, who seemed about nine feet tall and seven feet broad, had leaped upon Garnish from the darkness, apparently strangled her, flung her into a car—and vanished through the main gate into the night. Unfortunately, Johnny did not know that as Opus shot past Percy Wattles, he leaned over the side of the car and identified himself to that little man.

In the veins of Mr. Skidd there flowed heroic blood. His beloved Garnish was being kidnaped. As sole witness to the drama, it behooved him to effect a rescue. He longed for a few allies, but there was no time to call them. His immediate job was to keep the abduction car in sight.

Remembering that Florian Slappey had left his rented car unlocked, Johnny leaped into the garage and two seconds later went flashing in pursuit of Opus. Percy Wattles made a noble attempt to flag the little man down for purposes of explaining that the kidnaping was merely a friendly act, that Garnish was not in the slightest danger and that it was no bandit—but Opus Randall—who was performing the noble deed.

But Johnny had no time for conversation. As he reached the gate he depressed the accelerator and shot into the night after the tiny red dot which marked the tail light of the leading car. The bandit was heading directly for Red Mountain and the wild country beyond. Johnny huddled over the wheel, eyes riveted on the red light far in advance, summer breeze whipping into his face.

Up ahead, Mr. Randall was commencing to think—and the more he thought, the more disturbed he became. He was headed into the country, but he was beginning to wonder what he was going to do when Garnish regained consciousness, recognized her captor and began to yell. The prospect was not alluring.

Certainly she must not be permitted to notify the world in general that she was an abducted lady. Therefore, he stopped his car by the side of the road, and took from under the seat several pieces of rope and an extra handkerchief. The handkerchief he slipped between her teeth and tied behind her head. With the rope he bound her hands and feet. During the entire operation he maintained the concealment afforded by the handkerchief which masked his own countenance.

In the rear, Johnny's heart gave a bound of delight when he noticed that the bandit's car had stopped. Then a terrible thought came to Mr. Skidd.

Here was his golden opportunity to rescue his wife—but how? The kidnaper was of colossal proportions and Johnny a mere shrimp of a man. One overt act on his part and he figured himself engaged in counting lily roots from then henceforward.

He depressed clutch and brake, extinguished his lights and also came to a halt by the side of the road—perhaps four hundred yards to the rear of Opus Randall's car. He found himself in the position of the man who had the bear by the tail.

His pursuit could be made successful at any moment. But just what disaster would crown that success, he shuddered to consider. Johnny didn't have a weapon, and unquestionably the bandit must have. Even if he didn't, fist to fist combat with a desperate man mountain was not all to Johnny's liking.

When Opus Randall completed his gagging and trussing process he again climbed into the car and continued into the night. He drove with slight interest, and the pursuing car came along with an interest even slighter.

If Johnny was worried about what would happen to him if he succeeded in overhauling the person who had kidnaped Garnish, Opus was even more worried about what he could do with the lady whom he had abducted.

Both cars were moving through the woods the other side of Shades Mountain.

Opus wasn't enjoying himself. Since his captive was the wife of his best friend, he obviously could not leave her alone in the woods. It was equally impossible to escort her to Birmingham, since he realized that she was already conscious and once he removed the handkerchief from his face recognition would be instant—and disastrous. He wished now that he had been a trifle less impulsive, and he swore a mighty swear that he would never again cast himself in a hero role, save before the camera.

The pursuit dragged. In the first place, Opus didn't know he was being pursued, and in the second place the last thing in the world which Johnny desired was to catch the car he was so valiantly chasing. But his headlights betrayed him. Twice Opus turned a worried head to glance at the car which was drifting slowly along behind him. Both times Johnny saw the masked face and fresh terror chilled him.

And then something happened—something which immediately and positively determined Johnny Skidd on a course of action.

Opus Randall's car blew a tire!

The sound of a blowout is a startling thing at best. Here in the deep, dark woods it was little less than awful. And it conveyed a horrible message to Mr. Skidd.

Unquestionably the bandit had taken a shot at him. It sounded like a shot—and Johnny's mind was attuned to just such an event. But even though the bandit had fired once with a fair chance of success. Johnny was positive that he was not going to afford the desperado another such opportunity.

Johnny's borrowed car slithered to the side of the road and Johnny catapulted to the ground. For one wild instant his leaping figure was outlined in the glare of his own headlights and in that split second Opus Randall recognised the little supervisor.

Mr. Randall yelled at Johnny and his strident voice conveyed to Mr. Skidd only that he was wanted by the kidnaper for purposes of personal assassination. Whereupon Mr. Skidd grew upon his heels the wings of Mercury and went crashing into the undergrowth.

Mr. Randall stared with puzzlement after the disappearing gentleman. Then realization of the situation came to him and he chuckled. This, indeed, was a miraculous solution to his dilemma, provided he could succeed in overtaking Johnny.

But before setting out after Mr. Skidd Mr. Opus lifted the bound and gagged figure of the unhappy Garnish and placed her under a tree by the roadside. Then he lumbered into the woods.

Johnny had progressed scarcely a hundred feet. He plastered himself against a pine trunk, where he shivered and listened. For a few seconds he heard nothing—then he heard much. Most distinctly there came to his ears the sound of a human figure crashing through the forest. Mr. Skidd's expression became one of unutterable terror.

"Oh! woe is me!" he whispered. Then, of their own volition, his feet commenced to transport him elsewhere.

Opus heard the resumption of Johnny's flight. He desired to call through the woodland, disclosing his identity to his quarry, but he knew that voices traveled far in the woods and was fearful lest Garnish also hear his message of identification. Whereupon he kept his lips shut tight and proceeded to give vigorous chase.

Johnny's progress was fast, furious, and indefinite. Spurred by horror, he ran full tilt into large and unyielding tree trunks, tripped over malicious roots, and tore his clothes on aggressive brambles. Opus, chasing after, fared scarcely more fortunately. They ran in circles, to the accompaniment of groans, grunts, and subdued but enthusiastic profanity.

It was an epic chase. Johnny's breath was coming in short, agonized gasps; his shirt was in shreds, his nether garments tattered. Unquestionably the desperado was intent upon eliminating the Skidd family.

In his terror Mr. Skidd forgot Garnish, forgot his elegant job with Midnight—forgot everything save that he had no ambition whatsoever to terminate abruptly his terms of enjoyment on earth. Sobbing and gasping, he collided with obstacles up to the ultimate ounce of his strength. Then he collapsed.

Within an alarmingly decreasing radius the sound of Opus's pursuit drummed in his ears. And now Mr. Randall was almost upon him. To Mr. Skidd there came the desperation of the cornered rodent, and he rose to his feet, braced himself against a tree, and doubled his puny fists.

Out of the night came a huge shape. Mr. Skidd emitted a shrill cry and launched his frail figure upon the massive frame of Opus Randall.

Opus grunted with pained surprise. Then he flung out two large arms and imprisoned the wriggling figure of his horrified friend. He attempted to speak but Johnny's head crashed squarely into his lips.

There ensued a battle which was as inspiring as it was brief. Finally Mr. Skidd sank to earth, a groaning and defeated person, in whose ears there sounded the melancholy strains of Gabriel's trumpet.

Fearing a return of the little supervisor's combativeness, Opus threw himself on top of the diminutive warrior and uttered a remark.

"You dawg-gone idjit!"

Johnny was offended.

"I ain't so."

"You is. This is Opus Randall!"

A thrill of delight shot through the heart of Mr. Skidd. Then a vague resentment flooded his bosom.

"If that's true," he moaned—"Git up off me."

Mr. Randall complied immediately, and then, briefly and graphically, he explained the situation. Johnny found difficulty in comprehending.

"You—you mean my wife wasn't really kidnaped?"

"Nossuh. It was all in fun."

"An' there wasn't no real bandit?"

"Nope. I was him."

"An' you didn't shoot no shot at me?"

"Uh-uh, Johnny. I just blowed a tire."

"Golla!" murmured Mr. Skidd, almost hysterical with relief—"What is I gwine do now?"

Opus spoke earnestly.

"You is gwine do plenty, what I mean. Things has been kind of tough fo' you an' me bofe—not even forgettin' Garnish. You can take it fum me, Johnny, that kidnapin' a cullud lady ain't no fun. But the point is that she is all tied up an' sittin' by the road. You look like Manslaughter had just slapped you in the face an' run away. But, kid, you got the world by the tail."

"World ain't got no tail."

"It has, too. Thing fo' you to do now is to be a hero."

"Nothin' doin'!" declared Johnny firmly. "I has heroed plenty fo' one night."

"This ain't got no danger. Always you has been henpecked. All right—immedjitly you come waltzin' out of these woods all tore up like you is, an' yo' face all bluggy—and you strut over to Garnish an' unloose her bonds. Then you notify her that you most got kilt by the bandit, which same you finally beat up an' lef' fo' mos' dead. An' what happens then?"

"I dunno. What?"

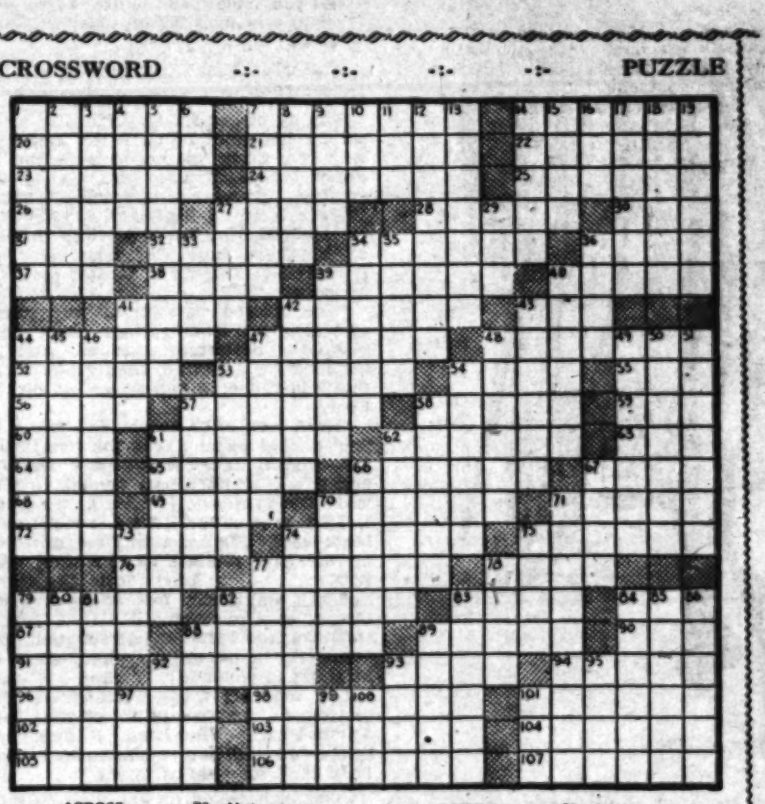
"She flings her arms about you, an' says you is wonderful, an right away ev'rything has changed in yo' fambly."

"How?"

"'Cause befo' this you ain't never been a man. But if you can beat up anybody which can kidnap Garnish, she is gwine look at you with new eyes. An' if you take my advice, you is goin' to play this right across the board. To-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1—One of the Gorgons
7—Seaport on the Adriatic
14—Pour upon: rare
20—Pacific State
21—Oriental
22—Chattered childishly
23—Sends in return
24—Distends
25—Wife of Paris
26—Captain of Absalom's host
27—Military attendant
28—Trap
30—Dance step
31—Measure of weight
32—Anklebone
34—Go away
36—Evergreen trees
37—Land measures
38—The same: Latin
39—Take note of
40—A beach
41—Wool measures
42—Change
43—Scotch river
44—Descendants
47—Charges
48—Pampered
52—Implement for grasping
53—Leaves of the calyx
54—Organized company of persons
56—Wrath
58—Siamese coins
59—Refutes
60—Pertaining to a tube
62—Herd of whales
66—Small mound
67—Sober
68—Vitreous mineral
69—Man's name
70—Eagle
72—Puff up
73—Cylindrical in cross section
77—Stupefy
78—Free
79—Unaspirated
80—Injury
81—Fragment of pottery
82—Sib-ling stanzas
84—A hooded cloak
85—Stops up
86—Abstract conception of being
87—The north wind
89—Chopped cabbage
90—Get up
92—Mastelry
93—Small piece of ground
94—Emmet
97—American coin
98—Harmonizers
99—Switch
100—College cheer
101—Stupid person
102—Goods cast adrift at sea
103—Fraud
104—Russian stockade
106—Discontinued
108—Members of an Arizona tribe of Indians
109—Social groups
110—Inherent
113—Base of coal-tar dyes
114—Whole
115—Proficient people
116—Russian plains
117—Attempts

DOWN

1—Peak of the Andes
2—A trembling
3—English lyric poet
4—Shield
5—Memoranda
6—Portions of cricket fields to left of batters
7—Weariesomeness
8—Hostile incursions
9—Island
10—Greek letter
11—Place
12—Encroach upon
13—Entrap
14—Toward the left
15—At liberty
16—Enthusiast
17—State of ideal perfection
18—Pertaining to six
19—Ancient city of Mesopotamia
27—Malt liquors
29—Place of refuse
33—Joins
34—Demons
35—Sends out
36—Hurried away
39—Allow a deduction
40—Sell in small quantities
41—Dresses up: slang
42—Reputation
43—Give
44—Ancient Grecian coins
45—A clique
46—Means
47—Dispute
48—Province in Luzon, P. I.
49—Bandages
50—A rubbing out
51—Claims
53—Closed cars
54—Thin fabric of silk and worsted
57—Rents again
58—Weights for arms
61—Goddess of the moon
63—Mourn for
64—Comes to a point
67—Exhibition
70—Venturesome person
71—Heavenly women
73—Trial
74—German compact
75—Social group
77—Popular fruits
78—Low quarter of a city
79—Genus of thorny trees
80—Dispatch again
81—Mentally deranged
83—Pull
84—An object
85—Asiatic country
86—Household linen
88—Academic exercises
89—Movements of the waters
92—Gleamed
95—A Latvian
96—Hanging vases
98—Small birds
99—Tubes of trees
104—Contend
105—Irish mountain
107—Beverage

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ONCE IN A WIFETIME

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Henpecked Johnny Skidd, Down From Harlem, Found Strict Attendance Upon His Shrewish Wife Irksome, but That a Friendly Game of Dice Could Prove Too Adventurous

IT PLEASED Johnny Skidd to press the button on his desk and have a pulchritudinous secretary answer the summons. As the damsel settled herself with stenographic pad and pencil Johnny took a swift and prideful glance at the ground glass door of the outer office. It proclaimed to the world that this was the sanctum of Skidd and that he was a supervisor for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

It was all a miracle to the shy little man from Harlem, and what was even more remarkable than his success was the unmistakable fact that he was enormously popular on the lot. From President Orifice R. Latimer down to Gateman Percy Wattles they loved him.

The secretary looked up at her boss. "You want to dictate a letter, Mistuh Skidd?"

Johnny sighed. "I don't want to, but I guess I better on account I give you all the trouble of comin' in heah."

"Mmm! How about writin' Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz 'bout how good you thought his last pitcher was?"

"Hot dawg! That's a fine idea." His brow became corrugated by the pangs of composition. "Take this down: 'Deah Friend Eddie: That was a swell pitcher you made and I know your next one will be sweller.' Tell him I think he is a fine feller and why don't he drop into the office and see me some time. 'Yours respectively—Johnny Skidd.'"

The stenographer smiled and rose. "Will that be all?"

"Uh-huh. Leastways until I git another itch to press that buzzer."

The outer door opened and a large figure lunged inside. The secretary made way for Opus Randall, portly leading man, as Johnny came forward with hand outstretched.

"If it ain't Brother Randall!" he enthused. "Honest Opus—you is the most feller I was cravin' to see."

Mr. Randall dropped informally into a chair.

"Johnny," he announced, "we is gwine to have a great time."

"Who is?"

"You an' me an' Welford Potts an' Florian Slappey an' J. Caesar Clump an' lots of others."

"Doin' what?"

"Playin' poker."

A spasm of pain crossed Johnny's countenance. "Don't go makin' me sadder than what I a'ready is, Opus. You know good an' well I caint play no poker."

"But you tol' me you loved the game."

"I do. It is the craziest game I is about. But lovin' it an' playin' it is horses of two other colors."

Mr. Randall pleaded. "This is diff'ent, Johnny. Friday is Lawyer Evans Chew's birthday an' his wife is th'owin' a big party fo' him. All the best players in town is gwine be there, an' we is gwine to play stud all evenin'."

"I cain't go," gloomed Johnny.

"But," insisted Mr. Randall; "how come?"

"You know dawg-gone good an' well it's on account of my wife. She won't never leave me go nowhere to have a good time."

"Shuh! Scared of yo' wife!"

"You is mighty tootin' I is."

"But Garnish ain't even reasonable. She nevah lets you go nowhere or have no good time."

"Don't I know it? But she hates Bumminham, an' just nachelly ain't willin' to try an' be happy heah. Besides, she ain't got ary friend in the town."

"Why not?"

"'Cause when my pa—which is the biggest stockholder in Midnight—sent me down head fo' a job an' they made me a supervisor, she thought I was gwine make a mess of it, and right away we would move back to New York. So when the social committee fum the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise called on her she dietied 'em all over the place."

"What you mean 'dicty'?"

"That's Harlem fo' what the white folks call ritzy. Also, later a lot of the socially eclair in Bumminham come to see her an' she advised 'em where to step to. Well, anyway, I sort of bucked along down heah an' now when she is willin' to be friends with folks the wimmin is all keepin' away fum her."

"Right!" agreed Opus. "Bumminham cullud ladies is pow'ful pridiah."

"You see, it's thisaway," pursued Johnny. "It's kind of et on Garnish. Just 'cause she cain't have no good time she preten's like she don't want none. 'Cept fo' goin' shoppin' alone once in a while, she just sits aroun' all day an' be's mis'able. An' at night she takes it out on me."

"Whyn't you git a divorce away fum her?"

"'Cause Ise crazy 'bout her, that's why."

"Crazy is right!" agreed Mr. Randall fervently.

"Well, a feller caint he'p it if he's fond of a lady who happens to be his own wife, can he? I reckon I know that Garnish ain't soft an' sweet an' gentle, but she's the on'iest wife I got, an' even if she does gimme hell all the time, she sho' depreciates me."

"Yah! Ain't she always sayin' you is dumb?"

"Well—ain't I?"

"Nossuh! You is a genus. You is the best supervisor we got."

"I'se the on'y one."

"Just the same you is the best. An' ev'ybody on the lot is foolish 'bout you. I reckon there ain't no other person workin' for Midnight which ev'body likes, an' we is all sad on account you caint never go nowhere with us. Golla—an' all the fun you is missin'. Tomorrow night is a big dance at the Sons and Daughters or I Will Arise."

"I love dancin'."

"An' the next night we is havin' a dice game on the lot."

Johnny made a clucking noise.

"Shootin' dice is the fondest sport I is of."

"An' the next night as Lawyer Chew's poker party. Always we festivates, an' never can you join us. Was you just an ordinary feller we wouldn't mind, but it makes us kind of sick thinkin' of you always sittin' in them hotel rooms gittin' rowed at by that wife of your'n."

Again Mr. Skidd's chest expansion gave evidence of a sigh.

Mr. Randall's eyes narrowed. "S'posin' she didn't know that you was gwine to a party? S'posin' you could fool her?"

"Quit talkin' craziment. I never could fool that gal."

"No? But if I schum a swell scheme?" Johnny was keenly interested. "Wouldn't she find out?"

"Not a chance. Not even if you was to go to the dance tomorrow night. An' tha's cause she ain't got no friend who would tell her about it."

Mr. Skidd considered the matter. "I love my wife too much to do what she don't want, Opus. But I ain't got any objections to foolin' her."

"Hot ziggity dam!"

"On'y remember this: Any scheme you git has got to be perfect."

"I realize that. I'll be back in one hour."

Opus stamped from the office and the skinny little supervisor settled into a hopeful fog.

He loved Birmingham. In New York he had been an amoeba. Here he was a person of importance. And it was an ironic twist of fate that when success and recognition and popularity came to him it was under circumstances which precluded his enjoyment of the social rewards thereof.

Of course Garnish was impossible. She ruled him with an iron hand, and each evening was spent by him listening to her harsh voice proclaiming that she hated Birmingham and always would despise it.

Less than one hour later Opus Randall returned. Trailing him were two slender gentlemen. Florian Slappey was, as usual, resplendent; J. Caesar Clump wore the conventional directorial habiliments—white silk shirt open at the throat, cap turned backward, tan puttees, and black shoes. All were grinning and Opus acted as spokesman.

"Johnny," he declared proudly, "yo' problem has been soluted!"

"Says which?"

"Says you is gwine to that dance with us tomorrow night. An' the evenin' after that we rolls the bones on sound stage number two. Follerin' night us plays stud at Lawyer Chew's house. An' to prove it, leave me straouce you to Julius Caesar Clump, chief of production fo' Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

Caesar chuckled. "It's a cinch, Johnny. Tomorrow night us starts makin' a new pitcher."

Mr. Skidd's face fell. "Dawg-bite the luck. Then none of us caint do none of them pleasant things."

"Sho'ly we can, 'cause we ain't gwine make no pitcher. On'y you tell Garnish that we is, an' she can't keep you away fum yo' supervisin' which you gits paid fo'."

The idea percolated, and Johnny's lips expanded into a grin.

"You means I is to tell Garnish that I got to work at night in the studjo fo' th'ee nights?"

"That's the one thing we don't mean nothin' else but. An' after this whenever you want to go out you can use the same excuse."

Mr. Skidd rose excitedly. "I'm goin" home," he declared, "to break the news right away to Garnish."

Birmingham sweltered under a midsummer sun, but Mr. Skidd's enthusiasm was not affected by the intense heat. He flipped his coat over his left arm, carried his hat in his right hand and went whistling toward Darktown and Sally Crouch's Cozy Home for Colored. Several persons recognized him and spoke in friendly fashion, which caused Johnny's heart to expand with happiness. In Harlem one might walk for miles and never see a familiar face. Here, one numbered friends by the score after a few months of residence.

He found Garnish in negugee, seated at the window of their room staring unhappily down at the traffic which lased through Eighteenth street. She turned a somewhat sour countenance toward him.

"I hate this town, Johnny."

"I know. You has mentioned that fack lots of times."

"You is home early today."

"Uh-huh. An' likewise tomorrow."

"Reckon Midnight is discoverin' that you ain't such a hot supervisor."

"I reckon not. But I has got to start workin' nights tomorrow night, an'—"

She straightened. "What kind of words is them which you utters with yo' mout?"

"Us is behime schedule," he explained with simulated calmness. "An' New Yawk is sending milliums of telegrams 'bout where is that new pitcher. So tomorrow night us commences shootin' on sound stage number two. Today an' tomorrow they is buildin' the sets an' wirin' 'em so's we can finish the pitcher in th'ee nights."

"You—you mean," she inquired in horror, "that you is goin' out an' leave me all alone?"

"Yassum."

"Why, you low-down, mis-matched, ornery, slab-sided, tripe-eatin' hunk of nothin'. You ain't got—"

"Tha's it, honey. I ain't got nothin' to do but ack like President Latimer suggestes. An' when he says we got to work mos' all night fo' th'ee nights, I is forced to say yes." His voice dropped to an ingratiating murmur. "Don't you know I'd a heap rather sit heah in the room with you?"

"No!"

"Injustice you does me."

"Maybe so. But I ain't never seen you look unhappy, when you lef' me in the mawnin', an' I don't see how come you should appear that way at night."

Patiently, Johnny suffered through a dragey evening.

But Garnish did not question the veracity of his story. The fact that Johnny would dare trick her never entered her mind.

The whole Birmingham situation was a source of never ending amazement. In all their married life—before the trip south—Johnny Skidd had never exhibited the symptom of a brain. That he had managed to keep body and soul together was due (she believed) to the fact that his father was unusually well fixed financially. Yet somehow, the idea was being driven home to her that Mr. Skidd was succeeding in a large way in Birmingham—and she hated that success because it added to her term of imprisonment in this city where she had, at first, refused to make friends—and now was shunned by those with whom she would have liked to become intimate.

The next night Johnny and his wife ate an early supper. He presented her with a magazine containing many pictures, and expressed the hope that she would retire early. Then he hustled out to Florian Slappey's room in Sis Callie Fluker's boarding-house on Avenue F, where Florian loaned him his second best dinner suit.

Georgeously arrayed, they departed in a car which Florian had rented for the occasion, and ten minutes later entered the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

"Says which? Says you is gwine to that dance with us tomorrow night. An' the evenin' after that we rolls the bones on sound stage number two. Follerin' night us plays stud at Lawyer Chew's house."

The place was a welter of color and gayety. On the embowered rostrum Prof. Aleck Champagne's Jazsphony Orchestra was earnestly dispensing itchy music. On the floor more than a hundred couples were demonstrating the latest intricacies of the newest steps.

Everybody who was anybody in Birmingham colored society was there: Dr. and Mrs. Lijah Atcheson, President Orifice R. Latimer of Midnight; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gethers, the former being Grand Magnificent High Potentate of the lodge; Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, Lawyer and Mrs. Chew, Director and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Caesar Clump, Opus Randall, Welford Potts, Callous Deech, Forcep Swain, Epic Peters, Jasper De Void . . . and an impressive group of unmarried damsels.

There was a shout of welcome as Johnny entered the room. The most important guests came forward personally to greet him. No mistaking his popularity.

At two o'clock in the morning the dance ended. At three Johnny had reverted to his palm beach suit and reached his room, where he attempted to undress quietly. But a penetrating voice came from the bed.

"Thought you wasn't never comin'."

"But I was," he answered softly. "Ise heah right now, honey."

"Work hard?"

"Uh-huh. Ise plumb exhaustified."

She grunted and turned over. Johnny eased into bed and the next thing he knew he was awakened by the bright sunshine which streamed into the room.

At dinner that evening Garnish was in an atrocious humor. She did not relish the prospect of another evening alone.

Johnny assured her that he was faced by only two more nights of work. He described with a commendable display of imagination the progress made the night before on the picture they were supposed to be making.

"An' tonight," he remarked in Delphic fashion, "we is really gwine shoot."

Eight o'clock found him at the gate of the Midnight lot. The premises bulked dark and forbidding in the night. He stood for a moment chatting with Percy Wattles, the small but efficient gateman.

"Big dice game tonight," he remarked cheerfully.

"Yassuh, Mistuh Skidd. I has heard tell of such."

Johnny executed a shuffling dance step. "An' boy! Ise right. I feel like Ise just nachelly gwine produce much sevens."

"I hope so, Mistuh Skidd. I reckon you is the most feller on this lot nobody else wouldn't mind losin' to."

Johnny picked his way gingerly along a darkened alley between two elaborate sets. Only his familiarity with the lot enabled him to find his way to the gloomy, warehouse-appearing sound stage where the festivities already had commenced. The whole lot was shrouded in gloom, and the very blackness imparted to Johnny a greater thrill of adventure.

Nine colored persons of importance and affluence were there and they made the newcomer welcome. Johnny watched for a second, then grabbed the dice and flipped a two-dollar bill on the floor.

"Hard luck bill," he pleaded, 'work fo' you' nachel papa. Shoot the two bucks, an'—wham! Eeeleven! Ride the fo', and who is misfortunate enough to fade me? C'mon dices! Li'l Joe is my point. If I bucks you, Joe, I let the eight ride. Heah goes. Eighter fum Decatur. Two big box cars, too late fo' hurtment. An' now . . . a four! Ride the eight, an' who wants any mo' of my money? C'mon, cubicles! Hot dam! A seven! Shoot the sixteen." The dice rattled provocatively in his palm. "Sixty-six it is. Be sweet to yo' daddy. I want a fo'-two, but—" and his voice crescendoed with excitement, 'but Ise willin' to take that double-three. Gemmun, I drag my thirty-two dollars an' pass them ivories. They can't stay hot all night."

Good luck rested on Johnny's banner, and no one seemed resentful. This was Johnny's party.

But back at the Cozy Home hotel Garnish Skidd was abysmally miserable. One night alone had been pretty bad, but this repetition was little short of unbearable.

She tried reading, but that brought little pleasure. She already had seen the best pictures at the colored houses. She wasn't at all interested in fancywork or sewing . . . and she missed Johnny.

An idea came to her. Why not while her time away at the Midnight lot where, at least, it would be interesting to watch the making of a talking two-reeler? Garnish had visited the lot only once before and had been more impressed than she cared to admit by the massive sound stages, the noisy efficiency, and the enormous batteries of inkies which flashed at one from every angle.

She donned her hat and sallied forth. The Midnight lot was only a half dozen blocks away and she decided to walk. Each step served to raise her spirits. This indeed would be an interesting evening.

Save for a single light which glimmered in sickly fashion over the heavy iron gate, the Midnight lot was shrouded in gloom. She rattled the latch and Percy Wattles emerged from his little sentry box and inquired her mission.

"Ise Mis' Johnny Skidd."

"Yassum." Percy made haste to open the gate, for Garnish's terrible reputation had preceded her. "Come right in, ma'am."

She stepped inside and stared uncertainly at the dark roadway which wound tortuously through outdoor sets toward the great, gloomy bulk of the sound stages.

"Where at is they shootin'?" she inquired.

"Stage No. 2, ma'am."

"It's awful dark. Caint you 'scawt me there?"

Percy shook his head. "Ise sorry, Mis' Skidd—but I got orders not to leave this gate no time fo' nothin'."

She stepped timidly into the darkness. The route was entirely unfamiliar. On the occasion of her only other visit to the lot, she had entered through the administration building and not through the gate.

Meanwhile, Johnny had risen from the floor of stage number two and inquired for a certain brand of cigarette, his being gone. Others were offered him, but he was afraid a change of brand in the middle of a game might alter his luck. Therefore, he excused himself for a moment and walked out into the darkness en route to his private office in the Directors' building, where he maintained a plentiful stock.

Meanwhile, Percy Wattles was gazing after the determined figure of Mrs. Johnny Skidd.

'I wonder," he cogitated, "wat Mis' Skidd meant when she ast was they shootin' on stage number two? I wonder does she know that what they is shootin' is dice?"

It occurred to him that he had better flash a warning.

Percy stepped into his watchman's box and dialed 31, which was the number of the phone on sound stage number two. The bell sounded insistently, but the shooters paid no heed. Only the enormous Opus Randall, who happened to be uninterested financially in the present shot, made a move to answer. He draged his excessive bulk across the floor and lifted the receiver. From the other end came the voice of Percy Wattles, speaking crisply.

"Seems like to me, Mistuh Randall," he finished, "that she sort of thought they was shootin' a pitcher, an' I figered if that was the case, she would git terrible sore."

"Sufferin' tripe!" groaned Opus as he snapped the receiver back on the hook.

Mr. Randall looked for Johnny, but that diminutive gentleman had vanished. Opus stepped into the gloom of the alleyway between stages one and two. He was genuinely fond of Mr. Skidd and shuddered to think what would occur to that misfortunate little man should Garnish make the ghastly discovery of his perfidy.

The immediate thing was to forestall Garnish's arrival at stage number two. The second move was to see that she did not remain on the lot.

A desperately fantastic idea smote Mr. Randall right in the brain. At the initial impact, he shivered—then as he thought it over swiftly, a determined smile creased his lips and he decided to carry it through for the sake of his friend.

Swiftly he tied a handkerchief about the lower part of his face. Then he concealed himself in the gloom of the alley. And before he had a moment to reflect upon the sheer wildness of his samaritanism, Garnish was upon him.

Nothing to do now but act, and Opus did that effectively. Uttering a large and terrifying "Whoooof!" he leaped out of the darkness and clapped one big hand over the lips of Garnish Skidd. From beneath his palm there came a gasp, and then Mrs. Skidd passed into the realm of the unconscious.

Delighted with the success of his stratagem, Opus easily gathered the woman in his arms and strode with her to the garage. He leaped into his own car, placed Mrs. Skidd beside him, stepped on the starter, flung the car into gear, turned on the lights and flashed down the main thoroughfare of the lot. One blast from his horn and a pop-eyed Percy Wattles flung open the gate.

Opus was well pleased with himself, but he did not know of something which had occurred coincidentally with his kidnaping of Mrs. Skidd.

Johnny had visited his office and ob-

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MAGAZINE OF THE SUNDAY

Los Angeles Times

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Devoted to the multiform agricultural interests of the great Southwest and issued every week with the world's biggest Sunday newspaper.

EDITED BY HAROLD M. FINLEY

Communications from practical farmers, ranchers, stock raisers, poultrymen, gardeners and others engaged either in a large or small way in the vital work of agricultural production are gladly received. Address all letters to editorial department. Farm and Garden Magazine.

Thumbs Down!

"DAYLIGHT Saving" again! That's one thing on the November ballot that ought to be turned down!

It has come to be almost a perennial nuisance, this trying to move the clock around in California. At least it is something that is always being whooped up. It's going to the voters in the form of an initiative measure this time. The scheme was beaten at Washington when it was submitted as a national issue following a trial under war conditions. It will never get over here if the voters of California are awake.

There is no good reason for such an artificial time schedule, and there are a lot of reasons why it should not be put over. It is said that stock brokers in Los Angeles and San Francisco would like to set their clocks to correspond with those of New York, where "daylight saving" is in practice, and it is charged that the oil companies and gas station interests would like to monkey with our timepieces so that city people would get away from their jobs earlier and have more minutes for automobiling. We haven't checked up on either rumor, but it doesn't matter. Such arguments, it is certain, have no weight whatever against the case of the agriculturist, for example, who, of all persons, would be hit hardest by the scheme.

The farmers feel, and quite justly, that they get up early enough now. Some of their crops can't be touched until the dew is off and they can't be expected to stay up all night to get stuff started for still earlier marketing in the cities. The dairymen's hours are "wee, small" enough as it is, and they say that to rush them more would only cut down milk yield.

It isn't plain, in fact, just who would measurably benefit by the plan, or what benefit there could be that would justify upsetting our whole schedule of existence for months at a time.

They Could Learn

PROBABLY there is no section of the earth so well suited to experimental agriculture as Southern California, and no section where so much experimental work is done. It is quite new, agriculturally speaking, and not only have its new citizens tried every plant that grows, or wanted to, but every new way of culture, every new condition, has been or is being or will be tested to a certain extent.

One of the greatest values which Southern California has for the rest of the world is found in just this situation. This great experiment station, with its thousands of interested workers, is trying out new crops and old crops under new methods, new machinery, everything new. If the rest of the world is wise, it will watch California agriculture much more closely than it has in the past, not in gaping wonder, nor in skeptical mood, but for the purpose of finding out how all these new things work out.

Some of the results have been and are going to be worth while elsewhere, even in the most conservative and settled districts of our own land. Generally it has been the foreign farmer, however, who has visited the Southland to learn about growing and marketing crops.

In the course of conversation with a rancher here recently, he remarked upon the drought in the Middle West. He owns a thousand acres of land in Eastern Kansas and he expects to return there in a few years and make it his home. He is going to have a dairy farm and hogs. Corn will be his main grain crop. But he is going to install a pump on one of his streams and when the drought comes, as it does every [illegible] like a whistle, but with corn in the silo, pasture from the [illegible] and with temporary shelters and all but a good deal of the crop acreage destroyed by drought could have been salvaged this year.

It is hard, no doubt, to change from the practice of one's ancestors and neighbors, of depending on natural rainfall for crop moisture, but certainly we have experimented with irrigation enough to prove its feasibility and there isn't any reason why it might not in emergency work in lands where rainfall is ordinarily sufficient.

There are other practices of Southern California which might also be adopted elsewhere to advantage. Some of them wouldn't be suited to other lands, but it wouldn't hurt agriculturists of the East, South and Middle West to look us over with an open mind and weigh the possibilities of using some of our ways.

Education—and Fun

ALL work and no play is a state of affairs not often encountered in our times. The cities and towns have their talkies and their pee-wee golf. The country has its farm center socials and its sewing circles.

Now, in the fall of the year, city and country get together for the fairs, State, district, county, and community, and there does not occur to us any better medium for recreation, pleasure and education of the mutually dependent urbanites and ruralites than these institutions.

For these fairs are not all horse races, hot dogs, pink lemonade, and circus trappings.

They offer a chance for keen, good-natured competition, and nothing betters any product like competition. They enable the grower to see the latest in machinery and methods. They give the winners in competitive exhibits that vital thrill of pride and glow of satisfaction which makes work seem worth doing well. They give the sometimes self-sufficient burgher an opportunity to find out that the producer is not a dull peasant, but an up-and-coming manufacturer, interested in the best tools and the best methods.

Fair time for the farmer, it is true is a time for idle, glamorous amusements, for meeting old friends and making new ones, for making talk of politics and crops, for brushing off the essential loneliness of farm life in the gregarious jostling of the throngs. But it is also a time for planning and seeing and looking into the future. The serious farmers, if their time at the fair be limited, might let the juveniles "do the midway" while they gather in the implement department and see laid out before them the things that are pictured in the catalogues.

Study these machines. Maxfield Parrish, the American painter of fairy tales, makes a hobby of machinery. He sees beauty in the machine well made for its purpose, it is said, and ugliness in sloppy engineering. Doesn't it strike you that the trimmer, better-looking machinery turned out these days may also be better for that difficult job you have at home? True, poor steel looks like good steel, and looks, even in machinery, may be only skin deep, but there is education in examining what the manufacturers have to offer. And farm machinery as made in America has usually set a shining mark of merit, being good all the way through, honest and dependable.

There are suggestions to be had in the agricultural exhibits, too. Some new crop may fit that piece of unprofitable land on your place. Some grower or breeder may have produced a better onion or a better cow, and there is profit to be made in looking him up and ascertaining how he did it.

Yes, the fairs have their useful place. They are the farmers' annual convention and display. If physicians and photographers and manufacturers of many lines can find their annual talk-fests and demonstrations worth while, there is little reason to suppose that the farmers cannot make the time spent at the fairs worthwhile too.

This issue of Farm and Garden Magazine is devoted to the annual fairs of California, and of the Southland in particular. Note the dates. Take in your own county fair, and if you can make it, include the State Fair at Sacramento. No Southern Californian should miss the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona. It and the State event which is almost a "State Fair" of the South are on a sufficiently larger and more general scale that they can supplement and amplify [illegible]

On the Air

(Times—Station KFI.)

August 25—"College of Agriculture News," by W. E. Williams, assistant farm advisor, Los Angeles county.

August 26—"Truck Crop Question Box," by F. H. Ernst, assistant farm advisor, Los Angeles county.

August 27—"The Purpose, Benefits and Limits of Standardization Legislation," by A. R. Bettel, agricultural commissioner, Riverside county.

August 28—"The Relation of California's Forestry Problems to Prosperity," by M. B. Rounds, farm advisor, Los Angeles county.

August 29—"Agriculture at the County Fair," by R. L. Driscoll, Los Angeles County Fair.

August 30—A 4-H Club program.

Fair Dates

August 30-September 6—California State Fair, Sacramento.
September 5-14—Fresno District Fair, Fresno.
September 10-13—Merced County Fair, Merced.
September 23-21—Los Angeles County Fair, Pomona.
September 16-20—Tulare County Fair, Tulare.
September 24-28—Southern California Fair, Riverside.
September 24-28—Kern County Fair, Bakersfield.
September 29-October 5—Orange County Fair, Santa Ana.
October 1-5—Ventura County Fair, Ventura.
October 7-11—San Diego County Fair, San Diego.
October 23-25—Twelve Apple Show, Tulare.
November 20-23—Palo Verde Valley Fair, Blythe.
November 29-December 6—Christmas Live Stock Show, Los Angeles.

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The Poultry Yard

WARCO.—To the farmer who is interested in crop diversification, a visit to the mint still which is in operation three miles northwest of Shafter, Kern county, under the direction of David C. Unruh, would be of interest. The first crop from the 200 acres of mint in the Shafter district was recently harvested and hauled to the still, where the oil is extracted by condensation.

While the price is the same as last year, the profit will not be as large, since the crop was reduced by cold rains and resulting mildew in the early spring. According to Mr. Unruh, the rains have a tendency to wash the oil from the plant, resulting in a smaller yield.

The first experiment in the cultivation of mint in this district was made four years ago, at which time Mr. Unruh secured enough roots to plant a small acreage.

John N. Davies of the Essential Products Company, Wichita, Kan., manufacturers of mint products, was the promoter of the project and the one who induced Mr. Unruh to introduce the industry here, after it had already been established in Tulare and Kings counties.

Clearing a goodly sum on the two acres planted, Mr. Unruh decided to go into the business on a larger scale, and each year since has increased the acreage until now he has seventeen acres under cultivation and has fathered the mint culture which is now being carried on by other farmers in this section.

Culture of the mint plant and the extraction of the oil are an interesting study. Mr. Unruh declares it is essential to make a careful analysis of the soil to discover if there are bacteria which will affect the growth of the plant and to ascertain if the qualities of the soil are suitable for successful growth. After the land has been approved, it is well prepared and checked for irrigation. The roots are then planted in furrows about thirty inches apart. The roots are made ready for planting by running them through an ensilage cutter, which reduces them to pieces two inches in length.

The plant grows and is harvested somewhat like alfalfa. It yields two and sometimes three cuttings a season. The first crop is ready for harvest the latter part of June, the second early in August and if there be a third, due to favorable weather conditions, it is ready late in October or early in November. Mint requires warm weather to bring out the oil and in hot weather demands frequent irrigation. As with alfalfa, it is usually harvested when in blossom, but at times it is better not to wait for the bloom before cutting. The mint hay from the field is put into a vat, where it is subjected to steam under high pressure. It is then passed to the condenser, from which the liquids, oil and water, are drawn; thence into a separator which releases the pure oil ready for the market.

The oil tanks at the Unruh plant have a capacity of fifty-seven gallons or 400 pounds each, and the plant is so constructed that by adding additional units it may care for all future requirements.

The oil from the reduction plant is shipped to Sacramento, where it is refined and distributed.

After the oil is extracted the hay is sold for fattening stock, and several dollars per ton may be realized from this by-product. Mr. Unruh says that this hay is not milk producing and should not be fed to dairy cows.

In this district the growing of the aromatic mint plant is in its infancy. The growers have been doing well, but the specialists declare that by proper fertilization and cultural methods the gross income can be increased greatly. San Joaquin growers have been successful with peppermint, spearmint, and menthol.

The following farmers in this district have mint plantings: Robert Neumann, John Epp, Daniel C. Unruh, Richard Epp, James Arnold, C. C. Annis, John M. Davies, Ben Wiebe, Dave Schallenberg, Dr. M. M. Kay and Andrew Edelman.

More Eastern Grapes

The New York State grape crop for 1930 is forecast at 93,240 tons, an increase of 12,210 tons over 1929 and almost 19,000 tons over the five-year average. The entire eastern crop is estimated at 276,900 tons, an increase of 17,435 tons over 1929 and about 39,115 tons over the five-year average. California will have about 2,018,000 tons, an increase of 191,000 over last year, but 147,000 tons less than the five-year average.

The poultry section at the San Diego County Fair. The plea of the superintendent of the department, made by means of the placard displayed, would seem to indicate that the fair was well patronized by both youth and beauty last year.

They're a Real Fixture

(Continued from Page Seven)

that of Orange county at Santa Ana. Orange county has plenty of good live stock, particularly in dairy cattle, and it pays good premiums for exhibitors. Or, instead, the Ventura County Fair offers attractions to the breeder who wants to show against extremely strong local competition. Ventura county is another one that is strong in dairy cattle, with good sheep and hogs available, worthy of any showman's best.

San Diego and Imperial counties both have fairs and both have liberal live stock departments, well patronized locally and drawing some very good stuff. Neither has attracted outside competition to any great extent, principally because neither fits very well into any scheme of circuit showing. Ultimately it may be that both of them will work out a plan whereby they may attract the big strings from outside.

Following the fairs, come the live-stock shows, devoted altogether to the animals which we use for our profit and pleasure. Late in October and running over into November is the Pacific International Live Stock Exposition at Portland, Or. The Pacific Slope Dairy Exposition at Oakland comes early in November and that month closes with the Christmas live-stock show in Los Angeles.

When, year after year, live stock assumes considerable proportions in the fairs and expositions of our State, we may, assume quite safely that its importance is increasing and that its usefulness to man is becoming greater.

New Oil Source

The oil from waste cherry pits is very similar to that recovered from almond, apricot and peach kernels and should prove useful as a salad oil, in the manufacture of cosmetics and for some pharmaceutical preparations, scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture declare. Last year the commercial production amounted to 68,000 pounds, which could be increased to 4,000,000 if all the pits discarded by the sour-cherry canneries of the East were utilized in its manufacture.

Louse medicines, flea and mite medicines, or tick medicines to be given internally to poultry, are a waste of money, say authorities.

The Market Place

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FARM and GARDEN
Magazine of the Sunday Los Angeles Times

It's Fair Time Once More

And Californians "Know Their Stuff" When It Comes to Staging Exhibits of Variety and Color

By Chandos B. Castle

THE fair season is upon us. "From Siskiyou to San Diego," to borrow a phrase from current political oratory, they are gathering the big pumpkins and the prize hogs and all the rest for the annual agricultural exhibits.

If it be true, as some say, that one may know an agricultural community by studying the fairs it holds, then it is evident that California farming is remarkably varied and California farmers are remarkably progressive and free from the shackles of tradition. For no fairs anywhere hold more of varied interest, educational value and originality of conception than those which are held every fall in this favored State.

The history of fairs is the history of civilization, our American educational fairs having their roots in the "pleasure fairs" of old England, and the "pleasure fairs" having theirs in the "marketing fairs" and bazaars of antiquity. And the shrill haggling of those marketing fairs go echoing and re-echoing down the corridors of time until it fades into primordial static.

But our California fairs are just as different from those early events as modern communities are from medieval. The forms and ceremonies are there, but the spirit of the thing has changed. The mountebanks are still with us, the amusements which help to swell the treasury of the fair. But the worth-while things have swelled out of all semblance to those early times.

Not the least of the great modern improvements is the time and effort devoted to the junior sections, the work of the boys and girls who will in a few years take up the farm reins as the old boys and girls lay them down.

The educational exhibits are also something new. These show the progress made in plant breeding, quarantine and other lines.

The competitive exhibits of live stock, poultry and horticultural and agricultural products hearken back to old times, but are rendered modern and different in California by their great variety. It would be wrong to say that in all of these departments we have the old-timers beaten. Fact is, some of the old-country breeders and producers have set real marks to shoot at, and it is not uncommon to see their efforts on display right here in the newest part of the new world. Californians can never be said to refuse to recognize merit, whether it be in the latest American piece of farm machinery or in a particularly good dairy animal from the ancient isle of Jersey.

Despite the fact that the California State Fair has been in existence for seventy-six years, old-timers know that fairs in this State have reached the height of popularity only quite recently. One of the greatest of our fairs, that at Pomona, has only a brief span of history, dating back eight years. County fairs have sprung up in the last fifteen years where none existed before. It seems quite possible that townsmen, robbed by the automobile of their customary Fourth of July whoopee, may have turned their attention to the venerable institution of the East as a substitute crowd-gatherer. Whatever the reason, Californians have thrown themselves with their usual impulsive enthusiasm into the activity, sure in their hearts that if county fairs are to be held, they should be at least as gorgeous and successful as those "back home."

"Daddy of 'Em All"

The "granddaddy" of all fairs in this State, the California State Fair at Sacramento, will be held this year from August 30 to September 7. This very complete exposition founded 'way back in '54, features agriculture and horticulture, live stock, poultry, domestic products, farm machinery, and all the manifold exhibits which a State as large and as progressive as California has to offer. The amusement features include horse racing and other classic events. The machinery exhibit is a feature being held under the auspices of the Tractor and Implement Club of California. Recent developments in tractor-operated tools which will be shown at Sacramento include three and four-row corn planters with fertilizer attachment, two and four-row cotton cultivators, general purpose tractor mower and sweep rake, furrow beet and bean cultivators, two row power potato diggers, two-row potato cultivators, two-row cotton strippers, tractor-operated cotton dusters, two-row potato planters and other special equipment adapted to use with a tractor.

Special "stunt contests" have always had a large part in the Sacramento event. Just as examples, boys and girls may win cash prizes for model airplanes, boats, dressed dolls and pieced quilts. Housewives may enter their home-baked cakes, pies, bread and corn muffins for prizes. There are other equally interesting departures from the more common prise offerings.

The races and other amusements at Sacramento are justly famous.

Coming down to Southern California, we find the fair season really already on since Santa Barbara county has already held its showing—the place, Santa Maria, and the time, August 12 to 16. The great time for fairs in this part of the country, however, is in September and October. The Los Angeles County Fair, to be held September 12 to 21, inclusive, is, as might be expected in the country's richest agricultural county, by far the greatest in the Southland. It is considered separately in this issue of Farm and Garden.

Orange County Fair

One of the most attractive of the Southern California fairs, outside Los Angeles county, is that sponsored by the Orange county, or, rather, by the Thirty-second District Agricultural Association. This show will open September 30 and close October 5, a month later than the 1929 show, which suffered from heat and rendered the directors slightly "leary" of an earlier date.

H. A. Lake of Garden Grove, president of the Orange County Fair, has this to say concerning it:

"While the regular features of such events, horticultural and agricultural displays, poultry and live-stock shows, and so forth, promise to be well up to the usual standard of excellence shown here, a great deal of attention has been given to the selection of the entertainment features, both as to quality and quantity. These will include the Foley and Burke combined shows, the Carlyle and Ellsworth aerial and stage acts, and the Garrett and White Rodeo.

"Excellence rather than numbers is being sought in the poultry, live-stock and pet stock tents, and with this thought in mind, the premiums have been increased. In five years the total of these prizes has grown from $3000 to a sum somewhere between $12,000 and $15,000.

"The fair will be held on the county fairgrounds adjoining the State highway between Anaheim and Santa Ana. The Supervisors of Orange county, at the request of a number of organizations, will place on the November ballot the proposal to purchase the grounds for the county. Heretofore a number of public-spirited citizens have carried the burden and underwritten the expenses. Should the voters approve the purchase of the grounds, it will mean a rapid expansion of the fair through the release of the private funds of its supporters, which could then be diverted to augmenting the annual programs.

"Southern California"

Mrs. Cecilia G. Cravens, secretary of the Southern California Fair at Riverside, says of that forthcoming classic:

"If entries for the eighteenth annual Southern California Fair, to be held Sep-

(Continued on Page Eight)

"Bigger and Better"

SOUTH'S GREATEST FAIR NEWLY HOUSED

By R. L. Driscoll

WITH fairs, as with every other living thing, growth is a sign of value and vitality. The fair that doesn't, in the words of a common fair slogan, get "bigger and better" is a fair that has something wrong with it—an ailment of location or support or management.

One of the healthiest fairs in the United States must be that of Los Angeles county at Pomona. It is only nine years old, but today it proudly proclaims that it is "the biggest county fair in America," and the ambition of its sponsors is to make it "the most beautiful fair in America." Since last

(Continued on Page Ten)

The great live-stock parade before the grand stand is a regular 'closing-day feature at the Los Angeles County Fair.

The Poultry Yard

A typical poultry tent at a Southern California fair. These events are becoming increasingly popular, growing constantly better. This picture was taken at a Los Angeles County Fair poultry show of recent years.

Show Time Again

Southland Fairs Will Have Big Poultry Departments

Fair time is here again, the day of the fancy fowl, when production of eggs by the dozen and meat by the pound is temporarily forgotten, and "looks" are what count.

Prospective exhibitors are busy taming their birds to coop and judge's stick, washing, polishing and conditioning for those possible blue ribbons just in the offing. Certain it is that the California exhibitor has plenty of competition, especially at the larger shows.

The Pomona show especially is one of great size and great "class," and is steadily climbing. Last year's event broke all records, and F. S. Tarbill, one of the judges, is quoted as saying that the birds were fully up to the level of other major exhibits, that leading poultrymen are ranking the show up among the first half dozen in the whole nation, and that Supt. Paul E. Kennedy is staging a "real poultry show, large in numbers and of highest quality." The Pomona show will have more room this year than last and is expected to surge still further forward in the ranks.

The other Southland fairs all have poultry departments well worth while. The Southern California Fair at Riverside always has a good poultry and rabbit show, in charge of the veteran show manager, E. J. Hammond. The county fairs at San Diego, Ventura, at Santa Maria in Santa Barbara county, and elsewhere, give an important place on the grounds to poultry, and many of the community fairs and special events recognize the importance of the chicken industry in the Southern California economy.

Fresno District Fair offers more cash prizes for poultry than for any other branch of husbandry, save general live stock, and is making a bid for the specialty club meetings. This year the Fresno fair will act as host to the Northern California branch of the Rhode Island Red Club of America, the California Association of the United White Minorca Club, the California Association of the International Black Minorca Club and the California Bantam Association. Four thousand new coops for poultry, pigeons and rabbits have been procured and an egg-laying contest for pens of five birds each will be a special stunt during fair week there.

Other county fairs in San Joaquin Valley "go in strong" for poultry, notably the San Joaquin County Fair at Stockton, where the management is preparing to accommodate several thousand chickens, turkeys, rabbits and pigeons. Tulare County Fair is another which is expecting a growth in poultry exhibits.

There seems to be a special impetus here in the west toward poultry shows and club conventions held in conjunction with the general fairs. The crowd, the advertising, the administration of the show, which are quite a burden upon the fanciers at times when poultry shows are held separately, are all cared for by the fair management and the attendance is larger as a rule. Naturally, all those who view a poultry show at a fair are not especially interested in poultry, but the attendant publicity has proved to be of value. Included in the big crowd, of course, are the active poultrymen who would attend the show regardless of the other attractions at the fairgrounds.

Paul E. Kennedy, superintendent of the poultry department at the Los Angeles County Fair, has issued his annual "pink sheet," or trophy list. A special effort is being made to get together big classes of capons and caponets and pit games. This show always has a wide variety, including strong classes of turkeys, waterfowl, bantams, and nonstandard as well as standard-bred poultry. The Rhode Island Red Club of Southern California, the California Breeders' of Rare and Fancy Fowl Club, and the Pacific Coast Bantam Club will hold their fall meetings at Pomona at fair time. The usual turkey dinner and dance will be held Thursday evening, September 21. Judges at the show will be Frank Conway and Henry W. Goodman, Illinois; Henry H. Mumford, Florida, formerly of Los Angeles; Fritz Thott and Merton Landon, Pasadena. Farm and Garden Magazine's beautiful trophy cup will again be offered at this show for the best bird on exhibition.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

OVERPRODUCTION is the cause of present low prices of eggs and poultry, says Prof. V. E. Scott, poultry specialist of the Nevada Agricultural Extension Service, and bears out predictions made earlier in the year. Much of the big cold-storage surplus of that period has been reduced, so that it is only about 5 per cent higher than it was at this time last year. Careful culling and feeding should enable poultrymen to weather years like this one with as high a profit as can be secured in times of higher prices, when less attention is given these economy factors, says Prof. Scott. A flock averaging 200 eggs per hen per year produces eggs at a feed cost of about 13 cents per dozen, he adds.

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A rabbit management survey, designed to obtain authentic information with which to assist people entering the business is being conducted by the rabbit department of Los Angeles County Farm Bureau, in co-operation with the agricultural extension service. The data secured will be used to supply accurate information for those considering the keeping of rabbits. L. D. Sanborn, assistant farm adviser of Los Angeles county, is supervising the making of the survey.

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Judges George Green of Los Angeles and T. L. DeWitt of San Diego will place the awards at the rabbit show of the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona, September 12 to 21, it is announced by Supt. R. B. Whitcomb. Entries will close September 9. Receiving of stock will start Thursday, September 11. Entry fees have been reduced to 50 cents for single entries and $1 for does and litters. Cash prizes will range from $1.50 to $8, with a number of specials.

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The volume of business transacted for the past six months by the Porterville Poultry Association was 21.1 per cent greater than for the same period last year, the semiannual accounting shows. This gain was experienced despite the fact that business conditions in a number of instances have been unsatisfactory. Feed sales were 35.6 per cent larger than in 1929; poultry, 104.7 per cent; eggs, 20 per cent; baby chicks, 83.1 per cent, and miscellaneous items, 25 per cent.

Big Pigeon Event

Pomona Show Said to Be Largest of Kind in Nation

POMONA.—The Los Angeles County Fair will hold its ninth annual pigeon show September 12 to 21, inclusive. After eight years of success, this department is now said by the management to be the largest of its kind in the whole country. It is under the guidance of A. M. Fowkes, himself a well-known pigeon fancier.

The judges this year, outstanding men in the field, are: T. S. Brown, who will judge tumblers, trumpeters, nuns and Tipplers; J. H. Smith, who will judge Pouters, Carriers, Swallows, Blondinettes, Fantails and Jacobins, H. O. Keesling, who will judge Magpies, Strassers and Swiss Mondaines; N. J. Thomas, who will judge the short-face varieties; C. R. King, who will judge runts, Show Homers, Maltese, Dragoons, Modena, Hungarians and Kings; and E. Jones, who will judge Homers.

This year the department will issue a marked catalogue of all pigeons entered. Each exhibitor will receive one and copies will also be mailed to every pigeon fancier west of the Mississippi River whose name and address can be obtained. This feature alone is expected to bring out an extra large number of entries.

In connection with the show there will be held the annual gathering of the American King Club, fifth district, which will offer a series of special prizes.

New Poultry Book

One of the newer contributions to poultry literature is Practical Poultry Farming (Macmillan Company,) by L. M. Hurd, extension instructor in poultry husbandry at Cornell University, in New York State. Mr. Hurd, prior to becoming a faculty member at Cornell, long managed his own successful poultry ranch in Massachusetts. The book gives a sketch of the world poultry industry and describes preferred methods of management, housing, breeds and breeding, selection, culling, feeding, marketing, late discoveries on diet, such as vitamins, selection for high egg production, and use of artificial lights. There is a large chapter on poultry diseases, and some space is devoted to the raising of turkeys, guinea fowl, pea fowl, ducks, geese, swans, pigeons and pheasants. This book might well have its place on Southland poultry shelves as a good compendium of information. It should, in Southern California, of course, be supplemented by University of California and other western publications, since some of the instructions, such as for proper housing, apply more particularly to climatic and other conditions not encountered here. The volume is nicely bound and printed, and its 400-odd pages are profusely illustrated.

Eat raw vegetables to get the benefit of the vitamines and soluble minerals.

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ARTESIA, CALIF.

By Helen W. King

The Lure of Subtropicals

SOME WILL NEVER DO HERE—OTHERS ARE QUITE PROMISING

Our Neighbors

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF AGRICULTURAL ACTIVITIES IN THE SOUTHWEST

Porterville President Hoover will probably ask for the Porterville label this winter when seeking canned peaches, as peaches from his ranch near Wasco are being canned at the local plant of the Neuhoff Cannery Company. The cannery is working full time on mid-summer clings, employing a force of about 500 men and women, which will be increased as the season progresses. The season's peach pack will reach about 180,000 cases, according to Manager E. J. Stewart.

An excellent orange crop for 1930 is predicted for this district by W. E. Sprott, secretary-manager of the Tulare County Fruit Exchange with headquarters here. Following an inspection of the groves, he estimates a good-sized crop in spite of the June drop. There was an unusual set of fruit at blossom time this spring, so even though from two-thirds to three-fourths of the small fruits should drop, there would still be a good crop, Mr. Sprott thinks. In spite of the short crop last season, it was a good year for local growers, he says. From a 45 per cent Valencia crop, returns totalling 80 per cent of those in 1929 were received.

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La Habra Avocado growers and enthusiasts participated in a tour through the La Habra Heights section August 2, under the auspices of the La Habra Farm Center and the agricultural extension service. This section offers a study of the most extensive specialization in this crop of any in Orange county, and, with the hillside plantings, presents problems not encountered on level land. The industry does not have an accumulation of experience gained through years of culture, so these opportunities of discussing mutual problems are welcomed by the growers. The caravan assembled at the Leffingwell Ranch east of Whittier, where Dr. I. G. McBeth, manager of the ranch, gave an account of his experience with irrigation and fertilization. The group then viewed contour and terrace plantings on La Habra Heights. Overhead irrigation was discussed at one of the stops, since this method is used extensively in this district. In the afternoon Robert G. Hodgson, professor of subtropical horticulture, University of California, discussed factors influencing production.

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San Diego Imperial Valley sweet cream will be permitted to enter the local market under exactly the same restrictions as govern the San Diego product. This was decided by the city council of San Diego at a recent meeting attended by dairymen, business men and officials of Imperial county. The ruling requiring delivery of market milk in the city within four hours of milking still stands, but it is believed that when the Imperial dairies have been brought up to the required standards, the rule will be modified to allow the desert product to be marketed here. The rule does not affect the sale and delivery of Imperial's pasteurized sweet cream, it is said. The possibility of a mayoral veto of the new measure, on account of the four-hour or "monopoly" rule, was being discussed here, with the announcement of the chief executive that he was holding the law for further study.

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Lindsay An additional 1000 tons of fresh Lovell peaches, largely from the Tagus ranch, were recently signed up by R. D. Paul, manager of the Peppers' Fruit Company packing-house here. The Peppers house finished a big pack of Hale and Elberta peaches from the Tagus ranch early in August, and groves in the Lindsay, Strathmore, Exeter and Poplar districts. The bulk of the Lovells will come from Tagus, but Poplar will furnish some. The Lovell pack will require about a month, giving the Peppers house a virtually uninterrupted run through the summer season and early fall, into the orange season. Thompson seedless grapes were also being handled at this house the first week of August, and a large tonnage of Thompsons and Emperors will be shipped.

A view taken in the women's building at last year's Tulare County Fair. Such handiwork as is shown here is just as popular as ever in fairs from Maine to California.

Reno, Nev. Additional improvements at the Nevada State Fair, to be held in Fallon, September 18 to 21, will make the equipment for the event the most satisfactory in the history of the display, according to C. J. Thornton, manager. A show ring, for live-stock judging, additional wash racks for the stock, larger and more suitable rest rooms and reconstruction of the display balcony will be completed before the exhibit opens. "It is also probable," Mr. Thornton says, "that advance platforms will be built, to provide a place not only for dancing, but for political addresses and a county theater contest. There is great interest in the industrial section by the exhibitors, who are suggesting that a new building be provided for their displays."

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El Centro The growing of sesbania, not as a cover crop, but as a source of material for insulating boards manufactured in Los Angeles, is being tried here. Sterling C. Lines, of the company engaged in this activity, declares that they will be able to handle large quantities of baled sesbania.

Those growing sesbania as a cover crop have been warned by Farm Adviser Frank Beyschlag of Imperial County to examine the plants for the same green worm which has been causing trouble in the local alfalfa fields. If they exist, the sesbania should be plowed under, as the worms can destroy further growth as fast as it appears.

Visalia Opening on peaches of three canneries in as many Tulare county communities about the middle of July proved a material aid in solving the unemployment problem, hundreds of men and women being given work. Tuscan clings started the season, and other varieties will keep the plants busy well into September. The California Co-operative Cannery in Visalia opened on July 15 with 300 persons reporting for work. The Porterville plant of the Neuhoff Cannery Company opened July 17, giving work to 610. The Tulare Packing Company plant in Tulare opened on the same day, with nearly 200 employed.

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Van Nuys San Fernando Valley will have about 2000 acres in lettuce this year, it is estimated. Last year approximately 1000 cars of this vegetable were shipped, despite a loss of about 500 acres of the 2200 which were planted.

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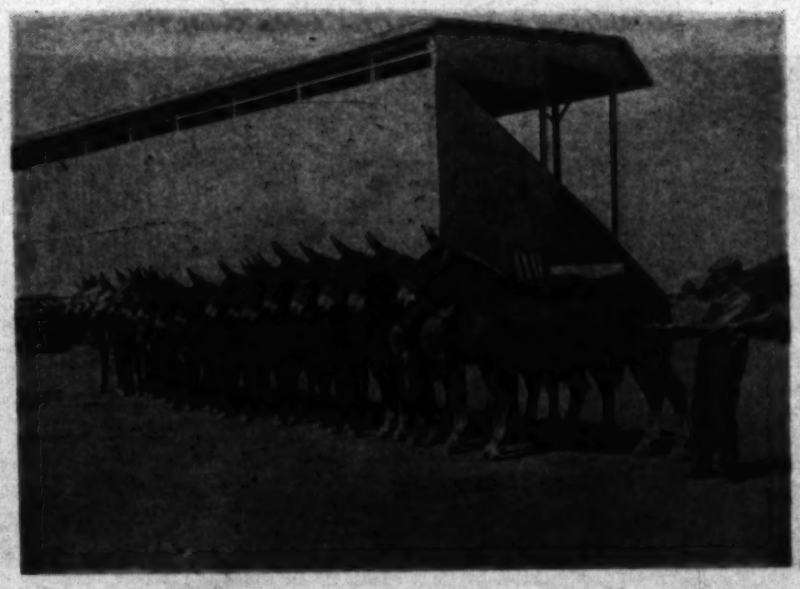
Banning Early deliveries of 1930 crop almonds have been made here recently, as well as at Chico and Porterville, the California Almond Growers' Exchange reports. The harvest is under way in all the almond-growing districts with better yields than expected in some places. The trade has shown but little interest in either the crop or the prices. Foreign production is reported to be off this year, but balanced by greater carry-over. Prices are low, without much prospect of immediate change.

Present cars! Why wouldn't that be a good title for this picture of mules posed by the grand stand of a Southern California fair?



McFarland Grapes are beginning to move in quantities from this district, the first three cars having left on August 3 and 4, from the Buckingham packing sheds. The cars were packed with assorted varieties, mostly Thompson seedless, of fine quality and flavor. The American Fruit Growers has leased a packing shed here and is shipping grapes. One hundred and ninety-seven cars of watermelons had left here up to August 5, and shipments promised then to continue for some time.

With about the same cotton acreage as last year, but with prospects of better quality, the McFarland district will probably begin ginning operations about September 1. The 4000 acres of local cotton is in wonderful shape, due to a favorable spring growing season, with cool nights and warm days, and no unseasonable hot spells. R. J. Hodson, manager of the Boswell gin here, expects to gin around 5000 bales, approximately the same as last year. A new stand has been added to the Boswell gin, making six stands in all, increasing capacity and eliminating lost time in the rush season.

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Redlands Orange growers in this district are reported to be taking advantage of the unusually low price of alfalfa hay by using it generously in their groves for nitrogenous fertilizer. The principal source of supply has been Imperial Valley, the hay costing from $12 to $15 per ton. Growers are distributing it over their groves and discing it in. In a two weeks' period, it is estimated, over 2000 tons were so used, at a cost of about $30,000.

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Three Rivers Officers for the coming year were elected at the recent annual meeting of the Sequoia Citrus Association with members in Lindcove, Lemon Cove and Three Rivers. They are: President, Henry Howlson, Lemon Cove; vice-president, Hubert Nice, Three Rivers; secretary and manager, Frank Finch, Three Rivers. Directors, Kenneth Savage, Kaweah; Fred Meyers, Visalia; A. C. Jeorgesen, Lindcove; Mrs. Henry Howison, Lemon Cove. Estimates for the navel crop were turned in, each grower reporting a good crop at present.

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Upland With an average financial return on each field box of lemons 25 per cent more than the returns in recent years, the Upland Lemon Growers' Association will close its fiscal year August 31, according to L. R. Bradley, veteran manager. The annual meeting of the group, which comprises about 350 growers, representing 1700 acres, will be held November 6. While the average return on the field boxes is considerably higher than previously, the high production mark set last year is far from being equalled this season. Approximately 1000 cars of lemons will have gone to market by the close of the year, while during former years, 2000 cars have been shipped. One interesting feature in the local situation is that the year will close with only twenty tons of fruit in the packinghouse due to the favorable market condition. In other years, many carloads have been stored.

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Springville A vigorous campaign against larkspur and aconite, both of which are poisonous to cattle, is being waged in certain forest areas in this vicinity. The Jordan grazing allotment about six miles east of Camp Nelson has been the center of efforts at eradication, which have been quite satisfactory. Forest Ranger Wesley W. Snyder of Springville has directed the work. The most effective method is grubbing out the roots. About ten acres in the Jordan area were grubbed last year, but as some of the seed had matured before, there was some scattered growth this year. This area has again been grubbed over, and it is expected that little trouble will be experienced with the pest hereafter.

Little Farm Homes

Ross H. Gantt

Fresh Air, Sunshine and Home Produce Lure Family to Acre

A LONGING for fresh air and sunshine, and for a home supply of fruits, vegetables and poultry products, was the lure that brought the Mintey family into the San Fernando Valley five years ago. They settled on an acre place at 19748 Stagg street in Owensmouth, and with the head of the family employed as a truck driver in Glendale and Mrs. Mintey actively in charge of a poultry unit, the family's economic status has been materially improved and its primary objective—health—too has been achieved.

Mrs. Gertrude V. Mintey's letter, prepared as a condition of entry in the Farm and Garden Magazine-Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce small farm homes contest tells of the many good things that the little place in Owensmouth has brought to them:

"We came from Cleveland, O., four and a half years ago, as, owing to poor health of one of our children, we thought it would be an advantage to get a small farm. The fresh air and sunshine, together with our own vegetables and fruit and other products, have not only restored our child to health, but have also reduced our living costs. We have canned enough fruit to last all winter, and our 1600 head of poultry have made us more money than my husband can earn as a truck driver in Glendale.

"About three hours a day is the time I work on our farm. We have several labor-saving devices in operation. The water system in all chicken houses has automatic valves. Some water troughs are on the outside of the houses so that they can be cleaned easier. Green feed is fed in troughs on the outside of the pens, and the dropping boards are cleaned into a wheelbarrow, also on the outside. This saves at least an hour on cleaning a day. All the roosts of chicken houses have wire netting underneath. This prevents the chickens scratching in the manure, which, in turn, gives us very little to do in washing eggs.

"In the winter months the chicken houses are lighted up by electric light at 4 a.m. on the shortest days. We gradually lessen the time as the days grow longer, and by the use of a device consisting of a 75-cent alarm clock, a Ford coil and horseshoe (our own idea,) the lights go on automatically. All we have to do is pull the switch when we get up to turn them off.

"We have water stand pipes every forty-two feet the full length of our acre so that we can sprinkle any part of it during the dry season."

And, in Conclusion

It is a pity that one who has so strongly felt the joys of small farm home life, as has the writer of the letter that follows, should choose to remain anonymous, for there is a real message not only in the lines, but between them. We have seen many instances of successful small farm home life in looking over entries in small farm home contest, but none have seemed, on paper, anyhow, more complete and satisfying than that described by our modest writer.

This arbor, of the simplest construction, is a joy to its owners in the grape season, affording beauty, shade and a luscious crop when all three are most appreciated. Anyone could copy it by studying this picture which, of course, was taken before the vines were in leaf.

Although the letter and small farm home it described could not be formally entered in the contest, we feel that it should have a place in these columns, and, personally, without consulting the judges, we give it "special mention." The place is situated in the San Fernando Valley, a section which has contributed much to the advancement of small farm home life in Southern California. The letter, which is the last of the contest series that will be printed, follows:

"In a certain section of California people are still waging a fierce battle as the aftermath of the war, trying with all their might to recover themselves—holding on to a mere thread, as it were, to property.

"We emerged from this situation seven years ago. Like great numbers of other families we left, and in doing so, left our all, arriving in Southern California almost penniless. Under such conditions we had no idea where we would go or what we would do. Instinctively, it seems, we sought the rural districts.

"We visited several subdivisions. One man offered to let us have an acre with no down payment if we would build a house, but we had no money with which to build. Later, we visited the community where we are now located. My husband explained our situation, saying we had no money, but that he had a trade and as it looked like a prosperous place, he believed that there would be plenty of work for one who was willing and competent. So the owners told us to select our acre and go to work.

"With only a few dollars for our first payment on an acre which cost $1750, we started the ball rolling. We were people past middle life; we had to have a home, and where else could we, in this beautiful Southland, find a place where they would at least give us a chance? That was what we were looking for. The small farm home held out a friendly hand, and we accepted the challenge.

"This little home in this wonderful valley has meant everything to us. It has been like the warm loving arms of a mother to a troubled child. There has come to us a quiet restfulness, a peace, a calmness of soul such as might have been known to those of long ago, when the master said: 'Peace, Be Still!' So we have named our little home 'Beth-shan,' a Hebrew word meaning 'House of rest.'

"We have sometimes felt that perhaps it would be to our advantage financially to sell the acre and buy in the little town near here to which my husband has moved his stock of goods, and from which point he carries on his contract work. But we hesitate to do this, for we would lose half the joy of living.

"We are now looking forward to the time when we will be able to put in poultry or rabbits. A few chickens, ducks, pigeons or rabbits are usually to be found on our place, and in the past have furnished our table with best of fowl and meat.

"During the greater part of the year, we have a vegetable garden. This last summer, we grew many more Kentucky Wonder string beans than we could use, so we sold several dollars worth, besides giving them to friends in town who could not have a garden. Tomatoes we always have in abundance, and if you have never gathered beautiful smooth tomatoes from the vines in your own back yard, you have missed a great thrill. Besides supplying the table with fresh fruit, there is an abundant supply canned for the winter use, to say nothing about the numerous ways of using the green tomatoes in the different kinds of relish.

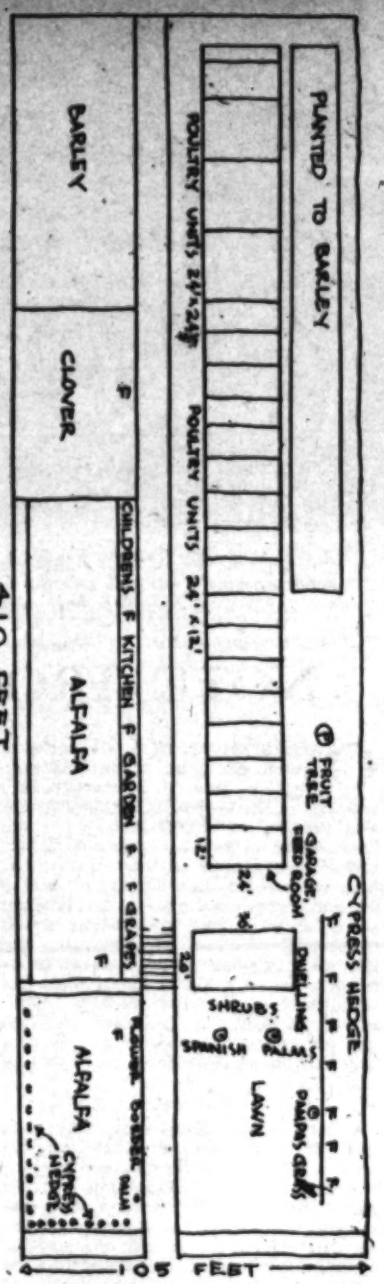
"We have a wonderful grape arbor. There are Thompson Seedless, Fresno Beauty, Tokay, Mission and Eastern Concord varieties planted to it. The crop this year was far in excess of our own needs, and we gave away many pounds.

"Our canning peaches were gathered from our own trees last fall—the Phillips cling. Other fruit trees on our place are Orange and strawberry cling peach; two fine apricots, two plums, one persimmon, one quince, one fig and an English walnut.

"The implements used in cultivation on our place are simple and inexpensive. We have a hand plow, with its several interchangeable implements, also the customary shovel, rake, hoe and weed cutter.

"By working, on an average, two hours each day, except Sunday, we keep our place in fine shape, and, in turn, it keeps us in fine shape physically. There is no tonic for tired nerves like the wonderful out-of-doors.

"We believe in the little farm home idea. We boost it at every turn of the road. We talk, write it and live it, and believe that some day will see the whole of this wonderful Southland a veritable beehive, with our workers on small farms, where they may enjoy the almost perfect home life this type of place insures."



Ground layout of Mintey acre near Owensmouth.

Sale Plan Succeeds

Loose Citrus Fruit Handled by Special "Exchange" Plant

The new citrus distributing plant of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange in Los Angeles sold 73,291 boxes of loose citrus fruit at satisfactory prices during the first two months of operation, it is reported by Paul S. Armstrong, assistant general manager of the exchange.

"Satisfaction in this centralized marketing plan for loose fruit has been shown by the trade through steady buying at auction, and by exchange shippers through hearty co-operation and support," Mr. Armstrong declared recently. These sales facilities for loose fruit from the various houses of the exchange should prove extremely valuable in years of overproduction, by giving proper control of the loose fruit surplus in local markets. So far, the demand is exceeding the supply at the plant.

"Auction methods have been and will continue to be used in moving this fruit. The auction is patterned after those in the East, and has met with the general approval of Los Angeles dealers. One of the unexpected developments from the loose fruit distribution plan has been the heavier sales of packed fruit in the Los Angeles market."

The report shows that during May and June a total of 122,629 boxes of loose oranges, grapefruit and lemons were sold by exchange packing-houses and the distributing plant. Of this total, the packing-houses sold 49,338 and the plant 73,291.

DEAR MR. RANCHER:

How about a garage? The family chariot doesn't like to be freckled by the summer sun or drenched by the winter's rain any more than a bathing beauty does. It's bad for the epidermis. You can build a nice garage for the cost of a paint job.

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The Lure of Subtropicals

SOME WILL NEVER DO HERE—OTHERS ARE QUITE PROMISING

By Helen W. King

THERE is a lure about the very name of the strange fruits of tropic lands. Many of them are utterly beyond us here, as even the most imaginative will admit, but some of them are at home with us, especially when they come from districts where altitude brings about a climatic condition similar to our own. With such fruits we have some chance, at least.

While it may seem that we are straying after strange gods, it must be remembered that all our accustomed fruits were alien to this State if we go back far enough in our history. Furthermore, if the people with courage and imagination, who ventured to experiment with the cultivation of various fruits, had heeded the jeers of those who did not believe in trying anything new, we would have very few of the crops for which we are now world-famous. Neither is it reasonable to assume that we have already run the gamut of possibilities.

The people who pioneer in these ventures may never live to see their dreams materialize, and their efforts may go entirely without recognition, but it is to them we will owe, as we have in the past, any progress we make in the direction of enlarging our pomological resources. On the other hand, the person who retards progress and places a real handicap on an otherwise promising experiment, is the one who jumps headlong into the extensive planting, or the exploitation, of some new fruit before there have been any tangible results from testing work.

Scattered about through Southern California are many locations so favored in soil and climatic conditions that they afford their fortunate owners a fine opportunity for trying out even the most tender of the subtropicals. In such instances, over a period of a quarter of a century or more, sporadic plantings of fruits such as cherimoyas, sapotes, mangoes and the like have been made, often with individual success. So far, none of these fruits have been grown in commercial quantities. That doesn't mean that they may not, some day, when the right varieties are found or developed.

Budded Whaley variety of cherimoya on place of E. R. Mullen at Vista, San Diego county.

It wasn't so very long ago that the avocado was viewed with the long eye of suspicion by a majority of people, at least as a candidate for serious commercial consideration. Today we cannot dispute its place. It has been the discovery of the best-suited varieties, the definite working out of budding problems, the clearer understanding of pollinisation, and acquired knowledge of proper handling which has put the mellow "butter-fruit" on our commercial list.

Follows the Avocado

A few years ago, the eminent authority on subtropical fruits, Wilson Popenoe, declared that the cherimoya is the most logical successor to the interest now given the avocado as a potential commercial crop, adding that it would succeed, generally speaking, anywhere the Guatamalan varieties of avocado do well. There is, perhaps, more interest at the moment in this fruit than in any of the other unestablished subtropicals.

Allowances have to be made for personal tastes, of course, but a good many authorities in this particular field call the cherimoya the Queen of Fruits. Dr. David Fairchild concedes the crown to the mangosteen, and still others wax lyrical over the Jack fruit. Be that as it may, those who have eaten a properly grown, well-ripened cherimoya find it exceedingly luscious, with its rich custard-like pulp and small black seeds. It is one of the few soft-fleshed fruits that will ship pretty well if picked when ripe—a point decidedly in its favor. Its origin is somewhat obscure, but apparently it belongs to South America, Mr. Popenoe reporting that, as far as he could learn, it was distributed elsewhere from Peru, Guatemala and Ecuador. It does not belong to the very hot, humid portions but to the cooler heights, and will withstand temperatures that go as low as 26 degrees. Seedlings have been grown here in Southern California for many years, the first planting of record being around 1871 at Santa Barbara. Some years later there was a planting made by Jacob Miller, in Hollywood, and gradually occasional specimens were grown in protected spots as far south as San Diego.

It is only of recent years that budded varieties have been planted but, to date, they seem to be giving a better account of themselves than do the seedlings.

The cherimoya tree is a beautiful one, practically an evergreen since the old leaves hang on the tree until the buds of the new ones push them off. A height of twenty feet is the average for these trees. The fruit itself is handsome, carying from close to a pound in weight to three and four pounds. A few varieties attain even larger size, but they are not among those most likely to do well here. As a matter of fact, smaller sizes are best for commercial purposes, in any case. The outside of the fruit is a dull green, deeply scored.

According to Dr. H. J. Webber of the University of California's citrus and subtropical experiment station at Riverside, the chief trouble with the culture of the cherimoya lies in the lack of knowledge about pollination. It will be remembered that Dr. A. B. Stout of New York made exhaustive study of this problem in relation to avocado culture, to the definite advantage of the growers. Something of the sort will, perhaps, happen in the case of cherimoyas. As a potentiality, they are tempting enough to warrant the effort, for they bear heavily at an early age. A market will have to be created for them, naturally, but those who have eaten good ones seem certain that the public will be really enthusiastic about this fruit.

A small fruit of the luscious cherimoya, a handsome fruit filled with a creamy, mellow pulp that seems universally appealing in flavor. In favored localities the tree does well in Southern California.

A Matter of Taste

Sapotes, on the other hand, present no unanimity of opinion as to the appeal of their flavor. It seems to sum up, very largely, to a question of variety and, perhaps, one of where the fruit was grown. Some world travelers declare they have never found a sapote they liked. Others say that, when good, they are truly delicious. Personally, after eating fruits from several different trees, in as many locations, I cannot say that the fruit is one that would ever win a permanent place in my dietary. I know some people who enthuse about them and I also know that they constitute as big a temptation to the negroes of Florida as the traditional watermelon. While the sapote may not have a universal appeal, it is probable that a limited amount would find a market. It is a fruit that some invalids who are forbidden all of our familiar kinds, can eat, which is something in its favor. The Wilson seems to be the most favored variety in Southern California, fruits having the general size and appearance of a green apple.

Some people are experimenting with mangoes. Here is another very bland fruit, much favored in the diet of sick folk, one which can be delicious, but which can also be rather horrid to the taste. If you get hold of a specimen that tastes like toilet soap flavored with turpentine and which is full of coarse fibers you aren't likely to grow lyrical about it. If you are fortunate enough to eat a fine mango, you will earnestly seek the opportunity for another. Here is a fruit which grows rapidly and easily where it is suited in soil and climate requirements, one that will, when established, stand more adversity than some of the other exotics. It generally begins to bear liberally when five years old and it has a long season. Here again, however, is the same problem, according to Dr. Webber, of the inter-relation of pollination and insect. Much study remains to be done on this subject, apparently, as in the case of practically all the subtropical fruits.

A Vine Fruit

There is one fruit, however, that is being more widely recognized here the last two years, and which has a good deal to offer us. I refer to the granadilla, the edible fruit of the Passion Vine. There are several members of the passiflora family, but the edulis is the one which provides finely-flavored fruit in abundance. The vine is beautiful and clambers readily over pergolas, trellises, tree trunks and various kinds of supports. The flowers are pinkish and not so showy as in some of the other types, but the large, egg-shaped fruits hanging above the head are of decided value to the plant. Well-ripened, they are zestful, aromatic fruits which can be eaten by themselves or combined with other fruits in a salad. For jelly making and preserving, they are a real find.

In that connection, the guava and the feijoa hardly need introduction to Southern California unless they be new varieties of recent arrival. What these fruits do need is some popularizing. Properly handled, jellies and preserves from them are toothsome in the extreme and, moreover, something of a novelty to many people. That ought to recommend them to many housewives, for "something different" is what they are constantly seeking. The feijoa cut up into an avocado salad can contribute a "snap" that would stimulate the most jaded appetite. At any rate, this fruit is a worthy one to consider in practically any Southern California planting, being a very ornamental shrub-like plant, as well as the

(Continued on Page Nine)

A beautiful vine and a beautiful shrub, respectively, bear these fruits. Left, fruit of a Passiflora edulis in a Pasadena garden; right, the delicious feijoa, halved to show interior.

Fresh Air, Sunshine and
Home Produce Lure
Family to Acre

Sale Plan Succeeds
Loose Citrus Fruit Handled by
Special "Exchange" Plant

Plants for University Landscaping Produced on Spot

By Alice Keane

A landscaping plan calling for thousands and thousands of plants and requiring years for completion is under way at the University of California at Los Angeles. Here, out of sight of the casual passer-by, are a nursery and a subtropical experimental orchard, both figuring in a program designed to meet the needs of the university of today while still providing a basis for the development of the university of tomorrow. The nursery part of the program was started long before the first buildings were even in the embryonic stage of development on the great Westwood campus.

Practically every tree and shrub which now graces the university grounds was started from seed in this nursery. Everything has been done under the careful supervision of George C. Groenewegen, who is in charge of all propagation work for the landscaping scheme. As the buildings were erected and the land surveyed and leveled, the trees and shrubs were forthcoming. Although the oldest trees were planted as seeds in the growing grounds only three and one-half years ago, they have developed with unusual rapidity. Some of the acacias, cypress, eucalyptus and pines of the first lot to be planted are now well developed trees twelve to fifteen feet high. At present there are from 60,000 to 70,000 shrubs and trees in the nursery, 30,000 trees having already left for their new homes on the sunny hillsides around the director's home or for the more level expanse across from Sorority Row.

I found Mr. Groenewegen sitting in the little office adjoining the lath house, surrounded by nursery catalogues and smoking a pipe. As he read one of the books, he was stroking a small jet black kitten.

When speaking of plants the university propagator insists on using and recognizing only botanical, Latinized names. The common names are too varied, he says, "everyone using the name that suits his impression of the plant."

As Mr. Groenewegen tells his story of the short but full life of the nursery, his speech is punctuated by the rapid darts of small cottontails across the floor of the lath-house or by the chirping and rustling of birds that frequent the surrounding trees. The greenhouse and lath-house and the field portion of the plant are surrounded by open fields and some brush country, and the wild life apparently forgets the boundaries of its own domain. Numerous native sycamores and live oaks form clumps of shade on the grounds of the nursery as well as on the campus itself.

Mr. Groenewegen explains that the nursery's twelve acres are full of plants and that since about 20,000 are used each year, as many must be grown yearly to replace those taken away. He takes pleasure in pointing

The nursery in which the University of California at Los Angeles is growing the thousands of trees, shrubs and flowering plants for the ornamentation of its beautiful new campus. Right, rare plants in the patio of the physics building. These particular specimens came from the estate of the late Arthur Letts in Hollywood.

out the rarer plants that flourish along with the regular stock. Among the unusuals are several Boronias from Australia bearing multitudes of bell-shaped dark red flowers and having foliage that is fragrant in a distinctly different way. A row of Crinodendron trees are next to receive attention. They are quite rare in this part of the country despite the fact that they make excellent shade trees, the very straight trunks and small evergreen foliage producing a most pleasing effect.

Immanthophyllum robustum plants from prize strain seed brought from Europe are Mr. Groenewegen's pride. This superior strain was chosen because of the exquisitely pure orange color, very nearly approximating the gold of the university's colors, and because of the freedom from bursting of the calyx at time of blossoming.

One of the interesting and unusual incidents in the growing of some Sterculia bidwelli seed from Australia was the appearance of one very different Sterculia which has defied identification. Even experts are at a loss to explain its divergent characteristics or to identify it. The Sterculias are being grown for avenue trees leading to the director's residence.

"Agapanthus unbellatus likes company, and only when they are planted two or three together do they thrive," explained the head nurseryman as he pointed to a single row of the blue-crowned plants containing some 200 clumps. Over sixty varieties of eucalyptus alone have been grown from seed at the plant. Eucalyptus viminalis now lines both sides of Westwood Boulevard, being interspaced with oleander trees of the single pink and double red types, in groups of three.

Over 3000 trees have been planted on the hills surrounding the director's home and over 2000 in the area south of the newest building, that of Education. As the areas are prepared, the nursery is called upon to furnish the materials for landscaping. The last unit to be landscaped was from the main campus entrance north to Beverly Boulevard along Hilgard avenue. Here a strip about twenty feet wide extending from the sidewalk inward has been completely planted to shrubs and trees.

Another feature that is being completed and which will receive much attention this fall is the football field. It has just been completely sodded. The last portion of a ten-acre lawn for use of those participating in minor sports has also been recently finished. All of the lawns and plants are cared for by a crew of ten men.

When asked what trees predominate in the landscape work, A. E. Davis, superintendent of grounds and buildings, replied that "nearly every representative known to prosper in California" has been used. Golden arbor vitae were grafted upon regular arbor vitae stock. Thuyas, pittosporums, cassias, cotoneasters, veronicas, acacias, etc., are all well represented upon the campus. Wild flowers grow luxuriantly over the areas that will later be the location of buildings. A colorful array of these and beds of cultivated flowers greet the visitor on every side providing a refreshing vision also for the knowledge-weighted students.

Asked when the landscaping would be completed, Mr. Davies replied, "Never! As long as the university grows," he said, "we will constantly be replacing and adding to the landscaping, and the university is just beginning its real growth!"

The subtropical experimental orchard of the university is right across the street from the campus group, beginning at the village and continuing along Westwood Boulevard. Avocados, cherimoyas and papayas, as well as citrus fruits, are planted here. The plantings are referred to as auxiliary to the experimental orchards of the citrus experiment station at Riverside, but there are rumors of uses for them in connection with subtropical work at the university itself. Seventy avocado trees, fifty cherimoyas, twelve papayas and ninety varieties of citrus fruits have been set out in orchard form. Whatever the eventual use of the plantings, they are at present being used strictly for experimental purposes.

Harvest the Bulbs

(Continued from Page Eleven)

fer to the Natal plum, the Carissa grandiflora.

The fruit borne by the plant is really delicious, about the size of an ordinary prune, on an average, with a crispy, pleasantly tart flavor that is distinctive. The first Natal plums I ever ate were from some bushes in the George Otto nursery in Chula Vista and Mr. Otto had told me he would give me a fruit to eat which provided its own cream. It was quite as he said; there was a creamy juice with the rosy flesh of the fruit and the combination was most gratifying to the palate.

This attractive exotic is so essentially ornamental and so unlikely to be a commercial consideration that I omitted it purposely in the other article, intending to include it in this department devoted to ornamental plants. It is tender enough so that it will not do well in exposed sections where sharp frosts are likely, but it will be a success wherever other tender subjects survive. The leaves are deep, glossy green with a silvery undercovering and the branches are set, at intervals, with strong, sharp thorns. The blossoms are about the size of a half-dollar and cream with a light flush of pink and an exquisite fragrance. On all counts it ranks high as an ornamental and, in addition, it will give a fruit that, eaten fresh or made into jelly or preserves, will furnish a new gustatory delight. Cooked into a preserve, it tastes very much like cranberry sauce minus the slight bitter tang. If you can grow Pleroma splendens or the more tender bigonias, you can have the Carissa grandiflora.

(Continued from Page Eleven)

this direction. The dates for this fair are September 30 to October 5.

The Ventura County Fair is another at which the flower lover can always count on finding things most worthy of attention. A number of growers who specialize in certain plants are located in that district and often they show their finest blooms at this exhibition. This year the fair dates fall October 1 to 5.

The San Diego County Fair, September 7 to 11, always provides a real "kick" for garden enthusiasts. They have a good place in which to house such displays, which helps a lot, and they have plenty of material to draw upon down there. If there ever was a "garden-conscious" town in this part of the country it certainly is San Diego. The widely-known and very active Floral Society of that city gets behind this fair exhibition and makes it worth a journey to see.

As for the State Fair, at Sacramento, elaborate plans for a flower show in connection have been announced. Carl A. Melcher is in charge of the floriculture department and the displays will be made in the main horticultural pavilion. Mr. Melcher announces that a different flower will be featured each day of the show and that substantial cash premiums have been offered. Drawing, as it does, from the Bay district where so many fine floral establishments are located, and from the large nurseries in the Sacramento Valley, it is evident that this fair will be able to hold a particularly fine exhibition.

The opening day falls on August 30 and the gladiolus will be featured. On August 31, it will be carnations; on September 1, chrysanthemums; September 2, roses; September 3, sweet peas; September 4, dahlias; September 5, asters; September 6, zinnias. No special displays will be made on the closing day, the 7th.

The displays are to be exhibited in various county booths and may be entered in the name of the county or of a resident of that county. This ought to be a chance for some keen county competition, and a chance to show what each district can really do in this respect.

Course Is Popular

The extension of the summer course in subtropical horticulture at the Riverside Experiment Station from six to eight weeks duration did not hinder the attendance of students from distant States and nations, Prof. Robert W. Hodgson reports. On the contrary, the record for attendance has been broken by two names, the total being sixty-one. The States and countries represented are fully as diverse as in former years, including California, with twenty-four students, Texas with fifteen, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Illinois, Maryland and Utah with one each, Union of South Africa with three, Brazil, England, Greece and India with two each, and Argentina, Haiti, Palestine and Poland with one each.

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A FAIR'S NOT MUCH WITHOUT LIVE STOCK

By H. H. Bushnell

A GRICULTURE has many landmark- ever to reduce the expense of long jumps

The "good, old days" when a man was self-sufficient and had but to draw on his own resources for all his food and shelter requirements are not as far in the past as some might believe. A great many of our younger farmers have shown that they are as capable of meeting emergencies and working out their own salvation as were their forbears.

The case of M. A. Meador, who lives near Tulare in San Joaquin Valley, is a good example. Mr. Meador, led by the necessity of providing a comfortable home for his family at the lowest possible cash outlay, and following the example of his county farm bureau, which had built an adobe office in a near-by town, set out to create a home of "mud." He recently moved into that home, a very attractive and durable little four-room farm cottage which cost him, in cash, less than $350.

The house is an exceptionally well-built adobe structure showing the attention to simple details such as one likes to work into his own home. Mr. Meador had had no previous experience with adobe construction and his only carpenter experience was what he had secured in a high school manual training course and in helping a neighbor erect a poultry house, but his handiwork shows him to be an exceptionally careful workman. He did all of the construction work himself, aided only by his wife, who passed up the adobe bricks to him as he was

His labor and $350 cash—that was what M. A. Meador, Tulare county farmer, put into this cozy adobe house.

poured in this form and leveled off with a straight edge it was cut into 12x18 inch rectangles, by the use of a butcher knife. A straight edge lined up with marks on the forms helped expedite this work and insured the bricks being fairly uniform in size. After a day or so of drying, the mud bricks were "broken out" of the form and stood up on edge at the side to dry thoroughly, after which they were hauled in to the building site. With ordinary careful handling, there was very little breakage of the dry bricks.

A good concrete foundation had been prepared and on this the bricks were laid, much as ordinary burned brick are laid, a mud mortar being used. Doors and window frames were built into the walls as the bricks were laid, and it is here that Mr. Meador admits he made a mistake. One-inch material was used for the frames instead of two inch. The latter would have given much better support for the hanging of the doors and windows and would have had less tendency to warp. When the walls were at the desired height a wood plate was laid over the center of the 12-inch wall and a flat-pitch gable roof was erected.

A wood floor was laid, and interior partitions were erected. Wall board was used as a backing for the wall paper. Against the outside walls wall board was installed by digging out channels for the erection of 2x3's. Parts of the interior were cement plastered. On the outside of the wall a brush coat of a cement wash gave sufficient protection against the elements. Mr. Meador made the windows and a pair of French doors himself, but he does not recommend this as a general practice because of the labor involved and the chances of making a mistake and spoiling considerable high-priced lumber.

Later on, Mr. and Mrs. Meador plan to add a sleeping porch and a concrete front porch with awnings. These, together with the landscaping they are adding, will add materially to the appearance of the home as well as to its liveableness.

The cost data on the residence are of as much interest as the design. As given by Mr. Meador, they are:

Foundation (cement and asphalt paint for a waterproofing layer)	$ 7.83
Lumber for window and door frames	20.55
Roof and roofing material	80.40
Gable ends (siding and screen)	7.60
Floors	41.00
Windows and doors (including screen doors)	47.23
Partitions and miscellaneous lumber	24.10
Ceilings and walls (wall board, studding, cloth and paper)	58.85
Window screens	3.90
Paint (for interior)	9.77
Door and window hardware	11.16
Cement (for exterior and interior finish)	9.50
Nails and screws	3.39
Miscellaneous items	2.96
Total	$333.45

The house is 24x28 feet in size, with walls 12 inches thick. The thick walls have been found very advantageous in keeping out the summer heat and serve equally well to make the house warm in winter.

Good Cotton Crop

Acreage Smaller, but Yield Is Heavy in Southwest

By Ross H. Gast

With a 12 per cent less than normal acreage, the Southwest cotton crop promises to make a higher yield per acre than in 1929, and possibly a total production equal to last year's. This has been due, in part, to the abandonment of poorer lands and rigid cultural restrictions imposed by cotton finance companies. In general, field conditions throughout the State vary from 78 to 95 per cent of normal, which is from 10 to 25 per cent above conditions at this time last year, according to Southern California Crops, monthly market and field report of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

As the crop this year is earlier than that of 1929, it is expected that the quality of the fiber produced in San Joaquin Valley will be high, unless early rains and fogs set in. The fact that the cotton is being produced on better lands, too, will tend to make the fiber stronger and of a better texture.

Little or no drop is reported from the several producing areas throughout the Southwest. A 2 per cent abandonment of acreage in San Joaquin Valley was regarded as high by cotton finance companies in Los Angeles, who are confident that the 1930 situation is conservative and safe for growers.

The cotton was twenty-two inches high on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley district when last surveyed, several weeks ago, but has made somewhat better growth in desert valleys. Water conditions were reported to be fair in all sections, with San Joaquin Valley experiencing some slight difficulty in certain districts. Despite the shortage of water that exists in relation to the acreages planted, finance men are insisting that planters use all necessary supplies in keeping up the quality of the crop.

This year's will be the cheapest cotton crop ever grown in California, it is reported. Expenses of farmers are known to be, on an average, 20 per cent lower than for normal years, with the result that profits may be anticipated in spite of reduced prices.

In making their advances for this year's crop, the finance companies have stringently urged that only the better lands be planted, and have refused to furnish funds to be used in growing the crop on doubtful lands. This stringency in regard to funds has also resulted in economical field operations. Wages have been lower, with plentiful supplies during the season to date. As usual, the coming fruit season is expected to withdraw a large supply of labor from the cotton fields and result in a serious shortage. Much depends upon other crop conditions and upon the number of itinerant laborers in California during the harvest season.

California differs from most other cotton-growing States in the method of cotton financing. The "cotton belt" States of the South depend upon banks, and upon commercial organizations of various sorts to finance their crop and issue food lists and implements to small farmers. California cotton growers produce on a vastly larger scale and demand the services of special finance companies acquainted with the business of underwriting cotton. About 80 per cent of the cotton in this State is financed in this way and about 65 per cent is handled by one institution.

While cotton quality decreases throughout the South, Western cotton remains steady. Southern soils are not being kept up as well as they should be, and seed strains are allowed to degenerate. The demand for a strong medium staple cotton may be expected to maintain California as a cotton-producing area of world importance.

YUMA.—Except for Maricopa, Yuma is the only Arizona county that produces citrus fruit on a commercial scale. The groves are all on Yuma Mesa, a district with about 600 acres of bearing grapefruit and 300 acres of non-bearing, including 100 acres planted this past spring. There are 100 acres of oranges, only thirty of which are in production.

This last season's grapefruit crop totaled 77,000 boxes, all marketed through the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, with which the local Citrus Association is affiliated. Satisfactory prices were received. The 1930 crop will probably not be so heavy, since there was an unusually heavy shedding of blooms in the hot weather of early April, and the set of fruit was light.

Most of the problems of Yuma Mesa citrus growers have to do with irrigation. There is wide variation of opinion as to how often and how much grapefruit trees should be watered. At an experimental station on the Mesa, the University of Arizona is irrigating several plots at different intervals, from one to six weeks, and observing the behavior of the trees.

A deepwell Turbine with a Pedigree

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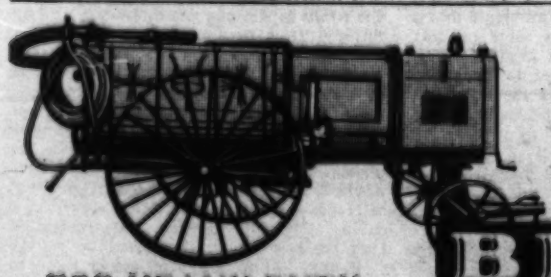

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Southland Gardens

Helen W. King

Harvest and Store the Bulbs Against Next Season's Needs

IN ANTICIPATION of fall garden planting, folks who have had a good many gladioli occupying much space during the spring and summer months are going to want to get them out of the way. It would be something more than foolish if the bulbs were not harvested and stored against the need for them another season, especially where the choicer varieties have been planted.

One of the greatest arguments in favor of the gladiolus, aside from its unquestioned beauty, lies in the generous way it multiplies. Some varieties are much more prolific than others, but practically every bulb planted will have, when dug, a half dozen bulblets which will, in turn, reproduce the glory of the parent unless there has been some accidental cross-pollination.

As in most things, there is a right way in which to harvest and care for these bulbs. When the blooms are cut, at least four leaves should be left on every plant to provide the essentials for bulb maturity. When the tops of the plants have burned to a dry brown stage, the bulbs can be dug up.

A spading fork should be used to loosen the ground around the bulbs and then the dried top of the plant should be grasped and pulled up carefully. Don't yank the plant out or you will tear off bulblets and injure the mother bulb. Some of the bulblets are likely to separate from the parent in any case, and they can best be recovered by putting the earth from the planting bed through a coarse screen. The bulblets will be found to be a grayish white color.

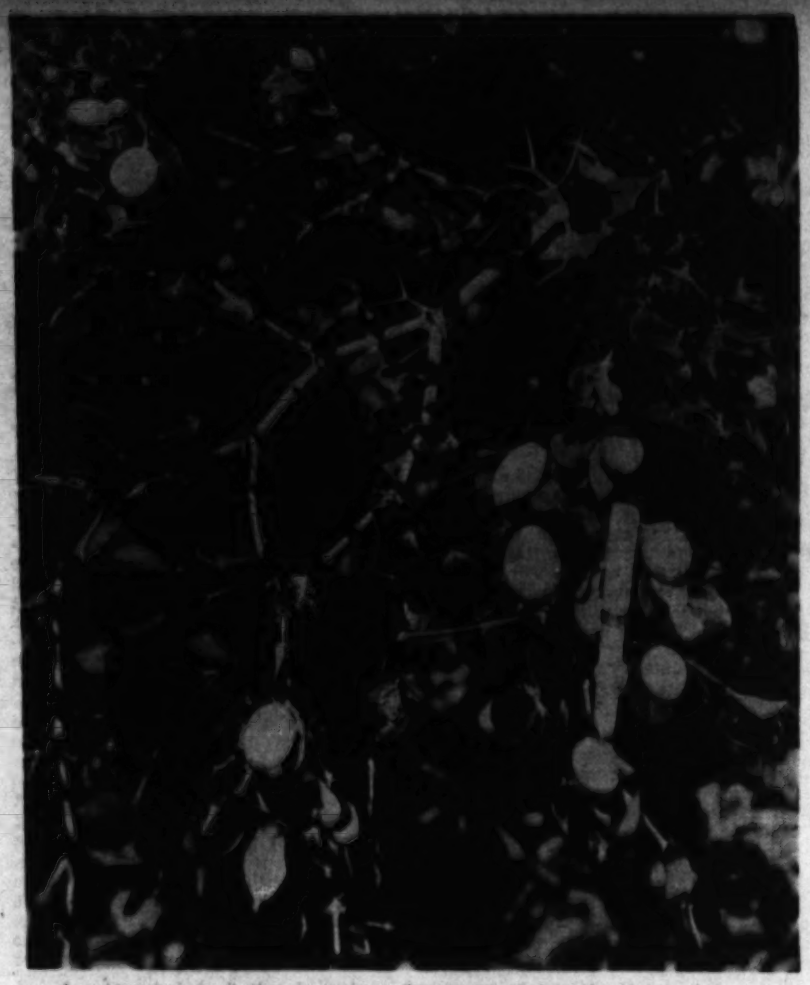
After the plant has been lifted from the ground it should be held over a flat box or basket and the dirt gently shaken from it. This will be simple unless the soil is of heavy character. If the earth is clayish, you will have to wash the dirt off, but that will mean additional care in thoroughly drying the bulbs.

In any case the bulbs should be spread to cure in the open air for about two weeks. If they have been washed free from dirt, they will have to be stirred about and turned over frequently or mildew and rot will develop. If the soil has just been shaken off, a couple of stirrings will suffice, providing proper ventilation is available. Shallow boxes, where the bulbs can be spread out without piling them up, are best. Ordinary lug boxes are all right, or any other kind of box or basket, if the same rule of not crowding the bulbs be followed. The bulbs should be protected from the sun, too. The commercial men usually use shallow trays with building wire screen bottoms and cleats nailed across the underside at either end, which makes a space between the trays when they are stacked up, insuring circulation of air. The same thing can be done with other kinds of boxes, on a smaller scale, and in this way the bulbs, while being cured, will not be distributed over a considerable area. An empty box, turned upside down over the top box in the stack, will shield the bulbs from the sun. The sun-warm air is just what they need, but not the direct rays of the sun.

Plantings made late in the season will not be ready to harvest for awhile and, in case you run into the early fall rains (if any!) the bulbs can be cured in the garage or under any sort of a shed.

When ready for storage they must be put in a place where there is a fairly even temperature; at least they must be protected from a real frost, if we should have anything so "unusual." Ordinary market baskets are good things to use on account of the openings, which makes ventilation perfect; and these can be suspended from the ceiling of a garage or even the cellar, if that isn't of the damp variety. You can use coarse cheesecloth to make bags in which each variety can be placed, so the bulbs will not get mixed up. Label these and then, before planting, you can dip bag and all into a disinfecting solution of some kind and know that you've given your bulbs the best chance possible for healthy development.

A couple of weeks ago I gave directions for starting sweet peas in a trench. There is one thing I omitted to suggest and that is the provision of shade during the time the seeds are to germinate. This is very simply done by throwing some brush across the trenches. You'll be wanting to trim your buddleias or some such plants and from other sources you can readily secure this protection for your seed trenches. The brush provides shade that isn't too dense and it permits a very free circulation of air. It is highly important that the seedbed should not be allowed to become dry. When the seeds have sprouted and are up a bit out of the ground the brush can be removed.



A subtropical fruit that is truly a fine ornamental is the Natal plum, or carissa grandiflora. It is somewhat tender and should not be planted in exposed locations where frosts or harsh winds can reach it.

It is well to remember that some perennials simply vanish, leaving not a single trace behind them during their period of dormancy. It is risky to depend entirely upon your memory as to their location. You will want to be planting something else to maintain the sequence of your garden and it is very easy to injure the roots of the perennials that would otherwise flourish in next spring's garden. By marking their location with a slender stake you eliminate that danger and neat stakes are not unsightly, especially when other things grow up around them to mask their presence.

Among the flowers urged upon us for early fall plantings is the anemone and it is one that should be exceedingly popular with all of us. Primarily one of the easiest and most satisfying flowers we can have in the garden, it has baffled some otherwise successful home gardeners and is falling into disrepute as one of the things that do not do well for the average amateur. Here is a suggestion: don't plant anemones until late October or very early November. We have some belated hot weather in September, as a general thing, and even in early October it has been known to grow suddenly hot. This sort of weather is bad for anemone bulbs and may easily explain the disappointment they bring the hopeful gardener in the spring.

Anemones, especially the St. Brigid and De Caen varieties, bring a profusion of color to the garden at a very early period of spring. They have good long stems and exceptional keeping qualities, both in the garden and when used as cut flowers. It's all right to buy early, while the selection is good, but don't be hurried into planting them.

In another part of this issue is an article dealing with some of the uncommon but worthy subtropicals which produce fruit. There is one that was not included in that story, although it is a particularly attractive subject from many standpoints. I re-

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Flower Fans Will Find Plenty of Interest at the Fairs

ALONG with the other enticements offered the public at the various county fairs there will be, in many instances, the one which will draw plant lovers like a magnet. We've been accustomed to finding something of a floricultural display, in varying degrees of interest and completeness, but this year we are promised "bigger and better" flower and nursery stock shows.

The Los Angeles County Fair, to be held September 12 to 21 at Pomona, announces that the floricultural department will stage a very fine display in the new agricultural building and that it will include plants of various kinds, cut flowers, basket arrangements, bowls and bouquets, with separate classes for amateurs and professionals and ample trophies for all. Clubs as well as individuals are being urged to enter exhibits and Mrs. E. Ingram, who is assistant superintendent and Mrs. T. J. Sturm, who is clerk of the department, declare they are meeting with encouraging success.

Orange county has laid a good deal of emphasis on the flower show in connection with the fair in the past and will probably equal, if not exceed, previous efforts in

(Continued on Page Twelve)

PLANTING TIPS

Our second spring in Southern California is approaching and it behooves us to plant things that are seasonable.

The following items are best planted at this time and I suggest that you do not delay longer:

MADONNA LILIES

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Yellow Prince — Beautiful orange-yellow flowers on long graceful stems.
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75c per doz.; $5.00 per 100
Choice mixture of 10 named varieties.
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Entirely new and distinct type of snapdragon that far surpasses all previous introductions. The plants are extremely vigorous; the spikes are much heavier and longer, with immense flowers. A well-blended mixture of 12 named varieties.
35c per doz.; $1.75 per 100

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Well-balanced mixture of named varieties.
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The Ball—Immense double flowers of rich glowing orange, on long stems. Wonderful for cutting.
Radio—A beautiful new variety from England. The flowers are pure orange with quilled petals which gives them a very striking appearance. This particular variety cannot be too highly recommended.
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A Real Fixture

A FAIR'S NOT MUCH WITHOUT LIVE STOCK

By H. H. Bushnell

AGRICULTURE has many handmaidens but no pair so important to her welfare as live stock and dairying. These two consume what would otherwise be waste, return a profit on it, and produce food that is regarded as absolutely necessary to the well-being of the human race. It is one of the signs which point to the lasting prosperity of California that her farmers have recognised the importance of dairy cows, draft and meat animals in their agricultural economy.

Not only do they have cows, horses, pigs and sheep, but they have made, perhaps, a greater effort to improve them than have the farmers of any other State. They are proud, too, of the good and improving quality of their animals and of the results that have been attained. They spend considerable time in preparing their finest animals for exhibition at the fairs and show a friendly spirit of competition and emulation that speaks well for the future of their industry.

It would be hard to find a fair in California at which one of the major departments is not that of live stock. In the barley belt fair you will find plenty of hogs and sheep; in the raisin region, beef cattle are fattened, and citrus and deciduous groves are utilising animals more and more and making use of animal fertilizer from some form of live stock. There isn't a district anywhere which hasn't fine herds of dairy cattle, while that universal and undiminished interest in horseflesh is recognised by fair secretaries in races and horse shows.

The California State Fair has emphasised live stock for many years. The man who wins premier honors in the judging ring at Sacramento has achieved something worth while, for the competition there is keen in practically every class and every recognised breed. The nearness to the University Farm at Davis, where extensive experiments are carried on relating to every phase of animal life, stimulates interest there in breeding as well as feeding and management, and the agricultural college itself is no mean competitor when it comes to showing animals. It is perfectly safe to say that no State Fair anywhere will have a better show of live stock, considering not only dairy animals, but beef, sheep and hogs as well. Its numbers may be surpassed, but it will be hard to beat the quality.

Ranking with the State Fair, serving even more people and fully as adequate and representative, is the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona. From the standpoint of the breeder, stockman and exhibitor it comes second in the State in point of importance and value. Naturally, each locality takes its best stock to its home fair, but the sign of the big fair is the list of exhibitors who come from other regions, from other States and other countries. This year the roster of exhibitors at Pomona contains names of many far afield. Some of the best fitted animals in the United States will be on exhibition there, and while the fair management has enlarged the live-stock department in anticipation of a considerable increase in the entries, it is doubtful if there will be room enough at that.

No Breed Slighted

No breed or sort is to be slighted; there will be Holsteins, Guernseys, Jerseys, Ayrshires and Milking Shorthorns present; there will be Shorthorns, Herefords and Angus beef cattle; Chester Whites, Duroc-Jerseys, Poland Chinas and Hamshires will represent the breeds of swine, and the sheep breeds are so numerous that it is dangerous to mention any of them for fear of omitting some worthy one which may come in at the last moment. Milk goats of various breeds will be shown as usual. And when it comes to horses, the Percheron, the Clydesdale, the Belgium and perhaps the Shire will do honor to the draft-horse division; the horse show will furnish opportunity for mettlesome animals to "do their stuff," while the races will draw speedsters from the finest tracks in the country to contest for the big purses.

If there were but one fair in Southern California, the Los Angeles County Fair would not fare so well as to exhibitors. They want to go on tour from one to another in order to reduce the expense of long jumps and make as many winnings as possible. The exhibitor coming south this year finds a good circuit before him. He can start at the good Stockton Fair and then go to Sacramento. He can hop from the State Fair to the Fresno District Fair, where ample purses will lure him. It may be said that the outside hog and sheep men will not have any walkover at Fresno, either, and the local dairy and beef cattle will provide plenty of competition for the traveling exhibitors.

If he can get away from Fresno in time he can show at Pomona, where he will find all the rivalry he wants in the show ring, no matter what he has. If he cannot make both, he can pass up one or the other, making the Tulare County Fair instead, a smaller one but not to be ignored. There are some mighty good dairy cattle in Tulare county and some very fine swine.

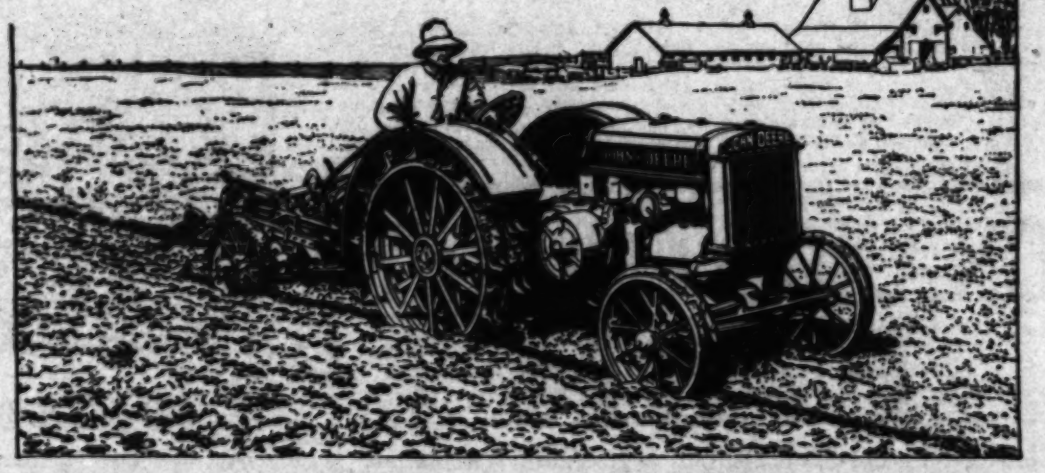
Following the Los Angeles County Fair, the next of importance is the Southern California Fair at Riverside. The Riverside fair is always a good one from a live-stock standpoint. There are three days between the closing date of the Pomona fair and the opening date at Riverside. This isn't any too long, but because of the comparatively short distance between the two fairs, it will work out all right. Riverside has always pressed down on the live-stock pedal, and local and foreign breeders give a good account of themselves there each fair time.

Once in a while an exhibitor prefers to go north from Pomona to Bakersfield and take in the Kern County Fair—a good one and one that pays not a little attention to the live stock end of the fair business.

Following either one of these fairs, comes

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Masterpiece, a good example of the Belgian breed, was purchased in the Mid-west recently by Ed Stinson, Orange county draft horse breeder. Mr. Stinson will show at many California fairs this season.



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You can get John Deere Tractors in two sizes. The Model D—3-4 plow size for the heavier farm jobs, and the John Deere 2-plow General-Purpose type, the tractor that does all farm work including planting and cultivating.

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Before you buy your tractor go to the store of your nearest John Deere dealer and let him show you John Deere Tractors. But do more than this—get the names of John Deere Tractor owners—talk to them—*get first-hand facts of the superior, money-making performance* based on their actual experience.

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The Southern California Fair at Riverside always has grandstand attractions of a superior order. Above, right, is an overflow crowd of racing fans, and, left, a stock parade. Below is a fine exhibit at last year's Orange County Fair.

Pest Control Studies

"Exchange" Report Handbook for Growers of Citrus

A comparison of the relative value of oil sprays and fumigation and their effect on citrus production is one of the features of the annual report of the Exchange Pest Control bureau, by R. S. Woglum, entomologist of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. This handbook on citrus pest control, which has been mailed to all Exchange members and associations, contains a resume of results in insect control during the past year. The different citrus producing localities of California are discussed and methods of controlling insect pests in these districts are recommended for the coming season.

"The major factor throughout last year," stated Mr. Woglum, "was the extremely warm weather which existed throughout citrus areas and which had a decided effect on existing California pest conditions. This hot weather greatly increased the mortality among certain classes of insects, and in others, hastened the development. The pest control bureau, co-operating with State and county officials, sucessfully combatted pest increases in most areas.

"There has been a marked increase of red scale in some districts. With this problem confronting them, citrus growers should pay particular attention to fumigation this year," concluded Mr. Woglum.

The report further discloses that over 150,000 acres of citrus groves were sprayed, fumigated or dusted during 1929. Approximately 80,000 acres are shown to have been sprayed while 58,000 acres were fumigated. Dusting was used on 12,000 acres throughout California. It is estimated by the pest control bureau, that these protective operations cost the California citrus industry in 1929, between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000.

A number of other special citrus problems are discussed in the report. These include, the citrophilus mealybug, red scale, citricola, tortrix worms, and sulphur dusting problems. Early fumigation to combat resistant black scale is also taken up, as well as various characteristics of oil sprays.

Clean floors thoroughly before painting. Paint will not stick to dirt or grease.

"Bigger and Better"

SOUTH'S GREATEST FAIR NEWLY HOUSED

(Continued from page three)

fall it has nearly doubled its ground space and now occupies 107 acres. The newest building is a big one, largest of its kind, 800x135 feet in dimension, with 108,000 square feet of floor space. The fairgrounds include twenty-five great structures to house the exhibits. Ultimately all the buildings will be permanent ones, constructed on a general architectural plan which will, when all are completed, present a harmonious and convenient whole.

The fair has extended the time of its continuance this year from five or six days, as in the past, to ten days, opening on Friday, September 12, and closing on Sunday evening, September 21. Its fifty acres of space that are under cover will be filled with a bewildering array of exhibits and displays. As the Los Angeles County Fair is the "show window" of the richest agricultural and horticultural section of the world, it plays no small part in the Southland's program of progress.

Practically every other State in the Union and many foreign countries will be represented in the entry list. Ten other western States—Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana—have been invited to participate, through their governors, and the Hawaiian Islands and the three border States of Mexico have been included in the invitation.

Many Shows in One

The fair is really a large group of different expositions, including huge agricultural and horticultural departments, with 40,000 square feet devoted to rack displays, with an industrial department, heavy machinery department, light machinery department, auto show, arts and crafts and fine arts divisions, flower show, women's department, junior fair, live stock show, poultry show, feature displays and many others. One hundred thousand dollars is offered in premiums. A brilliant horse show with more than 250 entries will be held in the big tanbark arena. And the races, of course, will draw thousands, for horse races remain in favor in spite of automobiles and airplanes. There will be a horse race program every afternoon and a night horse show each evening.

One of the strong features of the livestock department will be the dairy products section in charge of Jay Dutter, southern representative of the California Dairy Council. Six years ago there was no dairy products department at the fair, except in name. Since that time it has been built up with such rapid strides that it now ranks third in the State in size. The Pacific Slope Dairy Show is first in dairy products and the State Fair is second. This year judging of dairy products will be conducted in the new laboratory on the grounds. The Los Angeles county department of bacteriology will furnish the facilities for testing the dairy products.

Besides the great poultry show, a pigeon, rabbit and pet stock show will be held. The management has estimated an attendance this year of 300,000, basing its figures on past attendance, present conditions and the increased time devoted to the fair. New roads are being completed to the grounds to afford autoists safer means for reaching it. Parking facilities for 20,000 cars will be available.

The Los Angeles County Fair this year will be a gigantic harvest festival. Each year decorators wrack their brains to find some new idea for making the exposition more beautiful and attractive. This year the decorative scheme will be Venetian, which is gorgeous enough to stimulate and delight the color-hungry eye of the most blase spectator who has seen great spectacles in many cities.

Lamb Test Continued

The fourth year of the six-year program of cross-breeding sheep for the production of spring lambs has been started at Davis by Prof. R. F. Miller of the University of California Division of Animal Husbandry, with the segregation of the sheep into ten pens. The second half of the six-year program is expected to make more definite the conclusions that can be drawn from the results so far obtained. Prof. Miller is using Rambouillet and Rambouillet-Romney ewes, the former being bred to Southdown, Shropshire, Hampshire, Suffolk, Romney and Rambouillet rams, the latter to Southdowns, Shropshires, Hampshires and Suffolks. So far the Hampshire and Suffolk sired lambs have weighed an average of six pounds heavier than those sired by Southdowns and Shropshires, but the latter have graded better on the hooks, and have a higher dressing percentage.

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18th Annual Event

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You'll be there

Fair Time Again

AND CALIFORIANS HAVE THE "KNOW-HOW"

(Continued from Page Three.)

tember 23 to 28, inclusive, are any criterion, Southland communities have not felt any depression during the past year. For the success of the fair is already assured by the unprecedented number of early entrants whose exhibits will compete for honors and prizes. The most gratifying part of it all is that a great percentage of the entrants are persons who have never appeared at Riverside before.

"For example, in the live-stock show we are glad to welcome for the first time the following well-known exhibitors: Riverbend Milking Shorthorn Herd, Linden; Lillard Stock Farms, Duroc Jersey, Poland-China and Hampshire swine, Arlington, Tex.; Diamond K Ranch, Milking Shorthorns and Holsteins, Littleton, Colo.; J. H. Dixon & Sons, seven breeds of sheep, Brandon, Wis.; Congdon & Battles, Aberdeen-Angus cattle, Yakima, Wash.; and H. M. Barngrover, Hereford cattle, Elk Grove. D. E. Huff of Orange, with his Jersey National winners, will be here again.

"Even prior to the recent mailing of the new premium books listing prizes and rules for exhibits, we had received enough entries to guarantee the success of this year's show. Now, with virtually every exhibitor of last year pledged to co-operate, plus the many new entries, our principal problem is to provide adequate facilities for the record-breaking number of exhibits assured.

"Although the Southern California Fair is primarily an agricultural and live-stock show, those in charge of arrangements have not overlooked plenty of good wholesome amusement for the entertainment of the thousands of visitors expected to attend. Owing to the popularity of the 1929 Sweetheart contest, this feature is being included in the 1930 event, and invitations have been sent to many community chambers of commerce for entries. The pioneer contest, which brought out so many old-timers last year, will be held again.

"The horse races, always a big drawing card by reason of the speed and quality of the entries, will be bigger and better than ever. Many records made at the Riverside track in former years are expected to fall during this year's races. For evening entertainment, one of the best acts in the country has been booked, with a complete change of program the last half of the fair.

San Diego County

The San Diego County Fair, unique in that it is held in a beautiful city park, Balboa Park of exposition fame, will have its twelfth annual show October 7 to 11, inclusive. Manager Felix Landis says of the fair:

"It is unusual in that canvas has never been used. Originally a number of the old exposition buildings were available, but these, of a temporary nature, have been, with one exception, condemned and razed. The one remaining building is used as a main industrial and agricultural building. New buildings of plain and substantial construction have been erected to take the place of those which have been removed. These buildings house the poultry, horses, cattle, pigeons and rabbits, and a more open type of the same general character has been provided for the swine.

"The San Diego fair regularly presents a most unusual and varied agricultural and horticultural exhibit, and 1930 promises to surpass last year in this regard, inasmuch as crop conditions in the orchards, gardens and fields have been expecially good. All live-stock classes are open to competition from any section, though the agricultural and horticultural exhibitions are confined to San Diego county.

"A night horse show is the principal individual feature for 1930, as it has been for some years past."

The San Diego fair has been under the fostering sponsorship of the Farm Bureau of that county, Manager Landis being executive secretary of the farmers organization.

Five Days at Ventura

The annual Ventura County Fair is slated to get under way October 1 for a five-day celebration. Last year the fair covered a period of four days, but this year it was deemed necessary to add the extra day. Seaside Park at Ventura is the site of this old-time fixture. On the first day, which already has been designated "Service Club Day," there will be the usual parade through the streets of the city. The second day will be dedicated to the Ventura County Farm Bureau, and the third to the public schools.

In place of last year's night horse show, there will be an exhibition of stock horses and of four, six and eight-horse hitches, according to W. W. Bristol, of Ojai, secretary of the Ventura County Fair Association. Each day there will be horse racing around the one-mile track.

Stock, ranch products and equipment also will be on display in profusion. The most notable change from last year will be that the educational department will be lodged in the women's building, where it will have much more space than a year ago.

A Lusty "Infant"

San Bernardino county's second annual fair will be held at Victorville on October 9, 10, 11 and 12, preparations being well under way. The organization has been incorporated and the County Board of Supervisors is giving financial aid.

Last year's fair at Victorville was so successful that a surplus remained after all expenses were paid. This will be of material aid in financing the fair this year. Usually, first year fairs show a deficit and are more or less disappointing in various ways, but the sponsors of the event last year were agreeably surprised at the results, they declare.

Present plans are for a more elaborate fair, one probably twice the size of that held in 1929. C. M. Moon is president of the association, and Phil B. Marsh is secretary. Co-operation is assured from the San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce, the National Orange Show Association and the various communities of San Bernandino county. Riverside county is arranging also for feature exhibits here, and it is expected the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will have a feature display of some kind.

The San Bernardino County Fair aims to portray the varied resources characteristic of the interior of Southeastern California. Not only will the citrus and semitropical fruits from the southern part of the county be shown, but there will be a comprehensive display of the choice deciduous fruits which are produced in the mountainous and desert sections. In addition to the agricultural, horticultural and animal industry exhibits there will be an elaborate display of minerals and semiprecious stones, San Bernardino county being notable for its wealth and variety of these valuables.

Victor Valley, which produces thousands of turkeys each year, will show its products, and there will also be a representation from the ranchers who are baling and marketing tons of choice alfalfa hay this season.

The fair will be held on vacant blocks next to Victorville's Forrest Park and adjacent to the business center of the town.

Kern County Fair

A number of permanent improvements are being made at the Kern County Fair, to be held at Bakersfield, September 24 to 28. These include remodeling of the grand stand, more than 800 feet of manger for dairy and beef cattle, and enlargements of

The Los Angeles County Fair's huge new permanent exhibit hall just about fills a photo plate snapped from a near-by hill. It is eight hundred feet long. Harry Cook of Chino exhibited the jersey heifer pictured at the right in last year's Pomona event.

ORANGE COUNTY FAIR

Sponsored by the 32nd District Agricultural Association

SEPT. 30—OCT. 5

This year the Slogan is not so much "Bigger and Better" but "Better Than Ever."

Every effort is being made to make Quality the main feature —Quality in Live Stock, Poultry, Feature Exhibits and Entertainment.

TO EXHIBITORS—Ample and comfortable quarters for your live stock or poultry. Write Mrs. J. V. Kelsey, Garden Grove, for Premium Book and Entry Blank.

Celebrate

"80 YEARS OF PROGRESS"

at California's

STATE FAIR

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 30—Sept. 7

World's Greatest Horticultural and Livestock Display

Spectacular Attractions—Thrilling Races—Horse Show

INSTRUCTIVE—ENTERTAINING—INSPIRING

SPECIAL: Radio Stars of Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree, Sunday, Aug. 31—and the "Romantic '49ers" on Pioneers' Day, Sept. 7.

9—BIG DAYS AND NIGHTS—9

Speaking of fair crowds, how about the one below, snapped in the grand stand at last year's California State Fair? The other photo might simply be labeled "Midway," for it would do for about any fair's amusement zone. It was taken at the Fresno fairgrounds.

the stables for the race horses. Two modern tents, equipped with steel guywires will house the major exhibits, being erected over two permanent concrete foundations upon which buildings will be erected in time for the 1931 fair.

The fair will have fourteen community exhibits this year, as against eleven last year. Ayrshires and Guernseys will be in evidence this year in the dairy departments, in addition to Holsteins and Jerseys. The cotton exhibit is to be landscaped, and for the first time the annual fall flower show of the Bakersfield Garden Club will be held in conjunction with the fair. The third annual exhibit of the Kern County League of Fine Arts will be another feature. Kern county schools are planning extensive exhibits. The "midway" will be replete with riding devices, freak shows, vaudeville entertainment, and band concerts.

No account of Southern California fairs would be complete without at least a mention of the Imperial County Fair, although this event can hardly be said to be "forthcoming" at the present time. This fair, which used to close the season 'way long in midwinter, has been moved into the springtime, and might be said to open the Southland fair season. The 1930 fair closed on March 2, and the next one will be held March 4 to 8, 1931, at the fair grounds in the city of Imperial.

Another southern event, not a county fair, but a thorough-going agricultural exhibition, is the Palo Verde Valley Fair, which will be held at Blythe November 20 to 23. The great citrus classics of San Bernardino and Anaheim, which also might be classified as fairs, are, of course, held in the spring.

Some Up-Northers

Eliminating the county fairs in the northern end of our thousand-mile-long State, there are some in Central California that are close to home geographically and which attract Southern California exhibits to a certain extent. The San Joaquin County Fair at Stockton, an event of importance in a rich agricultural territory, closes tonight. The Fresno District Fair at Fresno is an antique as such institutions go in California, stretching well back into the Victorian era. It is quite complete and representative, and strives for exhibits of high quality by the offering of generous premiums, totaling this year nearly $20,000 for exhibits. This fair runs from September 9 to 14.

The eleventh annual Tulare County Fair, to be held in Tulare September 16 to 20, will feature community exhibits from Visalia, Lindsay, Porterville, and other Tulare county cities, as well as from Corcoran in Kings county. The Tulare County Board of Trade and several fruit-packing concerns will also have displays. Marked increases in entries for the poultry and livestock departments are reported. One Strathmore poultry breeder, Julius B. Damman, will show fifty-two birds, Barred Rocks and Silver Dorkings. Coursing will be a feature again this year, with hounds from widely scattered kennels participating. The Tulare Chamber of Commerce is erecting a $9000 office building. In the main pavilion a volcanic rock fountain, a series of goldfish ponds, and a fernery, are nearing completion.

Fight Deer Damage

The law and utilities department of the California Farm Bureau Federation has started an investigation of means of control of the depredations of wild deer in fields and orchards bordering their domain. Evidence of the increasing damage, which is due to the growth of the deer "population," in turn due to protective measures, is being gathered by the federation officials. Orchard crops, lettuce and other truck crops are seriously depleted or destroyed by the deer, it is reported. Wild pigeons are also becoming a nuisance. The federation will co-operate with the State Fish and Game Commission in developing repellants or more efficient regulatory measures.

Subtropical Lure

SOME WON'T DO HERE—OTHERS MAY

(Continued From Page Five)

source of a fruit supply. Even the blooms, faintly colored of petal and accented with crimson stamens, are delightfully fragrant and the green leaves with their gray undersides always clothe the plant in beauty. As hedges they can be kept in close form by pruning, but as single specimens, they grow only about fifteen feet tall. The Coolidge variety will set a good crop of fruit if planted by itself but the others should be set out so that two varieties are in close proximity to each other since cross-pollination is essential to fruit production.

Something Overlooked

Dr. Webber says that we are overlooking a real "bet" in not growing more of the true lemon guavas of the tropics in the selected sections where they would be suited. The fruit is large, averaging about twenty ounces each, but sometimes growing much bigger. They are particularly fine in flavor and Dr. Webber says that there is nothing that our Mexican population would spend their last peso for more readily than this same fruit. Some people have successfully grown the lemon guava, but most widely known here are the strawberry and the yellow strawberry varieties. The lemon guava is the one from which the famous guava jelly of the Orient is made, but these two more familiar types make excellent jellies and preserves.

The sapodilla, a handsome, evergreen exotic, can be grown here in very sheltered situations and produces a fruit about the size of a duck egg, filled with a sweet yellow pulp. It doesn't handle very well, but it is a novelty for those who can grow it in their own yards.

Most of us know the eugenia as an ornamental plant only, but there are several varieties of this plant, one of which produces a fruit generally known as the rose apple. There are, probably, scattered specimens around Southern California, but I know of but one. The owner claims so much for the charms of this fruit, which makes beautifully colored, rose-flavored jelly and preserves, that he inspired me with a deep desire to become personally acquainted with it. It is more tender than Eugenia hookeri or myrtifolia.

We've never learned to value the jujube and the litchee fruits as the orientals do, but both can be grown here, in some selected places. It is hardly likely that they will become significant in commerce, but they add interest to private plantings.

Indications point to a not-too-unlikely development of the cherimoya, and the Passiflora edulis, on a commercial scale, with some possibility for the sapote. Of course, papayas must be considered in the exotic category, but they seem to be so very much restricted in regard to suitable locations for plantings, that, delicious and healthful as they are, few people are willing to concede the likelihood of their becoming a commercial crop. What does or does not eventuate in this regard as applied to subtropical fruits, it does not prevent fortunate individuals from enjoying the advantage of having something out of the ordinary with which to tantalize their less fortunate friends.

Bigger Nevada Fair

Increased premiums, expanded exhibits, new departments, and a generally improved show, designed to beat last year's attendance mark of 7500 persons by 2500, have been announced by C. G. Thornton, manager of Nevada State Fair, which will be held at Fallon, Nev., September 18 to 21. County, farm center and community exhibits, junior shows, a milk-maid contest, a live-stock parade on the fairgrounds and fourteen premium-paying departments will be features of the event.

MOST BEAUTIFUL IN AMERICA
LOS ANGELES
COUNTY FAIR
POMONA, SEPT. 12 to 21
Eleven western states in
$10,000,000 Harvest Festival
10 — Wonderful Days, Brilliant Nights — 10
Spectacular, Educational, Entertaining
HORSE RACING DAILY
Horse show each night
$100,000 in Prizes
107 acres crowded with 1000 wonders
SEE
SEE
SEE
America's premier agricultural displays.
Largest poultry, pigeon, rabbit shows.
Greatest aggregation of live stock.
Gorgeous feature exhibits, junior fair, women's dept., flower show, citrus show, machinery, fine arts, domestic arts, dairy, auto show, industrial show, etc., etc.
Dedication of largest exposition building in United States
Huge carnival zone
Free thrillers
"Everybody's going"
A MIGHTY PANORAMA OF ACHIEVEMENT

Fair Time Again

AND CALIFORNIANS HAVE THE "KNOW-HOW"

(Continued from Page Three.)

timber 25 to 30, inclusive, are any criterion, Southland communities have not felt any depression during the past year. For the success of the fair is already assured by the unprecedented number of early entrants whose exhibits will complete for honors and prizes. The most gratifying part of it all is that a great percentage of the entrants are persons who have never appeared at State-

sent to many community chambers of commerce for entries. The pioneer contest, which brought out so many old-timers last year, will be held again.

"The horse races, always a big drawing card by reason of the speed and quality of the entries, will be better and better than ever. Many records made at the Riverside track in former years will be eclipsed."

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD
ILLINOIS
EAST ST. LOUIS
INDIANA
NATIONAL ROAD
OHIO
PENNSYLVANIA
WEST VIRGINIA
MD.
KENTUCKY
THE NATIONAL ROAD REACHED VANDALIA IN 1852. - HERE IT STOPPED. A DIRT ROAD CONNECTED VANDALIA WITH EAST ST. LOUIS.
THE EASTERN PART OF THE ROAD WAS 80 FEET WIDE WITH A BED OF CRUSHED STONE 20 FEET WIDE IN THE CENTER.

HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY ✣ The Romance Of Roads ✣ By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD

LAND COMMUNICATION IS LARGELY DEPENDENT UPON GOOD ROADS, PARTICULARLY SO IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW TERRITORY.

ROADS HAVE PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, OPENING REMOTE, WILDERNESS REGIONS TO SETTLEMENT, AND AFFORDING ARTERIES OF COMMUNICATION AND COMMERCE.

SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN ROADS WERE DEVELOPED FROM OLD TRAILS WORN SMOOTH BY BUFFALOES, WHICH ONCE ROAMED AS FAR EAST AS THE APPALACHIANS

THE GREAT BEASTS TOOK THE SHORTEST ROUTE FROM RIVER TO RIVER AND THE EASIEST WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

IN THE WOODED COUNTRY OF THE EAST THE HERDS COULD NOT MOVE IN MASS, BUT TRAVELLED A FEW ABREAST, LEAVING WELL-WORN TRAILS BEHIND THEM.

BEFORE THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN THE INDIANS HAD ESTABLISHED REGULAR TRAILS FROM ONE HUNTING GROUND TO ANOTHER.

LATER, THE WHITE SETTLERS USED MANY OF THESE TRAILS, WIDENING AND LEVELLING THEM INTO ROADS, MOST OF WHICH, HOWEVER, WERE LITTLE MORE THAN BRIDLE PATHS.

OVER THESE EARLY DIRT ROADS PASSED THE POST RIDERS AND STAGE COACHES OF COLONIAL DAYS.

ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR A PARTY OF BACKWOODSMEN, HEADED BY DANIEL BOONE, CUT A ROAD THROUGH THE WILDERNESS FROM THE WATAUGA SETTLEMENTS TO KENTUCKY.

FOR MANY YEARS BOONE'S WILDERNESS ROAD WAS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL ROUTES TO KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

AFTER INDEPENDENCE HAD BEEN WON THERE WAS A GREAT DEMAND FOR GOOD ROADS TO BRING ALL PARTS OF THE NEW NATION INTO CLOSER COMMUNICATION. BUT CONGRESS AND THE STATES HAD BEEN IMPOVERISHED BY THE WAR.

PRIVATE COMPANIES BEGAN TO BUILD ROADS, GETTING THEIR MONEY BACK WITH INTEREST BY CHARGING TOLLS. THE FIRST OF THESE HIGHWAYS WAS THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE (1794), CONNECTING PHILADELPHIA AND LANCASTER (PA.).

THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE PROVED A FINANCIAL SUCCESS AND LED TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF SIMILAR PROJECTS IN OTHER STATES.

IN 1808 THE GOVERNMENT BEGAN THE WORK OF EXTENDING THE CUMBERLAND ROAD (A FINE ROAD LEADING FROM BALTIMORE TO CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND) OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO WHEELING (W. VA.).

THE NATIONAL ROAD.

THIS HIGHWAY, WHICH CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE NATIONAL ROAD, WAS GRADUALLY EXTENDED THROUGH THE OHIO COUNTRY ALMOST TO THE MISSISSIPPI, AND UNTIL 1852, WAS THE CHIEF ARTERY OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE WEST.

FOR A HALF CENTURY AN ENDLESS STREAM OF IMMIGRANTS, WITH THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS, POURED OVER THIS FAMOUS HIGHWAY, SEEKING HOMES IN THE NEWLY-OPENED LANDS IN THE WEST.

(Copyright, 1930, by J. Carroll Mansfield)

BEFORE THE ADVENT AND SPREAD OF THE RAILROADS, GREAT DROVES OF CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS WERE DRIVEN ON THE HOOF OVER THE NATIONAL ROAD FROM THE OHIO COUNTRY TO THE MARKETS OF THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

THE NATCHEZ ROAD, DATING FROM 1808, WHICH LED FROM NASHVILLE TO NEW ORLEANS, PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

NORTHWARD OVER THIS ROAD TRAVELLED THE TRADERS WHO BROUGHT THE PRODUCTS OF THE OHIO VALLEY AND THE EAST DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI IN FLATBOATS.

THE PRINCIPAL ROUTE THROUGH THE OLD NORTHWEST WAS THE MICHIGAN ROAD, DATING FROM 1826, WHICH RAN FROM THE OHIO, CROSSING THE NATIONAL ROAD AT INDIANAPOLIS, TO THE SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

A ROAD LEADING FROM THE OHIO TO THE CUMBERLAND LINKED THE MICHIGAN ROAD WITH THE NATCHEZ ROAD, FORMING A CONTINUOUS HIGHWAY FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GULF.

— TO BE CONTINUED —

Another Page in This Series Next Sunday. Save Them! They Will Be Valuable in Your School Work, as Well as for Home Study

Subtropical Luxe

SOME WON'T DO HERE—OTHERS MAY

(Continued From Page Five)

source of a fruit supply. Even the blooms, lavishly colored of petal and accented with crimson stamens, are delightfully fragrant and the green leaves with their gray undersides always clothe the plant in beauty. As hedges they can be kept in close form by pruning, but as single specimens, they grow around Southern California, but I know of but one. The owner claims so much for the charms of this fruit, which makes beautifully colored, rose-flavored jelly and preserves, that he inspired me with a deep desire to become personally acquainted with it. It is more tender than Eugenia Hookeri or

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS, OR KNOW OUR CALIFORNIA BIRDS

(Learn about our California birds by coloring the above chart, following the suggestions on colors given in the story, or using your natural history books as a guide. Then send your colored chart to Aunt Dolly, care of The Junior Times, who will award special credits for the best ones. Remember when you get thirty credits a $1.50 cash prize will be sent you, or you may have your choice of a large number of useful articles of equal value.)

THE MOCKING BIRD

Although many of us have heard the mocking bird, and his irresistible song, few people realize the importance of his position in the bird kingdom. His song, surpassed only by the nightingale, reflects his sweet temper and easy-going disposition. He is fond of travel, yet lives a peaceful, joyous sort of a life, giving to the world an inspiration in his silvered song.

Yet, temperamental as the mocking bird may be, he surprises you with rare hardihood when it comes to buffeting hard winters. Although he visits the entire United States as far north as Maryland, he also is known to investigate colder countries in the North. Central California is another of his favorite haunts, as it affords excellent nesting ground. The mocking bird likes to build his home in various small trees, brush heaps, bushes, grape arbors, etc., weaving his nest out of twigs, grasses and bits of bark. As a rule, four to six eggs are laid, pale greenish-blue in color, spotted heavily at the rounded end with brown.

COCK'S COMB

By Alex Melancon

The rooster of which I am writing was the vainest cock on a pair of legs. He was quite handsome, of course, but that really was not sufficient reason to think none could be as good looking. It was a grave error for him to believe so, and as time passed he became more certain this was the case. His self-confidence was tremendous, I say.

The hens, having nothing better to do, increased his vanity by continually praising his good points. They spent hours admiring his long tail feathers, his beautiful wings, and his strong neck. And when it came to his head! Well, words can't tell how much the hens admired his head with its nice curly feathers that nearly covered his eyes. Don't blame the hens for acting so foolishly, however; I told you they had nothing better to do.

Matters continued thus for a long time, then suddenly ceased. The rooster awoke one morning to realize that the hens paid no more compliments, that they seemed not even to notice him. The cock thought he might have lost his handsome appearance, but when he looked at himself in a pond of water, he knew this was not so. He was much puzzled.

But not for long, no, not for long. He found the hens clustered around another rooster, a newcomer. So they had shifted their attention, had they? The rooster was furious, and rushed through the circle of hens to attack his rival. He'd show him, he'd show him!

He received the surprise of his life. He had thought that he could easily vanquish the new cock, but the cock taught him a thing or two. He taught him that it was not good to have too much self-confidence. He also taught him that a rooster cannot always keep the strength of his youth. In other words, the new cock gave him a severe licking. The rooster had never thought he might be defeated so badly.

And in front of the hens, too! That was what pained the rooster most. The hens who had spent so much time praising him now laughed openly at his downfall. And worse yet, they openly praised the newcomer for his prowess in giving a licking to the rooster. That hurt terribly, I say.

He went away, a sad and humbled rooster. He looked at himself again in the pond, and decided that he was growing old. Yes, he was growing old. He was no longer strong, that was another thing. He almost cried about it.

Daily he saw the hens clustered around the new cock, praising his good points. He noted that the cock had no curly head like himself, and the hens seemed to like this very much.

"If I could smooth my top feathers," thought the old rooster, "perhaps they would admire me again."

But he had no idea how to manage this. He tried dipping his head in water, but the feathers grew curly again as soon as they dried. In addition, he caught a bad cold dipping his head in the water. He knew he must not try it again.

Every one of his waking hours was spent in thinking up plans to

ANSWERS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES

THE FAMILY TREE

If you were not able to find two hidden squirrels, they are shown above in heavy outline.

THE CLEVER PRISONERS

The prisoners No. 16 and No. 1 may be made to change places, without disturbing the order of the other prisoners, in thirty-five moves. Since there is always only one cell vacant at a time, it is only necessary to give the number to be moved. Move 6, 2, 16, 5, 2, 16, 3, 7, 16, 6, 11, 16, 8, 12, 16, 15, 1, 16, 15, 1, 15, 12, 8, 1, 11, 6, 1, 7, 3, 1, 2, 5, 1, 2, 6. This will place all prisoners in their proper cells.

ANSWERS TO OUR OWN PUZZLERS

In Rodell C. Johnson's "Good Old Summertime" puzzle of last Sunday, the letter, when correctly re-arranged, spelled the following: Fishing, swimming, camping, vacation.

Now turning to Hyman Zloszower's puzzle, the badly misspelled letters on the hardware announcements are: Lawn-mower, paint brushes, ice boxes, linoleum, shovels, hinges.

The twenty mistakes in Albert Kaelin's "What's Wrong?" drawing are:

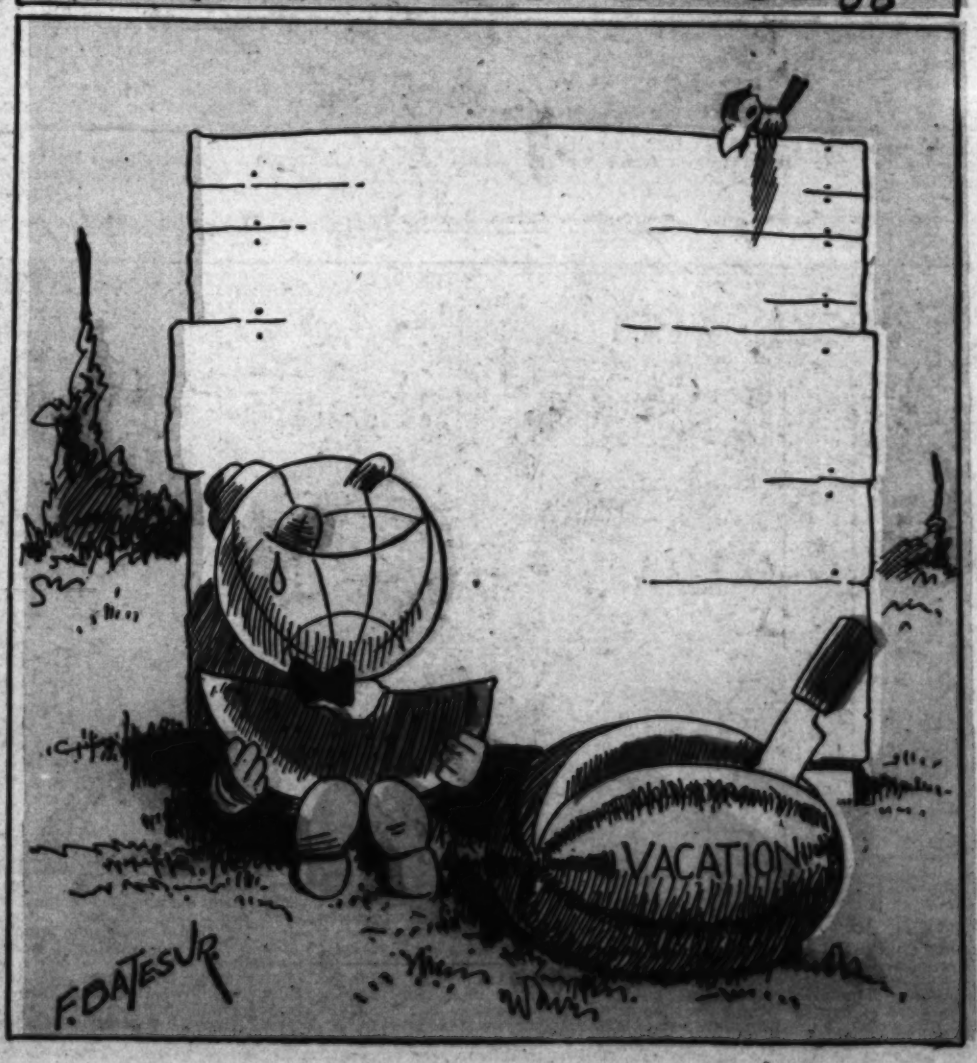
(1.) "There" is misspelled.
(2.) Man has two canes.
(3.) Man has one low and one high shoe.
(4.) Touring car is on wrong side of street.
(5.) Touring car has no headlights.
(6.) Touring car has only one door.
(7.) Touring car is going, although signal says "Stop."
(8.) One hub cap is missing on touring car.
(9.) Steering wheel is on right side of car.
(10.) Ice wagon has only one headlight.
(11.) Ice wagon has no radiator cap.
(12.) "Funny" is misspelled.
(13.) Question mark after boy's statement.
(14.) Boy is pointing at dog, but is looking up.
(15.) Dog has only three legs.
(16.) All the signals say "Stop."
(17.) Signals are not alike.
(18.) Signal in upper right-hand corner is on left side of street.
(19.) Paper boy has mouth open but is not saying anything.
(20.) Paper boy has only one suspender.

In George Crenshaw's drawing of the faces last week, the one on the upper left was the different one.

A BEAUTIFUL SPA

Among all the famous spas of Europe, Bad Gastein in Austria is one of the most beautiful. It is situated in the mountains, over 3500 feet up, and is filled with the sound of many waters. Bad Gastein is built on both sides of the River Ache, which the English say is so called because it carries away all the aches and pains which may have afflicted the visitors there. Through the village and down the Gastein Valley dashes this roaring torrent, foaming beneath the bridge near the Kursaal with two mighty waterfalls. Twenty thousand visitors a year do not spoil the place, and many of them do not wait for an attack of gout to send them there to its radio-active springs, but find reason enough in coming for a good rest and holiday amid beauty and comfort.

MY, BUT IT'S GOOD!!



In Do-Do Land

by Aunt Dolly

PICTURED BY HARRIET GRAMATKY

The dog and the rabbit were thoroughly frightened, as they looked about them. Long-bodied snakes, lizards and bulgy-eyed toads were thrusting their heads out of various holes, saying in mournful tones:

"What has happened to our friend? Where is he imprisoned? His suffering shall be your suffering, so tell the truth."

Snoop turned desperate eyes upon his companion, asking in a small whisper, "Have you any ideas?" The airedale shook her brown head and wagged her tail in a vain effort to impress the enemies surrounding them.

The crawly things, however, that lived in the earth, were not easily tricked. They looked on these strangers with doubting eyes, fearful of their actions, resenting their presence in the desert. Finally, the Hooded Cobra took matters in his own hands, thrashing back and forth in an important manner.

"Now," he threatened, advancing toward the rabbit, "your time has come, as we feel you are guilty of many dark deeds. Therefore, we shall punish you."

"But, Mr. Snake," sighed Snoop, "since you are an agreeable person, having an eye that charms, and great influence in this desert, surely you would not torture two lonely travelers?"

"Travelers," hissed the Cobra, coiling his body angrily, "you are runaways from the Village of Regret. I heard the Crier's warning."

Snoopy was stricken with fear at his words. He gathered his legs in a furry ball, and laid his ears meekly on his head, whispering as he did so.

"After this, my dear Beck, there will be no more adventuring."

And the dog, gazing into the eyes of the Hooded Cobra, felt inclined to agree with him.

So Becky's heart became chilled about the edges, as she met the gaze of this beady-eyed, calculating creature, who lay coiled at her feet. For, despite Snoopy's tactful compliments, he continued to quarrel with the dog, until she became so terrified, her cries reached throughout the lonely hills. And these cries, as they swept over the desert, astounded the cobra and the snakelings in their holes, as they had never laid eyes on a wolf, or a coyote, or even a wild dog. So the airedale's voice fascinated them. In fact, they were so pleased by her melancholy dirge, they followed her single file, over the dry and sandy hills.

Snoop was so surprised to see these enemies hurrying after the dog, he, too, fell into the strange procession, saying to himself, as he trotted along:

"This is splendid for us, but what will happen when Beck is too weary to continue her song?" And he watched with fearful eyes the Cobra and the Karait, the toads and the horned creatures, as they walked sedately in back of their leader.

The airedale, aware of her following, pointed her nose skyward and continued her melancholy cries, until suddenly, the hot wind dried her lips, her throat burned about the edges, and gradually, she was not able to utter a sound. Then she realised the terrible disaster that had overtaken them . . .

(To be continued)

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

Because of unusually heavy returns in our literary department, it will be impossible to print personal criticism of stories, poems, etc., for several weeks. Consequently, the old grading of "A" and "B" will go on just as before. Then, when we have caught up with authors, individual criticisms will be continu

—Aunt Dolly.

WRITERS' CLUB

Group A

Stories: "Markley's Vengeance," Carl Kondo; "The Roustabout," Mary Williams; "Ambling With Amy," Ernest Richardson; "Bunny Country Twins," Margaret Kostwal.

Poems: "A True Friend," Corenne Adelman; "Vesper," Ruth Bell; "Zephyr," Ruth Bell; "To E. S.," Martha Davis; "The Illuminated Cross," Iola Doncyson; "Small Towns," Margaret Bunn; "Still Summer Night," Marion Fowler; "Where It Originally Came From," Albert Kaelin; "The Languages," Eloysa Eisenhauer, "Black Fantasy," "White Fantasy," Martha Davis.

Editorials: "Little Talks of Great Men," George Wilson.

Articles of interest: "Strange Facts," Albert Kaelin; "Fascinating Facts," Carl Kondo.

Jokes, riddles, etc: George Wilson, Jr., Grace Hutchinson, Joyce Adelman.

Group B

Stories: "Courtesy," "Arabs," Eloysa Eisenhauer; "Just a Mutt," Mabel Walton; "Billy Burke's Club," Arthur Fisher; "The Haunted Hotel," Bruce Cassiday; "Ph, Ishka Bibble," Dwight Miller; "Bumm," Patricia Burns; "The Dinner Call," Alex Melancon; "Mishaps of a Freshie," Margaret Bunn; "Oh, Evan," Evan White, Jr." "Quest of the Golden Bears," Margaret McGrillis; "Adventures of Two Chums," Iris Day; "Fireworks," George Wilson, Jr.

Poems: "To You Who Read My Verse," Martha Davis; "To My Diary," Marion Fowler; "Lost," "Our Welcome," "Cutsy & Mittens," Muriel Thompson; "The Lady in the Star," Margaret Booth; "The Sailing Boat," Alberta Rae Miles; "The Ocean," June Lindsay; "Summertime," Corenne Adelman; "Kindness," Iris Day.

Articles: "Our Forests," Harrison H. Holton; "New Games," Iris Day; "Jealousies," Sheila Lloyd-Butler.

Puzzles, jokes, etc.: Neva Asadoorian, May Wilkins, Ed Walker, Mary Henderson.

Group C

Stories: "Dick and Dolly Charters," Ethel Wilkinson; "The Mystery House," Grace Stimson; "A Visit," "Labor Day," Sheila Lloyd-Butler; "Captured?" Dorothy Harrison; "The Merry Surprise," Mary Crowe; "The River," Grace (no last name given;) "Mystery of Saints' Island," Dorothy Williamson; "Grandmother's Story," Marian Warnack; "A Summer Excursion," Billy Van Piston; "The Rosebud," Betty Graham; "Mystery Camp," by Marie Dancy and Dorothy Harrison.

Poems: "At Twilight," Jeanette Eastman; "Circus and Clown," Stella Sarfatty; "Apricots," Clare Lloyd-Butler; "Father and Son," "The Storm," Frank Ortiz; "Beautiful California," Babe Franke; "Death of a Soldier," Sheila Lloyd-Butler; "Miniature Golf," Mary Hutchinson; "Jack and the Mule," George Uehlin; "Our T.J.C." Dorothy Harrison; "Summer Is Here," Julia Epstein.

Riddles, jokes, etc.: George Nat-

Group B

George Einhart, William Dahle, Dale Lambert, Wilfrie Schulz, Rodell Johnson, Jack Roller, Ernest Westman, Gale Smith, John Herring, Allan Jameson, Gladys Richardson, Marie Davis, Bill Atherman, Howard Uehlin, Sheila Franklin, Wade Perry, Lyman, Frank Newland, Richard Meehan, Stewart Hays, Dorothy Steel, Wade Hampton, Marie Harlow, George Crenshaw.

Other names on our junior honor roll follow:

Bernice Gunn, Mary Graham, Toshiko Kojima, George Natsuma, Sheila Lloyd-Butler, Mary Lou Hiss, Edith Marian Chase, Valerie James, Juanita Booth, Grace Donato, Virginia Hill, Lillian Millbank, Winifred McCutcheon, Stella Sarfatty, Shirley Tyler, Jane Cranston, Flora Schneider, Wilfrie Schulz, Cozymine Fergoda, Elisabeth Moon, Helen Squires, Anna-

Elizabeth Krohn, Helen Walton, Catherine Winegeni, Kathryn Schlinger, Jeanne Baxter, Betty Godbe, Corinne Larsen, Margaret and Alice Snow, Marian Fowler, Betty Blair, Winifred Johnson, Elsie Sinclair, Raymond Langley, Muriel Carstairs, Shirley Mayers, Robert Drew, Manuel Tso, Jose Gonsales, James Waring, Ardeth Perry, John Adams, Fay Schaffer, Bill Emerson, Anna Gothberg, Shirley Tyler.

"SNOOPY" APOLOGIZES

Snoopy wishes to apologize for his absence from The Junior Times for two weeks past, and to ask the pardon of our loyal readers, who, missing his presence, have voiced many complaints.

"Snoopy" writes: "I was only vacationing in the dry and dusty desert, for even a long-eared rabbit must have time to rest."

From now on, however, his adventures will appear regularly in our magazine, thrilling and delighting you with his unique travels in "Do-Do-Land." So watch for Snoopy and his amazing life among animals who are not at all friendly to unknown travelers!

Get Ready for School!

3-Piece Fountain Pen and Pencil Set Free

This beautiful set in the new black and white color combination is just what every boy and girl needs to start school with. The fountain pen has 14-K gold-filled pen point with gold decorative band. The pencil to match, also the latest style small golf pencil, propels, repels and expels lead, and the larger pencil has a magazine for extra leads, also eraser under a non-tarnishing gold plated top. All three come packed in an attractive black and gold case.

Given to any boy or girl 18 years of age and under for securing 2 new one-month subscriptions to the Los Angeles Times, or for 1 new three-month subscription, providing the subscription is paid in advance to this office at the time the order is sent in.

BOYS' or GIRLS' PEN

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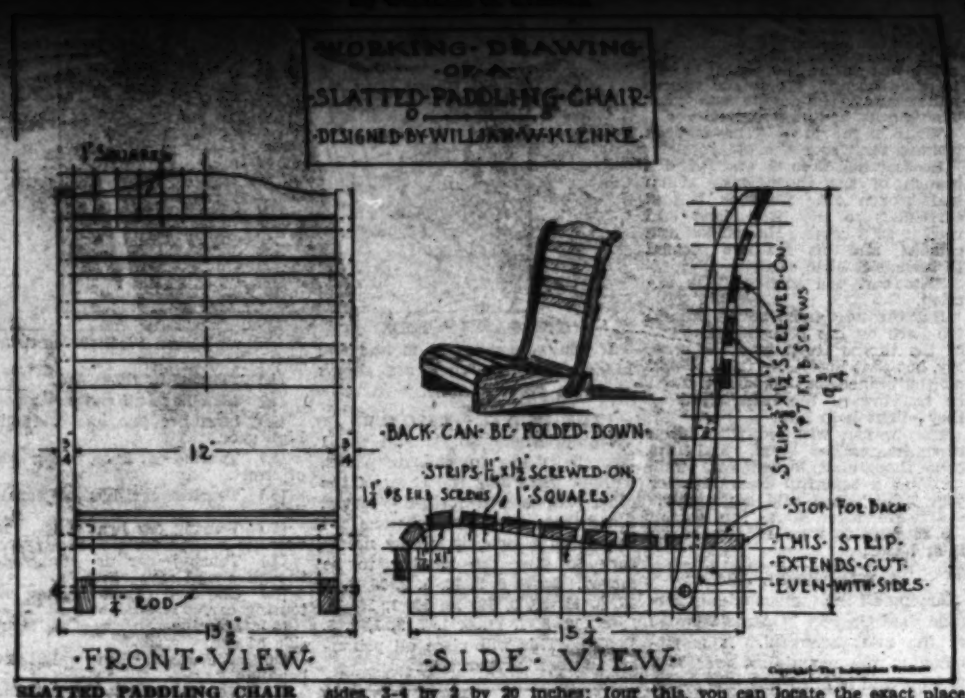

SLATTED PADDLING CHAIR

With the camping season comes the desire of the average boy to make different conveniences for his canoe, his shack, etc. In previous issues, I have shown all kinds of camping equipment for boys to make, which should interest every scout or camper just at this time of the year.

Of course, you enjoy canoeing, boys, and want the greatest comfort, too, so let's make a paddling chair; it is easy to construct and mighty comfortable. You will be very proud of it when it is finished and after the other boys have seen yours, they will want to make one too. The paddling chair I have shown folds down, which makes it more compact when storing.

Spruce or white pine are good woods to use for this project. The pieces needed are all small, so you may find enough satisfactory material in a good packing case.

You will require the following pieces of wood, called stock:

Seat part: Two pieces for the strips, 11-16 by 1 by 12 inches; seven pieces for the strips, 11-16 by 1½ by 12 inches; one piece for the strips, 11-16 by 1 7-8 by 13½ inches; two pieces for the sides, 7-8 by 4 by 15 1-4 inches.

Back part: Two pieces for the sides, 3-4 by 2 by 20 inches; four pieces for the cross strips, 3-8 by 1 1-4 by 13½ inches; one piece for the top, 3-8 by two by 13½ inches; one 1-4-inch rod, 14 3-4 inches long.

Step No. 1, the stock: Cut out the various pieces of stock to the sizes indicated on the drawing, with true smooth surfaces and edges.

Step No. 2, the seat part: Lay out the one-inch squares for the curved part of the two side pieces; then plot the curve from the drawing. Use a compass or turning saw and cut out this outline. Now screw the slats in place with the screw heads countersunk flush (even.) Be sure to allow the last strip to project out even with the back pieces; this forms a stop for the back to go against.

Step No. 3, the back part: Lay out the one-inch squares and plot the curve for the two back pieces. Cut these out with your compass or turning saw and smooth up with a spoke shave or circular plane; then sandpaper smooth with No. 1 sandpaper.

Step No. 4, back strips: Screw the back strips in place, just as you did the seat part. Be sure to keep all pieces parallel.

Step No. 5, assembly: Bore the hole for the quarter-inch rod in the two back pieces first, then from this, you can locate the exact place for the holes in the seat part, by putting the back in the correct position. Any quarter-inch rod with threads on one end and a head on the other will do. Put a washer in place before putting the nut on.

Step No. 6, sandpapering: Thoroughly sandpaper all parts with No. 1 and No. 1-2 sandpaper; slightly round all sharp corners.

Step No. 7, the finish: Give the entire piece a good soaking with boiled linseed oil and allow about three days for it to dry. Follow this with a thin coat of white shellac and a coat of spar varnish. You may prefer a brilliant color in a lacquer finish; if so, apply one coat of shellac. Rub down with No. 0 sandpaper; then apply your favorite lacquer, according to the directions on the can.

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NOTICE!

Lois Brown of Pasadena, who wrote in, asking to join our club, gave no address. If she will send it her things will be sent without delay. Betty Brewer and Barbara Belbe did the same thing.

Checks are waiting at this office for Bert Gist and Nicholas Ivanhoff.

The [illegible] ranch was in the middle of a large tract of land known as Folly Desert. Their nearest neighbor was eight miles away and the nearest town about fifteen miles to the south, making the ranch all in all very desolate. There was no telephone or any other kind of instrument for communication, making the ranch decidedly cut off from the world. During the day it was so quiet and calm that you could hear a pin drop. It was on such a day that a mad scramble was heard within the house, followed by a scream and a shout. Then the figure of a girl was seen running outside to a little roadster. She jumped into it and a moment later, was tearing out onto the desert at a ferocious rate.

Closely following her was a man in a dress suit. He tried to get in the car with her, but failed. With an oath he turned to the back of the house, where he found Lizzy.

Lizzy was a loyal comrade at all times, despite the fact that she was shaky and very temperamental. She loved the Marshalls faithfully, and with this in mind it is hard to imagine her actually starting her engine for the villainous man in the dress suit. The man, by the way, was no other than Blackie White, well known in police records, who was trying to put something over on Josephine Marshall. He had a scheme in which some papers were involved. Josephine had snatched the papers and run away. With the papers she could convict Blackie and save her father from a blackmailing plot—but Blackie was close behind her in faithful Lizzy, who was chugging and puffing laboriously. Lizzy can go very fast when she wants to.

"Get going, you mess o' tin! We gotta catch that dame up there, or else I'll go up for life. Hurry up!" was the command of Blackie as he stepped on the gas.

Josephine, meanwhile, could hardly believe her eyes when she saw Lizzy in pursuit.

"Oh, he's coming! If he gets to a telephone he'll call one of his buddies to stop me at the border! Oh—what will I do?" She was desperate. She felt that unless a miracle happened her father would be a victim of those gangsters. Already they were halfway over the desert. Only six more miles to a telephone, then all would be lost. She was ready to give up now. And what revenge would he take on her? He would not be lenient, of that she was sure.

Blackie was gloating over his good fortune.

"If I only had an automatic, I'd puncture her tires!" was his only thought. But Lizzy chugged onward, every piece in her tin body [illegible] A full ten minutes ago [illegible] sure she had been more than positive of her own success, but now everything was lost. There wasn't the ghost of a chance.

Blackie was chuckling to himself, "She almost had me this time, but I foiled her plans. Lucky for me I wound this car! Lady luck sure does follow me around." Then he gave Lizzy another order, "Get going, you rattle-trap!"

Lizzy snorted openly at this remark and rattled him up and down. He bounced like a ball, and then, oh miracle of miracles! Lizzy stopped her engine and came to a dead standstill! Blackie swore shockingly and pushed and pulled everything in the car, but it was no use. Lizzy was faithful to the last.

"Get goin' you! Think I want to spend the rest of my days in the hoose-gow?" But Lizzy stubbornly held her own. He was stranded in the middle of the desert. Too far to walk, and too far to wander in any direction. He had no water—

Meanwhile Josephine sped onward to the town. Her heart had fairly stopped beating when she saw Lizzy break down. Good old Lizzy, she had more sense than all of them. Instead of refusing to go at the start, she had waited until she was in the middle of the desert before she stopped. She knew then, that Blackie's escape would be impossible. Dear old Lizzy!

HUMAN NATURE

By Elmer Mateas, Hawthorne, Cal.

Accidents are such common occurrences that when we read of them, and the resulting loss of life in the papers, we usually pass it off with a shrug or an "Oh, well, mutual extermination will clear up the roads."

But when you're on the scene, that's different. Ever notice how fast the crowd gathers? Curiosity? Perhaps, but that doesn't explain why the crowd unconsciously speaks in lowered tones. The answer to that is human nature.

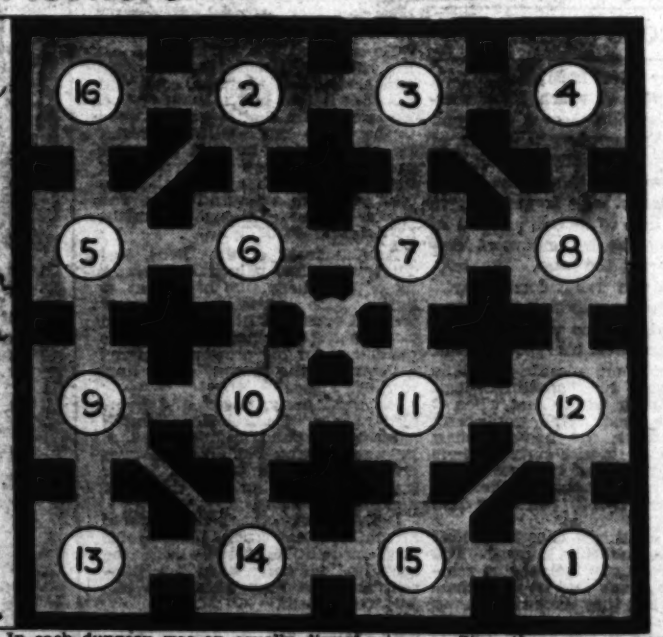
One subconsciously pictures himself or his loved ones in the unfortunate one's place, and automatically his sympathies go out to the unknown victim.

Thank God, human nature is what it is.

Gretna Green's Doom Seen

Marriages at famous Gretna Green, the elopers' haven in Scotland, are to be made extinct by legislation. The government plans to pass by next fall a measure which will make legal only marriages which have been performed by a clergyman or a registrar.

The Clever Prisoners



Down in the cellest sub-basement of a certain mediaeval castle were sixteen dismal dungeons. In each dungeon was an equally dismal prisoner. Since there was no way of escaping from the basement the prisoners were not shackled, although they were supposed to keep their places. The cells were connected to each other by the corridors shown in the diagram, and the prisoners would move about and visit each other when their jailer was absent.

On one of these occasions the sixteen prisoners were all gathered in one cell playing tic-tac-toe or Johnny-on-a-pony or whatever prisoners play when they get together, when suddenly they heard the jailer returning. There was a mad scramble to get back to their proper cells, and when the dust cleared it was discovered that No. 16 and 1 had gone to the wrong corners.

The time for rollcall was close at hand and the two men had to get back to their own rooms. No. 16—a clever man, though crooked—figured out a safe and rapid way of doing it with the co-operation of the others. To avoid any noise or confusion one prisoner moved at a time, always from his own to an empty cell next door along a corridor, so that there was never more than one man at a time in any single room.

To solve this excellent little puzzle, which is the work of Edward W. Clarendon, cut out pieces of cardboard, number them and place them on the diagram in the places shown. Then see if you can get 16 and 1 to change places with the fewest possible moves. One man is moved at a time along the corridor from his cell to an adjoining empty cell, and when you are finished all the other men must also be in their proper places. The first move, of course, must be made by 6, 7, 10 or 11 to the space at the center. Answer on Page 8.

Weekly Film Pictorial Section

Los Angeles Times — The Pre-view — Sunday Times

Edited by EDWIN SCHALLERT

The Week's Movie Parade

SOMETHING new in film shows is promised when "Whoopee" is released. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and Florenz Ziegfeld, this spectacular comedy, with its musical music, adapted from a Broadway success, it is predicted, go farther in eye and ear entertainment than practically any of the films of this sort so far produced. The picture has been made on an elaborate scale, directed by Thornton Freeland, and the melody numbers that gained so much favor on the stage are interpersed with the action. Eddie Cantor heads the cast, and much eastern color was imported to support the star. The chorus girls are a feature of the presentation by virtue of the gorgeousness of their costuming, which is pervaded by the Western theme. "Whoopee" is a musical version of "The Nervous Wreck," much of the story taking place in the eastern section of the country.

Eddie Cantor, the star of "Whoopee," finds Ethel Shutta an able assistant in his comedy-making.

The dance on the Indian reservation is a picturesque spectacle, photographed in color.

Eleanor Hunt and Paul Gregory share the romantic interest.

John Rutherford, as Sheriff Bob Wells, the heavy.

Claire Dodd

Ruth Eddings

Virginia Bruce

Mary Ashcraft

Gene Morgan

THAT ROMANTIC MOOD

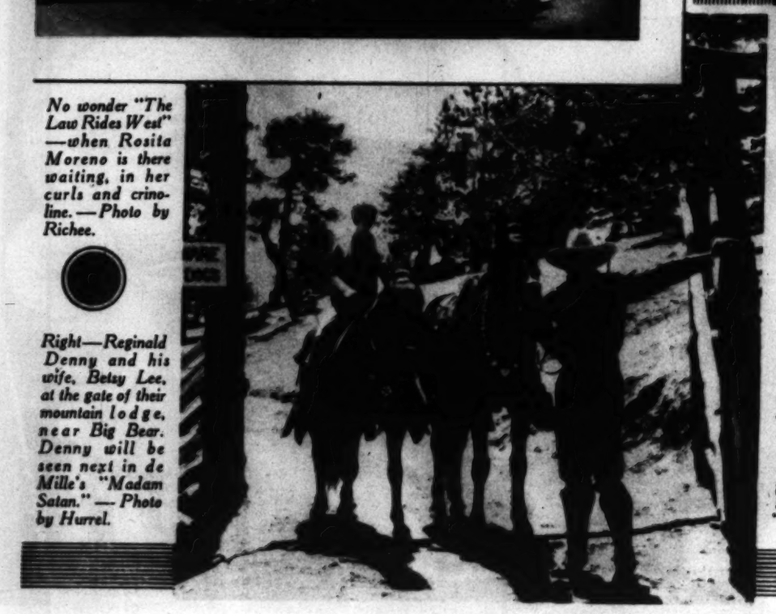
As expressed by a few couples newly teamed together.

Handsome? Pretty? Nice? They're all that, are Ona Munson and Walter Pidgeon, appearing together in "Going Wild." Who wouldn't, ever Ona? —Photo by Fryer.

Being a Leatherneck has its advantages—so one would assume from this view of Lilyan Tashman and Fred Santley in "Leathernecking."

Harking back to the Old South, Claudia Dell and Lloyd Hughes enact the romantic leads in Al Jolson's "Big Boy." —Photo by Lippman.

THE FILMY TO-DO



No wonder "The Law Rides West" —when Rosita Moreno is there waiting, in her curls and crinoline. —Photo by Richee.

Right—Reginald Denny and his wife, Betsy Lee, at the gate of their mountain lodge, near Big Bear. Denny will be seen next in de Mille's "Madam Satan." — Photo by Hurrel.

On the road to the asylum — maybe. Jules White and Zion Myers have their difficulties directing M-G-M's new Barkie film, "All Quiet on the K9 Front."

Right — Director Wesley Ruggles (left) and Howard Estabrook, scenarist, working out in miniature some of the big punches in the screen version of "Cimarron."

Junior Durkin, [illegible] Broadway production of "[illegible] will appear as Huckleberry Fi[illegible] Paramount's "Tom Sawyer." [illegible] Jackie Coogan in the title role. —Photo by [illegible]

August 24, 1930

ARLISS

Reginald Sheffield and Betty Lanford lend romance.

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A princess in a sedan chai[r] YOU, *busy-modern-woman-s*[o] their twin qualities of fash[ion] der, lovely line of your fo[ot] to cling snugly to a gracefu[l] tier footwear? . . . Indeed[,] footprint; the sole is *perm*[a] the natural foot . . . Matri[x] fashion were its only aim[.] Footprint in Leather". W[rite] Co., Rochester, N. Y. N[ew]

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George Arliss in another triumphant character study.

Center photo—A glimpse of the dining scene that climaxes the film. Arliss (left) and Henry Morrell.

Doris Lloyd appears in a light-hearted and frivolous portrayal.

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

One of the most masterly studies of character that the screen has ever shown is destined to delight the picture-goer who views George Arliss in "Old English." Words will prove scarcely able to do justice to this singular portrait of an aged shipowner who banqueted himself virtually to death rather than suffer disgrace, and bring misfortune upon those whom he loved.

A great picture is brought to the screen in this adaptation of a stage play by John Galsworthy. Warner Brothers in their production, and particularly perhaps Alfred E. Green in his direction, have preserved the integrity of the original, and it has been most competently adapted by Walter Anthony and Maude T. Howell.

The film is an Arliss triumph, and yields an even greater conquest for him than the play did on the boards, because of the power of the close-up. The real revelation of art that this production affords is manifested in the Arliss pantomime during the celebrated dining scene. There are moments during this episode when, I believe, many will feel that even the Chaplin crown trembles. And the stellar comedian has always been the supreme master of silent expression.

The word is, of course, used throughout "Old English." It could hardly have been done effectively without dialogue. There are shades of meaning conveyed with speech most subtly at various stages of the story. Some of the fade-outs linger in one's mind as especially noteworthy.

The picture brings a well-qualified cast in support of the star, with Doris Lloyd, Betty Lawford and Reginald Sheffield appropriately presented in some of the more important characters of the story, but giving place distinctly, at times, to Murray Kinnell, Ivan Simpson and Ethel Griffies who were with Arliss in the stage version.

The group of players is unusually large, and holding interest among the others are Gilbert Farney, Joan McLain, Leon Janney, Charles Evans, Henrietta Goodwin and various others. Henry Morrell is also most excellent as the butler.

The whole plot centers about Arliss, however, and he is so splendidly dominant that you will feel unmeasured satisfaction in watching his work. He is again the crafty old intriguer that he was in "Disraeli," but this time his battle is doubly personal, as his life and happiness hang in the balance.

The picture is a colorful reflection of the Victorian era. Its hero is something of a rascal, but a very appealing one, because all his machinations are to the one end that his own descendants and those of a girl he had loved in his youth be provided for. There is a deep pathos in his death in this connection, because it represents a touching, if daring, sacrifice.

Youth and pop are well expressed by Mickey "Babe" Kane and Nick Stuart in the all Sennett comedy, "Grandma's Girl."

Junior Durkin, youthful star of the Broadway production of "Courage," will appear as Huckleberry Finn in Paramount's "Tom Sawyer," with Jackie Coogan in the title role. —Photo by Richee.

BELGRADE—In French mat kid or patent leather with narrow strap delicately touched with genuine reptile. Graceful Louis XV heel. Also in green kid with green suede quarter and Cuban Louis heel.

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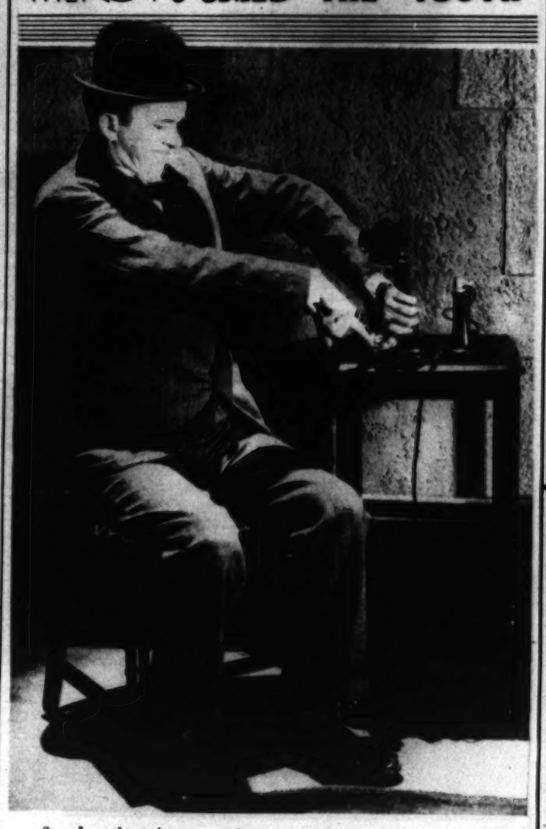

Stan Laurel, of the team of Laurel and Hardy, in a very informal moment. The comedians are to start their initial feature comedy soon, tentatively titled "The Rat."

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A Peggy Hamilton Fashion Study.

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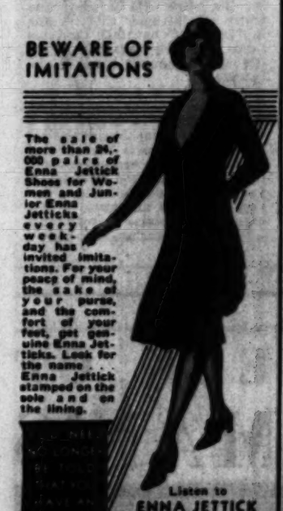
(Continued on Page 2, Column 6)

EVENING AT THE GREAT COMPOSER'S

Stella is vividly impressed by the party given for Oscar Straus.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



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BROADWAY BASEMENT
The Broadway Dept. Store, Inc.

Pretty little Lupita Tovar, the Mexican actress, was one of the gayest guests.—Photo by Autrey.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"I WONDER sometimes, when I see these leisurely, graciously feminine European women, whether our American women gain anything except high blood pressure and the ability to wear number sixteen gowns by all the rushing hither and yon that they do. Take Mrs. Oscar Straus, for instance—she really ought to start a charm school."

Stella and I, with Price Dunlavey, the pianist, just back from Australia, were on our way to the Straus home in Beverly Hills, where Mrs. Straus was giving a party for her famous husband and her two sons who have just arrived from Vienna, Walter and Ervin. Ervin has just written an operetta, "Think of Me," which has made a hit in Vienna, and he is eagerly at work here, too, on a new operetta.

MRS. STRAUS, radiantly charming, was busily greeting her guests, and the famous Oscar hovered in the background, kindly but a bit silent. In fact, he is the most oddly modest man, for all his achievements, and has a way of wandering quietly around among his guests, saying a word here and a word there, in a self-effacing way that is delightful.

We found most of the guests in the garden, the weather behaving so beautifully on behalf of these foreigners who love eating their dinners out of doors. Mrs. Straus was serving on the lawn under the acacias and poplars, at tete-a-tete tables; and the fragrance of roses came over the wall to us, as we sat in the wicker garden seats or on the wide veranda. We decided that hot days might be not so good, but that warm evenings a thousand times made up for them when spent in such a pleasant way.

MRS. ERNST LUBITSCH was there, looking radiant and declaring how happy she was. She had arrived with Hans Kraly. And we noted that she was wearing a beautiful new diamond ring!

And then the Straus sons came to greet us. They are tall, exceedingly fine-looking youths.

We chatted with Ervin, who told us that the real gypsy music hardly exists any more, although so-called gypsy bands play all over Europe.

He is very fond of American jazz, and indeed has incorporated it in most of his compositions. After dinner, he played his sonata for us, out in the music room in the garden. The first movement is all in jazz, while the last movement is like two persons, an old one and a young one, arguing—as he explained to us—the younger being all for the modern jazz and the older one standing out for the classic type of music.

Ervin is a vibrant sort of being, as becomes a young genius.

LOVELY, expressive little Lupita Tovar was there. She came with Paul Kohner.

Paul, in romantic and confidential mood, reminded us that the day was Mary Pickford's birthday. He wondered, I think, if Mary would remember that he would remember!

He said he hardly knew whether to go to Europe or to stay here, as there are such interesting things to be done in both places. In Europe, the Universal producing branch will look at all U pictures and then decide which should be made in foreign languages.

Nita Martan, radiantly pretty in a flowered chiffon, was there with Ernest Klapholz. Whether Nita has a blonde soul or not, at any rate she looks lovely with her blonde hair.

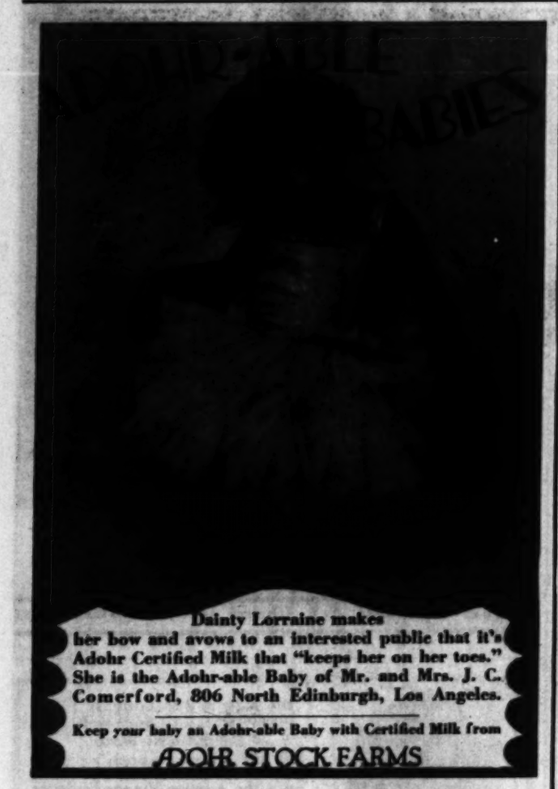
Michael Curtiz and Boss Meredyth, Boss amusing as ever, were present.

Paul Stein, the director, was among the guests. He had just returned from abroad and had seen Lillian Gish in Paris, where he said she was enjoying herself thoroughly with a little coterie of friends. She is studying languages and art.

WE CHATTED a little with young Walter Straus, and find that he thinks the American girls are very chic and nice—he especially approves the athletic type. He likes the way they drive cars—few European women drive—and ride horseback, and swim, and play tennis. He paints, and he says he is going to love to draw and paint them.

Lupita Tovar surprised us by letting us in on the fact that she is part Irish, while Nita Martan equally surprised us by telling us she is part Spanish.

At dinner we sat—Stella, Price and I—at a table with Paul Kohner, Mrs. Lubitsch, Hans Kraly, and Lupita, and when Mrs. Lubitsch wanted to call over to Ervin Straus at the next table, she, having known him since he was a little boy, called him "Baby," which sounded an odd way to address a full-fledged composer.



Dainty Lorraine makes her bow and avows to an interested public that it's Adohr Certified Milk that "keeps her on her toes." She is the Adohr-able Baby of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Comerford, 806 North Edinburgh, Los Angeles.

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Kay Francis has won recognition for her roles of sophistication. Her last appearance locally was in "Raffles."—Photo by Richee.

OH KAY!

Just a bit of all right are these girls whose names adapt themselves to the popular expression.

Formerly of the Follies, Kay English recently made her screen debut in "Dixiana."

Kay Johnson, of the New York stage, will be seen soon in "Madam Satan" and "The Spoilers."—Photo by Louise.

Left—Representing the latest "model" collegienne, Kay McCoy is enacting a featured role in Universal's new "Sporting Youth" series, a sequel to "The Collegians."—Photo by Freulich.

PRINTED BY THE California Newspaper Company

THERE was dancing on the tennis court to the music of the radio, after dinner, and then we besought the musical stars to perform, with the result that Strauss, Kohner, Price Daskaw and Capt. Hager played the piano brilliantly in turn.

Young Strauss let us in on the secret that Strauss pere really had a longing, he was sure, to write music somewhat in the modern fashion, but that the public wouldn't accept his making a change.

Hans Kraly declared that [illegible] "Arms and the Man" had never been duly appreciated in Europe, but that Strauss' "The Chocolate Soldier," nonetheless the same, was loved everywhere.

We asked Mr. Strauss about the finishing of "The Chocolate Soldier," and he said that he was anxious to see what Shaw would do in continuing the story started, but was taking his time.

HANDSOME natured Mrs. Lubitsch's mother, remarked Fred Niblo, gallantly, whereupon [illegible] mentioned that whenever Lubitsch and her two sons registered at hotels, the attendants would always inquire—if Mrs. Lubitsch didn't come down to luncheon—"Is your wife coming down soon?"

Lovely as Mrs. Strauss is, she declared that she has acquired the spirit of America and is rejoicing.

"Well, for one, I'm not," chuckled Mr. Kleinholz. "I was brought up in a day when 'home' was figured!"

Regretfully we said [illegible] our hosts and their lovely guests.

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Once FAT
but now SLENDER
You see them daily
Ask them why

THIS is to the many slender people who have learned the right way to fight fat. Tell your friends about the method, as someone told you, perhaps. It will mean a kindness which no friend forgets.

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ROTOGRAVURE SECTION

Los Angeles Times

Sunday — August 24, 1930

Rounding Up Wild Horses

Oregon cowboys shooing untamed equines towards one of Northwest's packing plants, to be converted into meat for European consumption, glue, fertilizer, baseball covers, ladies' horsehair hats, and other useful articles. One Portland horse-meat factory has so disposed of 125,000 wild horses since 1927. These horses are being driven across the desert to the railroad at Bend, Ore.

—© 1930, Edward M. Miller.

The Big Drive's On!

Nearly five thousand Hereford yearlings being driven as one herd from Cananea Cattle Company's ranch in Sonora. The Huachuca Mountains in the background.

—Associated Press Photo.

(Continued on Page 2, Column 6)

AFRICAN

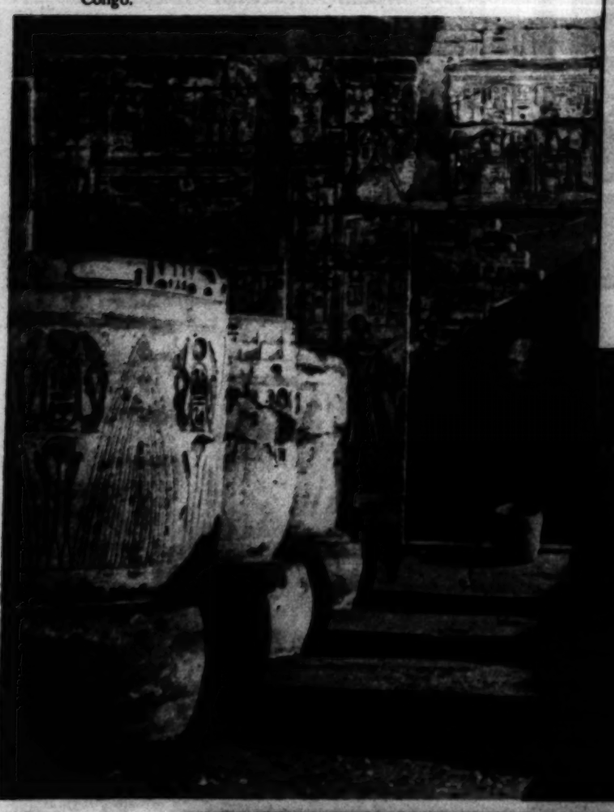
A middle-aged woman explorer, Mrs. Delia J. Akeley, [illegible] of the late Carl Akeley, sculptor and naturalist, made the [illegible] native-life pictures shown here during a ten-month sojourn in the jungles of the Belgian Congo as head of an expedition, [illegible] name, sponsored by the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences.
—© Mrs. Delia Akeley. From Wide World Photo.

Home of the Sultan

Right—Fancy painted designs decorate exterior of home of Sultan Ikebonda of the Mangbetu tribe.

Learning their Steps

Pigmy youngster of the Mangbetu tribe being taught steps of tribal dance. Tribal schooling starts at an early age in the Congo.



Bustle Made of Banana Leaf

Shy miss of the Mangbetu tribe shows one she made herself, after first shredding a banana leaf for the purpose.

Getting a 'Per[illegible]

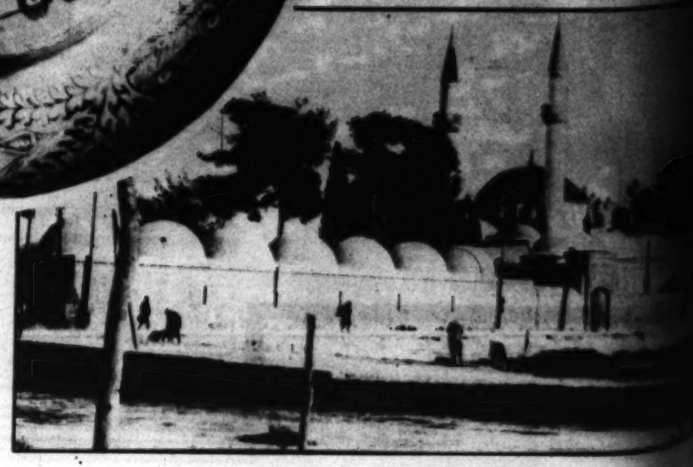
Congo women having hair d[illegible] Aruwimi River at Bas[illegible]

A Fallen Monarch

In secluded corner of the Temple of Luxor, [illegible] on this shattered statue of an ancient pharaoh [illegible] like, is the expression of the pictured long-[illegible]

World's Oldest City

Below—Mosque of the Howling Dervishes [illegible] electric light poles give the whole rather a [illegible]
—H. B. MacDonald Photo. [illegible]

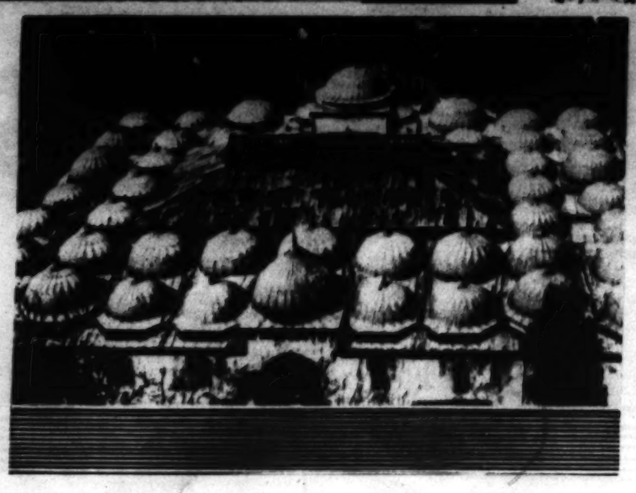


Restoration Work

Detail of temple corner at Thebes, Egypt, showing patched hieroglyphics and masonry.
—Bernuiz Photo.

Modernizing Turkey

Some of the ancient lead roofs, which are rapidly disappearing as Turkey turns to western ways in building, as in other things.
—Henry Müller News Pictures Service.



Indian Brass Work

Note peacock design, for the peacock is the sacred bird of India. The whole has been enameled in colors, according to ancient formulas.
—H. B. MacDonald Photo. From Keystone View Co.

Protect your skin from sun[illegible] heat, by using Doraldina's "A[illegible] powder foundation and a true [illegible] shade as Hollywood Tan, Pat[illegible] lovely for daytime and sports [illegible] evening affairs, Doraldina sugg[illegible] of "Allura"; while Thelma To[illegible] blue flowered chiffo[illegible]

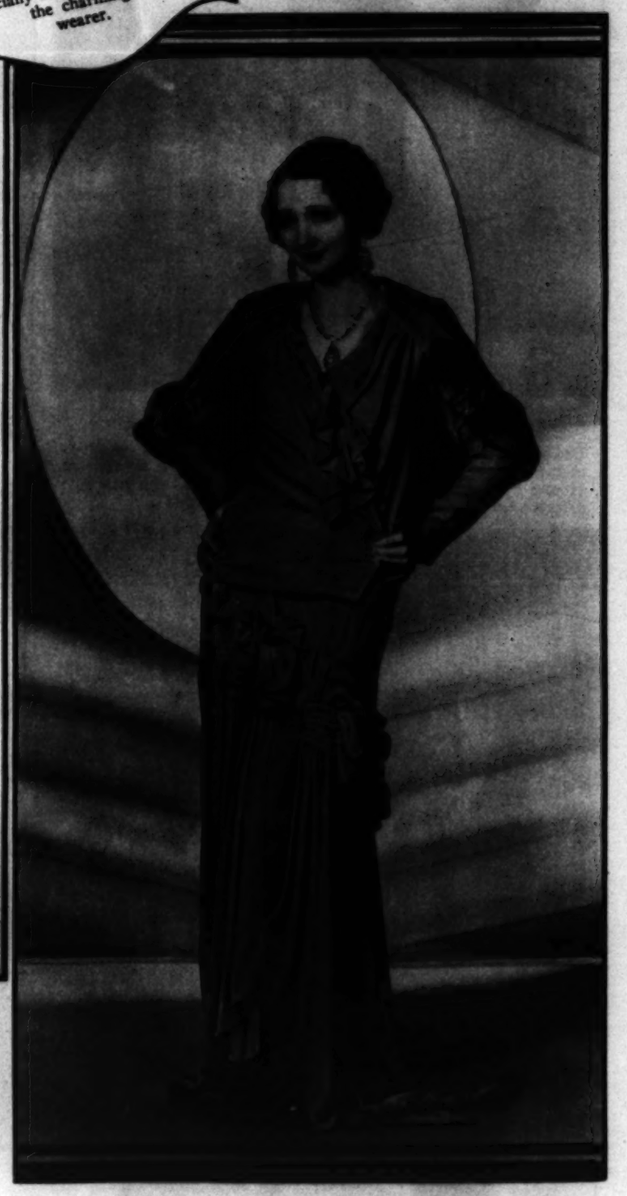
FASHIONS

Specially Posed and Directed by Peggy Hamilton

Mrs. Jack Brainard wearing a smart riding outfit.

Jean Swartz created this wrap for many occasions, of green imported Duvine, and in this wrap she features her ever-flattering Russian collar effect—this time in black caracul. Posed by Alyce McCormick.

A fascinating evening ensemble from Jean Swartz Fashion Salons on Hollywood Boulevard, near Gower, and on Wilshire Boulevard, in Beverly Hills. This formal gown and cape jacket effect of gold brocade, trimmed with blue fox was created especially for Mia Marvin, the charming wearer.



Hedda Hopper, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, created a sensation at the opening of the premiere of "Holiday" at the Carthay Circle Theatre, wearing this elegant evening ensemble of persimmon velvet. Chinchilla fur edged the cape trimming on the jacket.

Colburn, exclusive furrier, announces that fur fashions adopt the Princess silhouette for fall, and that the exclusive designs this year will be distinguished by an ingenious fabric technique and super-workmanship. All of this art is expressed in Colburn's furs, an interesting example displayed here by Raquel Torres, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player. This semi-fitted coat is fashioned of bisque galyak and is being shown at Colburn's Exclusive Fur Shop on South Flower.
—*Bull Photo.*

Protect your skin from summer dust and drying, ageing ... by using Doraldina's "Allura," which is also a flattering ... foundation and a true guardian of summer beauty. Such ... as Hollywood Tan, Palm Beach Tan and Desert Tan are ... for daytime and sports wear. When donning frocks for ... affairs, Doraldina suggests Old Ivory and pastel shades ... "Allura"; while Thelma Todd chooses to wear with this navy ... flowered chiffon Evenglow "Allura."

(Peggy Hamilton Fashion Studies—Moss Photos) *(Copyright by Peggy Hamilton)*

...illusion of depth to the screen. Joan Bima.

...rador, at 7 a.m. (5 a.m., east.) (Continued on Page 2, Column 6)

...ICAN

...; Mrs. Delia J. Akeley, first wife ... and naturalist, made the four ...ring a ten-month sojourn in the ...nd of an expedition, bearing her ...Museum of Arts and Sciences. *...Delia Akeley. From Wide World Photos.*

Getting a Permanent

...o women having hair dressed on the ...rini River at Banalia.

A Fallen Monarch

...of the Temple of Luxor, Egypt, and ... ...use of an ancient pharaoh. Note, ...on of the pictured long-dead ruler.

World's Oldest City

...he Howling Dervishes in Damascus ... ...ve the whole rather a modern touch. *—H. B. MacDonald Photo. From Keystone*

28 Pages
...ET—11 PAGES
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...to House

...ed to Battle
...and to Sat
...Retreat

...(Ont.) Aug. 24. ...ates immigration ...and killed early ...at Elmo, Colo. ...ent of here, and ...shot and fatally ...ours later by ...

...illed were Mrs. ... 30 years of age, ... and Lawrence ...ad., Mimm. Theis ...is Prenett, 31, of ...died late today ...inflicted by Mrs

...KILLINGS ...ere killed with ...ett, who thought ...o arrest him as ...e had poisoned ...aught him kill- ...dales. ...e awoke [illegible] ... and Jones was ...d the brain of ...ady each night. ...had been aware ...aught by local ... officials here. ...shots were fired ...possession of said ...barricaded himself ...a miles west of ...

...efforts to force ...ouse had failed, ...chloe enough to ...it on fire. The ...Prenett out be- ...he was shot. ...a hospital at ...at 4:30 p.m. Dr. ...physician before ...timated he had ...the result of a ...s. He said he ...en officers were ...ard they were ...He declined to

...RANGED ...were arraigned in ...nd Pueblo Radio ...duty being to ...nto the United ...s. Deton worked ...International ...Jones between

...and trains, mak- ...ht at Emo and ...y changing cars ...into their ... be ...

...a he arose from ...ain was pulling ...passed through ...shot blind from ...pparently to steal ...at Fort Frances ...fleeing the unin- ...ed.

...ES FLEE ...n in the vicinity ...platform as the ...conductor was ...ett several min- ...train from Ont. ...fled down the ...d the platform, ...board the south- ...m, Prenett shot ...

...f from the train ...bers of the crew ...f money. ...gitive was found ...word was re- ...at the farm- ...ish, just across ...

...at Port Frances ...house set out for ... Prenett's ...ben the officers ...rs of shots fol- ...All through the ...ast noon, the ...One possesses ...t learned here, ...nd in the arm. ...se was fired. ...ers have found ...widow, who is ...natorium, and ...as had a wife ...

...ast a few hours ...ve gone on his ...

V HOP

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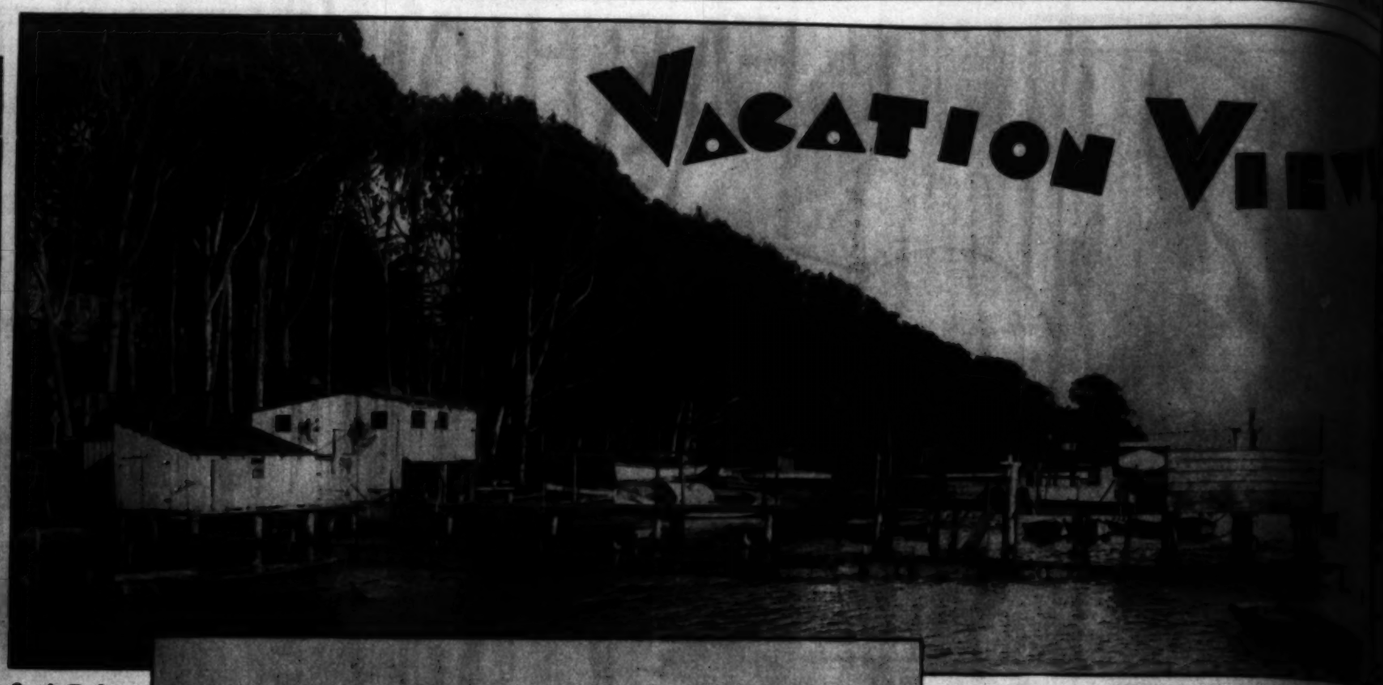
...r wireless ran ...at Cartwright, ...ova Scotia, will ...heir departure ...reenland. The ...n a series of ...

...onan, who is ...ward Simmer, ...r aviation engi- ...mechanic, and ...amed Allrecht, ...ol for commer- ...emunde on a ...last week. Von ...the school. ...Faroe Islands, ...Reykjavik, Ice- ...nesday. They ...to fly back to

VACATION VIEWS

Surf Riding

Left — Miss Betty Jaccard takes her equestrian activities right out to sea at La Jolla.

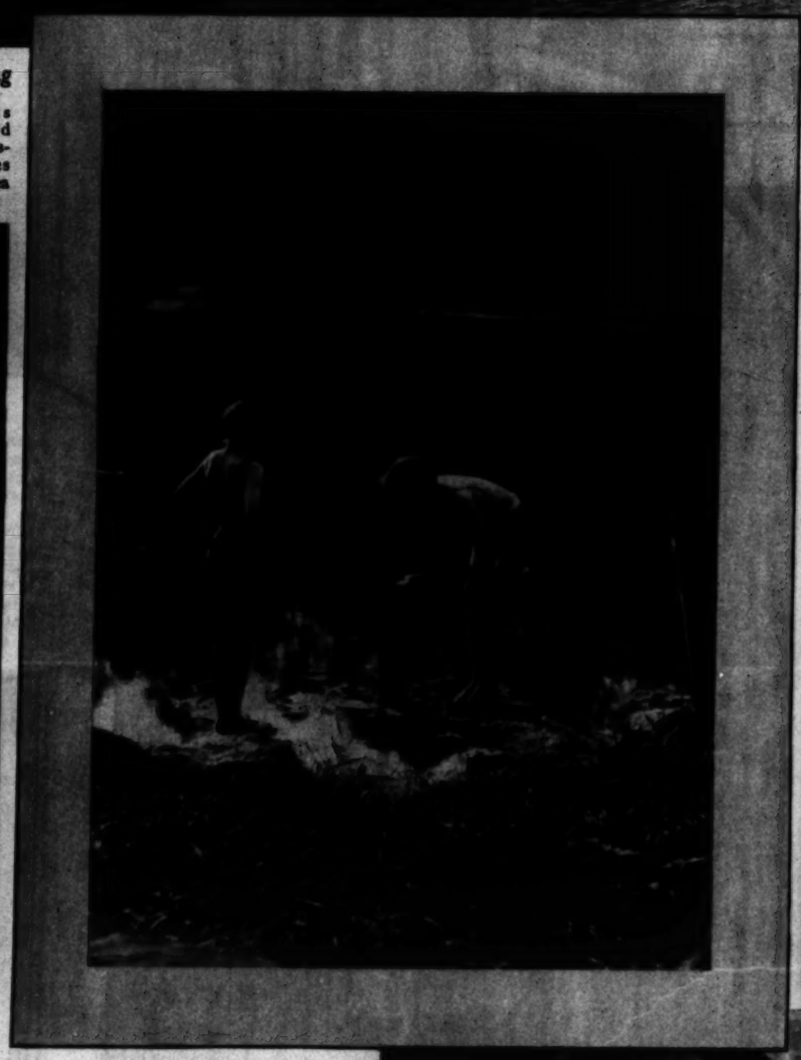


Morro Bay

Shoreward view of the place beloved of artists and fishermen.
—"Times" Photo by Duke Ledford.

Door to the Past

Doorway at Mission San Juan Bautista, probably the best preserved of the California mission structures. The photograph is by William Horace Smith, internationally-known camera artist, who has been a recent exhibitor here.



By a Mountain Stream

—H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.

Night Shadows

Illumination from [illegible] surface provides [illegible] at the Lake Norconian [illegible]
—"Dick" Whittington Photo.

By the Sea

Left—Most anywhere [illegible] days along the Southland [illegible]
—Camera Shop Photo.

Here

Below—President and Mrs. Hoover see Southern [illegible] On the President's right is P. M.-Gen. Brown and Mrs. Hoover's left is Gen. Mitchell
—Photo by Acme.

HEADLINERS.

Queen Visits Rose Show

Left—Queen Mary of England walks around grounds of Chelsea Gardens, where National Rose Society holds annual show.
—Henry Miller News Picture Service.